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THE LOCKS OF NORBURY

William Lock I, at the age of 17
From the oil-painting by Richard Wilson

THE LOCKS *of* NORBURY

The story of a remarkable family in the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries

By

THE DUCHESS OF SERMONETA

LONDON :
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1

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To the Memory of
Granny Locke

1128791

PREFACE

ABOUT nine years ago, in a volume of my reminiscences entitled "Things Past," I devoted a chapter to the story of my English ancestors, the Locks of Norbury Park. At that time I did not know more about them than I put in my book.

After its publication, General Alexander Fortescue, great grandson of Charles Lock and therefore my very distant cousin, was kind enough to hand over to me all the papers he possessed which referred to the Locks, suggesting that I should write their story. I began to search for more material until I soon had a large amount at my disposal. For this I have also to thank Mrs. John Angerstein, the Hon. Mrs. Storr, Lady Wallscourt, Lady Moreton, Miss A. Wauchope, Contessa Sannazzaro de Viry, Miss Rachel Weigall, Miss Louisa Hack, Hon. Charles Strutt, Mrs. F. Hervey, Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, Sir Arthur Cochrane, Clarenceux King of Arms, Comte Armand de Marquiset, Barone Giuseppe Compagna, Signorine Ferranti, Mr. S. G. Hanson, and Sir George Arthur, for their kindness in giving or lending me documents. It has been a labour of love that has taken me many years, for not only had I to sift, classify, and copy a great mass of papers, but undertake a certain amount of research work, besides reading countless memoirs of the times, before I could begin putting pen to paper.

The first problem was to decide how to spell the name of the family whose story I was writing. As the first William Lock, who built Norbury Park, wrote it without an *e*, I have kept to that spelling for the title of my book. Both he and his wife never altered their name. William the second, their son, began signing his letters *Locke* soon after his father's death, but often reverted to the old style. The other members of the family varied : some adopted the change—notably the younger generation—and others did not. William the third and his widow, who survived him for over sixty years, always spelt their name *Locke*.

If my spelling of the name seems capricious, it is because I have tried to follow the individual custom of each member of the family.

V. di S.

Rome,
Lake of Como,
1939.

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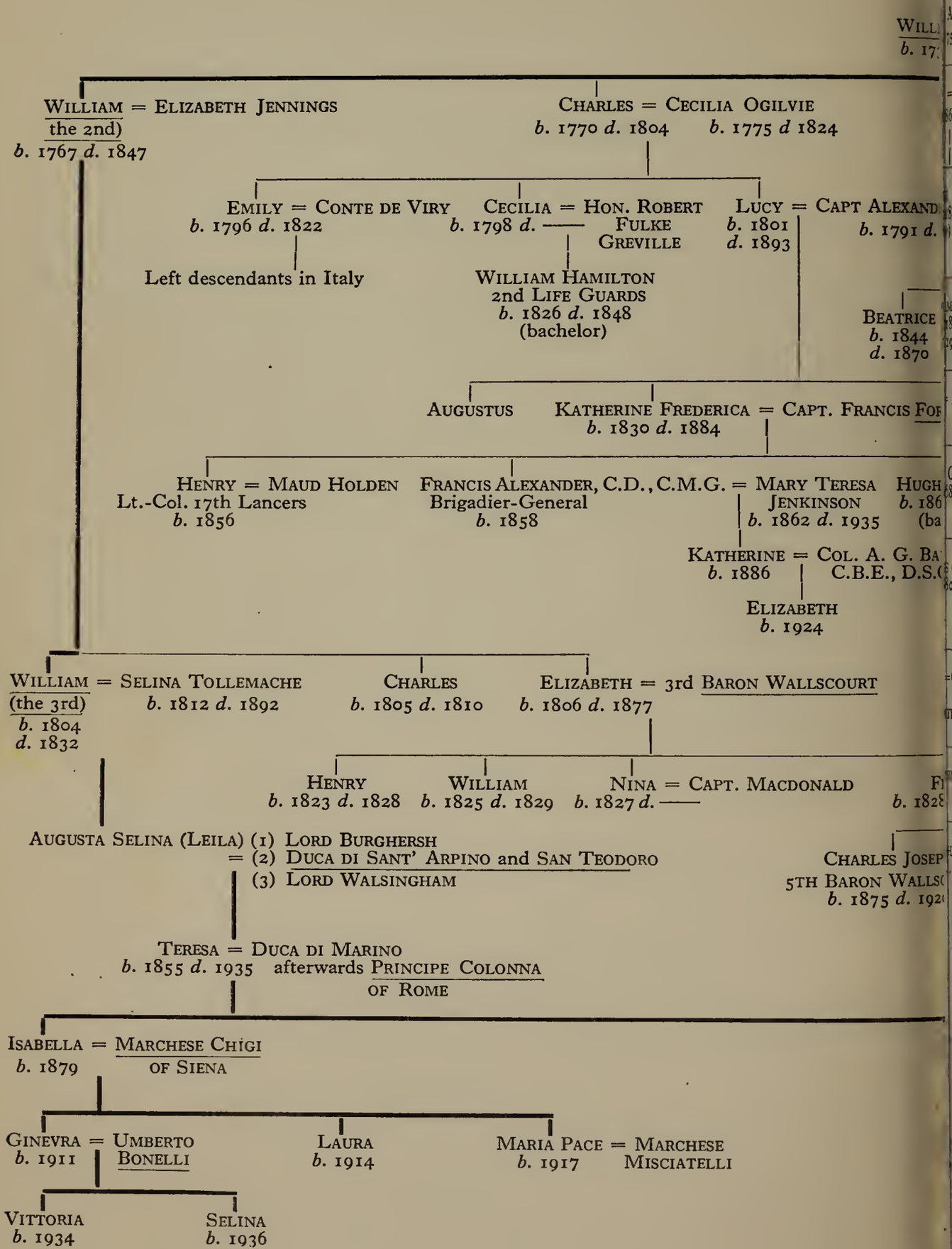
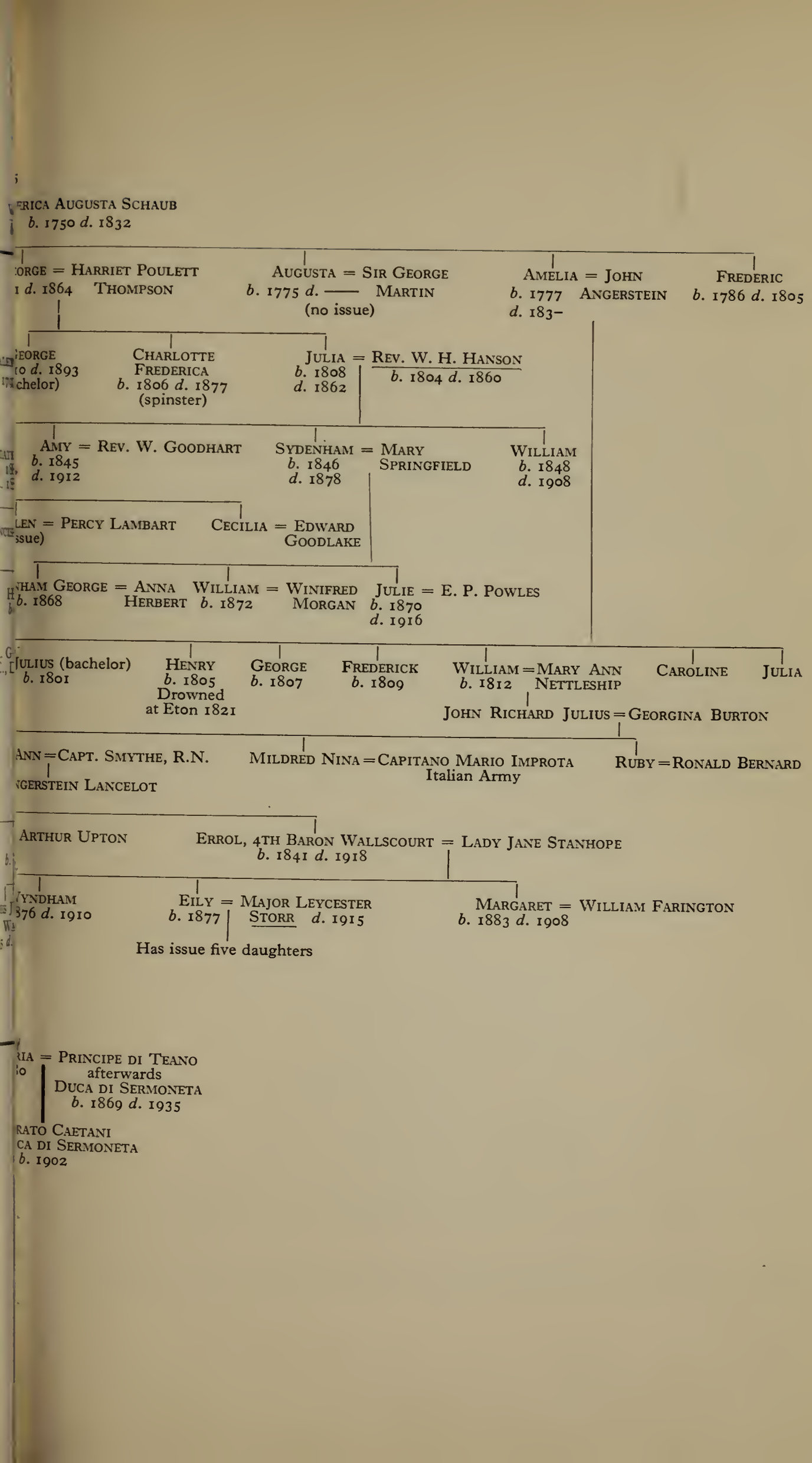

WILLIAM (the 2nd) = ELIZABETH JENNINGS
b. 1767 d. 1847
CHARLES = CECILIA OGILVIE
b. 1770 d. 1804 b. 1775 d 1824
EMILY = CONTE DE VIRY
b. 1796 d. 1822
Left descendants in Italy
CECILIA = HON. ROBERT FULKE GREVILLE
b. 1798 d. ——
WILLIAM HAMILTON
2nd LIFE GUARDS
b. 1826 d. 1848
(bachelor)
LUCY = CAPT ALEXAND
b. 1801
d. 1893
b. 1791 d.
BEATRICE
b. 1844
d. 1870
AUGUSTUS
KATHERINE FREDERICA = CAPT. FRANCIS FOR
b. 1830 d. 1884
HENRY = MAUD HOLDEN
Lt.-Col. 17th Lancers
b. 1856
FRANCIS ALEXANDER, C.D., C.M.G. = MARY TERESA JENKINSON
Brigadier-General
b. 1858
b. 1862 d. 1935
HUGH
b. 186
(ba
KATHERINE = COL. A. G. BA
b. 1886 C.B.E., D.S.O
ELIZABETH
b. 1924
WILLIAM (the 3rd)
b. 1804
d. 1832
SELINA TOLLEMACHE
b. 1812 d. 1892
CHARLES
b. 1805 d. 1810
ELIZABETH = 3rd BARON WALLSCOURT
b. 1806 d. 1877
HENRY
b. 1823 d. 1828
WILLIAM
b. 1825 d. 1829
NINA = CAPT. MACDONALD
b. 1827 d. ——
F
b. 182
AUGUSTA SELINA (LEILA) (1) LORD BURGHERSH
= (2) DUCA DI SANT' ARPINO and SAN TEODORO
(3) LORD WALSINGHAM
CHARLES JOSEP
5TH BARON WALLSC
b. 1875 d. 192
TERESA = DUCA DI MARINO
b. 1855 d. 1935 afterwards PRINCIPE COLONNA OF ROME
ISABELLA = MARCHESE CHIGI OF SIENA
b. 1879
GINEVRA = UMBERTO BONELLI
b. 1911
LAURA
b. 1914
MARIA PACE = MARCHESE MISCIATELLI
b. 1917
VITTORIA
b. 1934
SELINA
b. 1936


ERICA AUGUSTA SCHAUB
b. 1750 d. 1832
ORGE = HARRIET POULETT
1 d. 1864 THOMPSON
AUGUSTA = SIR GEORGE MARTIN
b. 1775 d. —— (no issue)
AMELIA = JOHN ANGERSTEIN
b. 1777 d. 183–
FREDERIC
b. 1786 d. 1805
EORGE
o d. 1893
chelor)
CHARLOTTE FREDERICA
b. 1806 d. 1877
(spinster)
JULIA = REV. W. H. HANSON
b. 1808 d. 1862
b. 1804 d. 1860
AMY = REV. W. GOODHART
b. 1845 d. 1912
SYDENHAM = MARY SPRINGFIELD
b. 1846 d. 1878
WILLIAM
b. 1848 d. 1908
LEN = PERCY LAMBART
ssue)
CECILIA = EDWARD GOODLAKE
HAM GEORGE = ANNA HERBERT
b. 1868
WILLIAM = WINIFRED MORGAN
b. 1872
JULIE = E. P. POWLES
b. 1870 d. 1916
JULIUS (bachelor)
b. 1801
HENRY
b. 1805
Drowned at Eton 1821
GEORGE
b. 1807
FREDERICK
b. 1809
WILLIAM = MARY ANN NETTLESHIP
b. 1812
CAROLINE
JULIA
JOHN RICHARD JULIUS = GEORGINA BURTON
ANN = CAPT. SMYTHE, R.N.
GERSTEIN LANCELOT
MILDRED NINA = CAPITANO MARIO IMPROTA
Italian Army
RUBY = RONALD BERNARD
ARTHUR UPTON
ERROL, 4TH BARON WALLSCOURT = LADY JANE STANHOPE
b. 1841 d. 1918
YNDHAM
376 d. 1910
EILY = MAJOR LEYCESTER STORR
b. 1877 d. 1915
Has issue five daughters
MARGARET = WILLIAM FARINGTON
b. 1883 d. 1908
RIA = PRINCIPE DI TEANO
afterwards
DUCA DI SERMONETA
b. 1869 d. 1935
RATO CAETANI
CA DI SERMONETA
b. 1902

I

THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM LOCK

1732

THE parentage of William Lock of Norbury Park, who died in 1810 at the age of seventy-eight, universally loved and respected, has remained shrouded in mystery for over two hundred years. There seems to have been a conspiracy of silence on the subject among his contemporaries, for though his name is frequently mentioned in letters and memoirs of the time no one refers to his origin, not even that arch-gossip, Horace Walpole.

I often wonder whether his great grand-daughter, Leila, the last of the lovely Locks, knew anything about it. If so, she carried the secret with her to the grave. She was my English grandmother. While she was alive I was too young to be interested in the Locks, but sometimes she spoke of Norbury Park, then her eyes lit up and afterwards she would sigh. "Dear Norbury!" she said, for though her grandfather had sold the place long before she was born, she had been brought up to love its very name.

Many years after her death I found a grey stone slab, blotched with golden moss and half buried in the tall grass and ox-eyed daisies of the churchyard at Mickleham. The stone was crumbling and its lettering barely visible, but I managed to spell out :

"*This vault was built in* 1781 *by Wm. Lock of Norbury Park for himself and his family. Mary Lock died September* 29, 1785."

Norbury Park lies close to Mickleham. In the old church I also saw a mural tablet bearing many times the same surname, and the first was : "Mary Lock, Mother of William Lock."

There was no one left in the world who could tell me anything about this Mary. Only a distant cousin of my grandmother, also a descendant of William, remembered having asked her when they were both young : "Who was Mary Lock?" and she had answered : "It is much better not to inquire."

Round Mickleham the Locks are still remembered, and there is a legend

that William was a natural son of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Some also said that his father might have been George II. Then I heard another tradition, that he was the son of Louis XV of France, which would account for the *fleur de lys* on the doorways at Norbury Park, and William's love for all things French.

I became eager to discover the forgotten secret and for several years hunted on every conceivable trail. Leaving no stone unturned, I even had a séance with a medium in Rome who apparently gave me a good deal of information communicated to her by William Lock. He said that his mother had only confided her secret to him a few years before her death and that he did not wish me to reveal it, but he would tell me that his father was French and a person of exalted degree. The medium then exclaimed that she heard the name " Bourbon " repeated several times quite loudly. This made me think there was some truth in the Louis XV tradition, but, curiously enough, I learned *after* the séance that there was yet another story about William's parentage, and that he was supposed to be the son of the rich and powerful Duc de Bourbon.

When the medium came out of her trance she declared she felt a violent pain on the top of her head, and that William Lock must have died from the effects of a blow on his skull. As a matter of fact, his last illness was caused by striking his head on the marble mantelpiece at Norbury.

All this seemed strangely convincing, but eventually I came across this entry in Farington's diary : *

" Mr. Angerstein told us " (Thomas Lawrence and himself) " that Mr. Lock of Norbury Park is a natural son of Mr. Lock who was in some way engaged in commerce. He was a relative of the great Mr. Locke the philosopher."

A second clue followed quickly on this one, when a Lock pedigree was found at the College of Arms. It began with a John Lock of Rapply, co. Southampton, buried there in 1614, and records the names of a good many Locks for about a hundred and fifty years. The name of the philosopher John Locke is not among them, and all these Locks have their name spelt without the final *e*. The last is William Lock of Henrietta Street and of

* *Joseph Farington* (1747–1821), landscape painter. Pupil of Richard Wilson, gained premiums at the Society of Arts. Elected an Associate of the Academy 1783 ; full member 1785. Promoted some financial reforms at the Academy. Best known by two collections of engraved views of English lakes. Friend of Lawrence, who painted his portrait. Illustrated " History of the River Thames " and other works. He was the son of the Rector of Warrington, Lancashire.

Bensted, Hants, member for Grimsby in three Parliaments, buried in St. Paul's covered garden 27th October, 1761, aged seventy-four, *unmarried.*

And now here is the curious part : under his name a horizontal pencil line was drawn that reached to the side of the paper, and on turning over the sheet we saw that the line continued on the other side and led to a name, written also in pencil : *William Lock of Norbury Park.*

After this discovery I went to Somerset House to examine the will of the Grimsby Member of Parliament. It had been made in 1755, six years before his death. He left all his

" freehold and copyhold lands in trust for William Lock of Cavendish Square, now residing with Mary Wood, but who from his birth till very lately was called and known by the name of Wood.

" To Mrs. Mary Wood, now of Cavendish Square, £200 a year.

" To Mrs. Mountfort, now living with Mrs. Wood, £30 a year."

The situation seemed clear, in spite of my medium, whose utterances will never cease to be a puzzle. Mrs. Mary Wood, whoever she was, must have been the M.P.'s mistress and the mother of our William, who was born presumably in 1732 when his father was already fifty-five. Mrs. Wood probably assumed the name of Lock after her son inherited the other William's large fortune ; it was obviously more seemly that she should do so, as she lived with him during her latter years.

Sir Thomas Lawrence refers to the simplicity of her funeral—the coffin placed on a farm cart ; Fanny Burney writes from Norbury that she is occupying the room that used to be reserved for Mr. Lock's mother. What Mary's tastes were, how she passed her time, first in London for so many years and then at Norbury Park where she died, how she got on with her daughter-in-law, we will never know.

It is difficult to think of William Lock as anything else but a grave and dignified man of middle age, for we know practically nothing about his early years. He travelled in Italy in 1749, when a lad of seventeen, and met Richard Wilson * in Venice. The artist was thirty-five and still a portrait painter. They became friends and Wilson painted Lock's picture. In Wilson's portrait Lock's expression is alert and gay ; he wears a wig that he discarded in maturer years when he wore his own hair long and slightly powdered. Farington, who met him as an old man, referred to the weak-

* *Richard Wilson* (1714–1782). Was one of the few members of the Royal Academy who were nominated by George III at its institution in 1768. One of the greatest English landscape painters.

ness in his legs that he had contracted in youth. The attenuated thigh in Wilson's portrait is *an additional proof* of its authenticity.

The artist and the youth travelled leisurely together southwards, from Venice to Rome. They loitered on their way, and throughout the golden days of the Italian autumn Wilson made numberless sketches of the lovely country, definitely deciding to give up portraits for landscapes. His biographer, Thomas Hastings, states that it was William Lock who first discovered in him " the sparks of early genius for landscape painting." John Britton, in " The Fine Arts of the English School," repeats a conversation he had with William the Younger, son of our first Lock :

" Mr. Lock of Norbury Park, who is distinguished for refined taste and scientific knowledge, informs me that Wilson's portrait of the late Mr. Lock is creditable to his talents. It was painted at Venice soon after Wilson left England, probably in the year 1749, and the interviews thereby occasioned between the sitter and the artist laid the foundation of a friendship and patronage which must have proved highly advantageous to the young painter."

A pompous way of putting it, but William the Younger was always somewhat of a prig, as we shall see presently. However, in this case, his patronizing reference to his father's good influence on Wilson may have its reason : Wilson's bad temper and lack of manners were notorious, and probably prevented the friendship that had started in Venice from continuing an unruffled course. We never hear of Wilson's name among those who frequented Norbury Park in later years, and, in spite of his talent, he died poor and lonely, neglected by his former patrons. Lock was not one to forget old friends, therefore something serious must have occurred to cause a breach between himself and the painter.

William Lock spoke to Farington about Richard Wilson, but it was characteristic of him that he did not claim the credit of having changed his style of painting. " He told me he went from Venice to Rome with Wilson who at that time was fluctuating whether to pursue portrait or landscape painting. *Vernet*, by warmly approving his landscapes, decided him to that branch of art. He then proposed, on his return to England, to reside somewhere out of London and to send his landscapes for sale to persons who then kept shops for such purposes. Mr. Lock observed that he particularly excelled at painting skies. Cardinal Albani employed him to paint a picture which flattered him much."

That Lock's advice to Wilson was good, even if his contemporaries did

not think so, is proved by the high prices that Wilson's landscapes now fetch, one of his pictures having sold in 1929 for £6,400—cold comfort, however, for the artist, who died in poverty.

After this the mists close down on William Lock and we do not come across him again for several years. In 1761, after the death of the man we may presume was his father, he found himself very wealthy according to the standards of the day. Except for a few minor legacies, the other William Lock, M.P. for Grimsby, had left him all he possessed including his pictures, books, and prints. He had instructed his executors to purchase with the residue of his estates after all debts were paid " freehold manors, that they shall convey, settle and assure to the use of the said William Lock of Cavendish Square."

It is to the credit of the rich young bachelor that nowhere do we find his name mentioned in the discreditable chronicles of the period. Perhaps his mysterious mother had a good influence on him, or else he was saved from drink and gambling by the genuine refinement of his nature and his quiet tastes. He managed to keep clear of the whirlpool of fashionable life described by Sir George Trevelyan, when " society was one vast casino. On whatever pretext and under whatever circumstances half a dozen people of fashion found themselves together . . . the box was sure to be rattling and the cards were being cut and shuffled . . . the surest road into the graces of a fine lady was to be known as one who betted freely and lost handsomely, and it was next to impossible for a lad still in his teens to keep himself from the clutch of these elegant harpies." Even Horace Walpole, whose tastes were very different, could not altogether escape. " The ladies game too deep for me," he wrote ruefully : " the last time I was in town Lady Hertford wanted me and I lost fifty-six guineas before I could say an *Ave Maria*. I do not know a teaspoonful of news : I could tell you what was trumps, but that was all I heard."

So William Lock lived wisely apart from all this and decided to build himself a home in London. Two plans were drawn up for him and still exist. On one is written : " Plan of a House in Portman Square for W. Lock Esq." and further :

" This is the plan referred unto by the articles of Agreement of the 28 June 1765 between Samuel Adams, builder, and Wm. Lock Esq. signed :

Wm. Lock.
Sam. Adams.

The house designed is a somewhat small one, with a powdering room and a water closet, but it was destined never to be built. On the paper is also written in another hand : " This plan laid aside and a more extensive one adopted."

Probably William Lock had just met and fallen in love with the lovely Frederica Augusta Schaub whom he married the following year, and felt that it would be more practical to have a larger house. The second plan, which is unsigned, shows us 21 Portman Square more or less exactly as it is at present, except for two passages that have been made on the ground and first floors ; the bedroom floor only has been altered. It is a charming brick house decorated with a row of blue rectangular tablets adorned with medallions and festoons in white, in the style of Wedgwood.* The entrance is on Gloucester Place and the façade on this side seems curiously irregular, the portico being quite out of symmetry with the windows above. It adjoins No. 20 which is now the Courtauld Institute of Art, and except for a few minor details the exterior of both is exactly alike. They are generally supposed to be " Adam " houses, but a good deal of confusion is caused by the *builder* of many of the Portman Square houses being a man called Adams.

At first William Lock lived in another part of Portman Square while his house was being built. The work progressed very slowly and with great delays. No. 20, next door, was being built for the rich old Countess of Home who was a widow and moved into her new abode in 1778. It is probable that both houses were finished simultaneously and that the Locks took possession of their home at the same time. By then they had been married nine years.

Where William Lock met Frederica Augusta Schaub, youngest daughter of Sir Luke Schaub and his wife Marguerite, born de Ligonier du Buisson, is not known, but it was a real love match for they adored each other to the end of their lives. According to her great friend, Fanny Burney, " sweet Fredy " was lovely and " bewitching " ; " ten thousand dimples " came and went in her cheeks when she smiled and her complexion remained exquisite even to extreme old age. A drawing by Downman—who drew her no fewer than six times—shows her delicate profile under her high-piled powdered hair and tiny hat. At the time of the marriage Lock was thirty-five years of age and his bride only seventeen.

* The house, 21 Portman Square, is now the Netherland Legation.

Frederica Augusta Schaub
(afterwards wife of William Lock I)
From the portrait by John Downman

" On January 13th 1767 at Mary Le Bone
William Lock Esq. Bachelor and
Frederica Augusta Schaub, a Minor, of St. Georges' Hanover Square, with consent of Lady Margaret Schaub, widow, Mother of the said Minor.
witnesses : Lyttelton
Amelie Henrietta Schaub."

Thus the wedding is recorded in the register of Marylebone Church, and we know very little more about Mr. and Mrs. Lock until we find them settled at Norbury Park several years later.

II

THE SCHAUB FAMILY

1714–1761

SIR LUKE SCHAUB was a native of Basle, in Switzerland. The date of his birth is unknown, but can safely be placed in the last quarter of the seventeenth century.

He was a tiny man, with a brain as supple as his back and an indomitable resolution to get on in the world, which decided him early in life to seek his fortune in England. It is probable that he had already made himself useful to the Elector of Hanover in some capacity, for when the latter became George I in 1714 Schaub followed him to his kingdom. The Elector did not know a word of English and the little Swiss intriguer realised that his facility for languages would be of use to the new Sovereign. Almost at once Schaub was sent to Vienna as secretary to the English Ambassador, Lord Cobham, and did so well there that he was left in charge of the Embassy when his chief returned to England.

It is curious to find Luke Schaub, a foreigner, in this important position, but under the reign of George I the slogan " all British " had not yet been invented. Schaub was knighted in 1720, yet in spite of this he seems to have retained his Swiss nationality. In writing to the Duke of Newcastle as late as 1739, he states that he is in Switzerland working for " le service de ma patrie," and refers to " mon Canton " and " mes compatriotes mal moyennés."

Luke Schaub occupied various diplomatic posts, including Vienna, Copenhagen, Madrid, and Paris. He was also sent to Hanover to maintain friendly relations between the two courts.

It was his friend Lord Carteret who procured him the Paris post, which for some reason infuriated Sir Robert Walpole. The latter got his brother Horace, also appointed to Paris, to intrigue against Schaub. The two men worked side by side for some time, signing together, as representatives of England, the despatches they sent to Lord Carteret, for at that time there was no British Ambassador to France. Schaub was recalled in 1724 : whether

this was due to Walpole's machinations is not proved, but when he claimed £12,120 for salary and expenses it was represented to George I that he was "a foreigner, without distinction either from birth or connections."

This was not the end of Schaub's activities. He continued to dabble in diplomatic and political affairs, and his name is frequently mentioned with sour disfavour by Lord Hervey in his memoirs. There is a curious letter preserved in the British Museum, written in French by Sir Luke Schaub to his cousin the Reverend Gaspar Wetstein in Amsterdam. The clergyman had evidently asked his more successful relation to find him a job in England. Schaub answered on 29th May, 1719, that he could get him a post as tutor to the Comte de Rechtern's son, which would be preferable to one in England, "a country which is very dangerous for a young minister and where children are very spoiled and debauched and more difficult to manage than anywhere else." He would much dislike getting his cousin a place that would bind him to England or oblige him to stay there a long time, and he concluded his letter with a reference to sailing from Gravesend with the King and hoping that on his return from Hanover he would see his cousin in Holland.

Gaspar Wetstein decided, all the same, to brave the dangers of England, for we hear of him later on as tutor to Lord Dysart's grandson, Lord Huntingdon. He accompanied his pupil on the classical "grand tour" on the Continent, and got into trouble with Lord Dysart for having spent what he considered far too much. Sir Luke Schaub wrote to his cousin that he had tried to pacify the old gentleman, explaining to him the enormous difference in the cost of living between modern times—1726—and the past century. The fact that Lord Huntingdon had been introduced to the Court of the King of Sardinia also helped to calm Lord Dysart as "he wanted his grandson to see only Kings and Princes."

In 1746 we find Gaspar Wetstein appointed German Secretary and Library Keeper to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and in 1754 Lord Dysart—pressed by Sir Luke—gave him the livings of Framsden and Helmingham. He ended his career as the Prince's chaplain, and no doubt congratulated himself on not having been frightened away by his cousin's gloomy picture of a tutor's life in England.

It was in about 1740 that Sir Luke Schaub married Madame de Panne, a sprightly French widow from Nimes. She must have chased him successfully, for Horace Walpole wrote after attending a ball in London given by Sir Thomas Robinson in 1741: ". . . Two other pretty women were

Mrs. Colebrooke and a Lady Schaub, a foreigner, who—as Sir Luke says—*would* have him : as the town says, Lord Chomley will have her." The acidity of his remark was evidently inspired by the old enmity dating from diplomatic days.

We hear from Walpole that at this ball the Duke of Richmond sat all night by the side of his handsome wife and spent his time kissing her hand. The ducal pair little guessed that about fifty years later a grand-daughter of theirs, called Cecilia Ogilvie, would marry Charles Lock, a grandson of the gay little Frenchwoman, Lady Schaub, whom they saw that evening for the first time. So do the paths of life meet and merge.

The newly married Lady Schaub was born of a Huguenot family, Ligonier du Buisson, from Castres in the South of France. Her father's name was Abel, and his eldest son succeeded in due course to the *seigneury* and lived at Castres all his life. In a letter of his to his sister " Madame Schaub à Londres " he writes sadly that he has no hopes of meeting " ces dignes personnes," the Locks, as his fortune did not allow him the luxury of the smallest journey. We hear no more about him. The only interesting person in the Ligonier family was Abel's second brother, Jean Louis, who left France in 1697 and eventually enrolled himself as a volunteer in Marlborough's army. He rose quickly from the ranks, distinguished himself at Ramilles, Oudenard, and Malplaquet, and ended his career as an Earl and Field Marshal of England, dying in London in 1770 at the great age of ninety.

The Schaubs had two daughters. Among the Angerstein papers at Holbrooke is a copy of their baptismal registers, made out in Schaub's neat copperplate handwriting.

" Il est né à nous Luc Schaub, Chevalier, et Marguerite Schaub, née Ligonier Du Buisson :

Le 21 Octobre 1741 une fille, baptisée en Clarges Street par le Revd. Docteur Trebeck et nommée Amélie.

Parrain : Guillaume Stanhope, Lord Harrington Secretaire d'Etat.
Marraines : La Princesse Amelie et
Henriette, Duchesse de Newcastle.

Le 14 Fevrier 1750, une Fille, baptisée en Old Bond Street par le Revd. Mr. Gaspart Wetstein—Chaplain de S A.R., et nommée Frederique Augusta.

Parrain : Frédéric, Prince de Galles.
Marraines : Augusta, Princesse de Galles et
Anne, Vicomtesse Douarière Cobham.

We gather from this that Sir Luke was careful to put his children under

the protection of his powerful friends, and that Frederica Augusta was nine years younger than her sister.

Sir Luke seems to have been genuinely devoted to Lady Cobham, the widow of his first Chief, and he and his wife stayed a good deal with her at Stoke House. A few months after Frederica Augusta's birth they were there again on a visit, and it was on an August morning in 1750 that Lady Schaub and Miss Henrietta Speed—a niece of Lady Cobham's—set forth to call on the poet Thomas Gray, who lived in the neighbourhood. He was not at home, for he had espied their approach from afar, and, scared by the invasion of these smart ladies with their fluttering furbelows, had safely hidden himself in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. The visitors left a note behind them, conveying an invitation to dinner from Lady Cobham and he acknowledged it with an immensely lengthy poem entitled : " A long Story," that no doubt created gusts of merriment when read aloud in the drawing room of Stoke House. The piece was only printed once in Gray's lifetime, and in 1768 he declined to have it republished on the ground that it was so personal as to have become unintelligible.

Here are a few extracts :—

A House there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A Brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-à-pie from France (Lady Schaub)
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye askance
And vainly ape her art of killing.

With bonnets blue and capucine
And aprons long they hid their armour
And veiled their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Purt (a neighbour)
(By this time all the Parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurked
A wicked Imp they call a Poet.

(The ladies had been instructed by Lady Cobham to " rid the manor of such vermin.")

The Heroines undertook the task
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapped at the door, nor stayed to ask
But bounce into the parlour entered.

. . . . . .

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber.

. . . . . .

On the first marching of the troops
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Conveyed him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

. . . . . .

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The power of Magic was no fable.
Out of the window, whisk, they flew
  But left a spell upon the table.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pothooks did so move him
That will-he, nill-he, to the Great House
  He went, as if the Devil drove him.

. . . . . .

Horace Walpole refers to Lady Schaub several times, and she evidently made for herself a small social position in London. In 1749 he writes: "I believe I told you King Theodore is here (the King of Corsica). I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's."

Sir Luke brought his girls up carefully and must have been a martinet.

In 1720 Sir Luke had been granted a pension of £600 a year *from Ireland* for thirty-one years, "in consideration of his having left his own country and attached himself to the Service of the Crown of England, and having transacted with diligence and success several very important affairs in Foreign Courts."

Besides this, he had another pension of £300 a year on the Civil List. In 1750, when the Irish pension was about to cease, the Schaubs became frantic with anxiety, and Lady Schaub sent a harrowing letter in French to George II, the original of which, dated 15th June, 1750, is in the British Museum. In it she assures His Majesty that if the Irish pension should cease the Schaub family would be unable to continue living together in England, and that she would be obliged to drag herself away from her husband and live abroad in exile with her children. She expresses her conviction that if His Majesty would reflect for a moment he would not plunge into such distress a family so absolutely devoted to him.

The King's moment of reflection evidently produced the hoped for result, and all went smoothly till 1758 when Sir Luke Schaub died and his two

pensions with him, this triple loss throwing his widow into a new frenzy about money matters. She began immediately selling the pictures that her husband had collected and which Horace Walpole did not think were worth the money they fetched :

" You would have been amused had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many grandees being confiscated the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince "—(Frederick, Prince of Wales)—" offered him £12,000 for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for life. As he knew the £12,000 would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself, by saying he loved the pictures so much and that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed, could he have touched it, it had been well, the collection was indubitably not worth four thousand pounds. It has sold for near eight : a copy of the King of France's Raphael went for seven hundred pounds, a Sigismunda called " by Correggio " but certainly by Furoni his scholar, was bought in at upwards of four hundred pounds. . . . I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back : there never was such a season."

Lady Schaub, whose pen was indefatigable where money was concerned, wrote a long letter in French to the Duke of Newcastle imploring him to persuade the King to continue the pension to herself and her daughters. That he was successful, though apparently it took three years to obtain it, we learn from the widow's grateful letter of thanks, this time in English.

My Lord,

Lord Granville and the Countess of Yarmouth were yesterday so good as to inform me of His Majesty's gracious intentions in my children's behalf. Your Grace's Goodness to which we are chiefly indebted for this happy success calls upon our earliest acknowledgments which I now return your grace with the utmost gratitude in my daughters' names, as well as my own ; and it is no small addition to my satisfaction on this occasion to reflect your Grace has been the principal promoter of our present happiness, by vouchsafing to interest yourself in our favour. The remembrance of so great an obligation will last for ever ; as well as the Thankfulness and respect which I have the honour of being

My Lord,

Your Grace's Most Oblig'd & Most Humble Servant

M. Schaub.

Argyl Buildings.
June ye 10th 1761.

We continue now and again to hear about Lady Schaub's doings. In 1765 Walpole entertained her at Strawberry Hill. In spite of his old enmity with her husband they seem to have been on friendly terms. "Lady Lyttleton, Lady Schaub, and a Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of Lady Schaub's mould." About the same time he mentions her again. "At the opera last night I felt almost ashamed to be there. Except Lady Townsend, Lady Schaub, Lady Albemarle, and Lady Northumberland, I scarce saw a creature whose *début* there I could not remember."

A curious want of memory where Lady Schaub was concerned. In 1771 we find Walpole playing loo with Lady Harrington, Lady Schaub, Lord Villiers, and "Old Boothby."

Six years later Lady Schaub, always on the look out to improve her situation, took steps to obtain a residence in the Royal Palace of Hampton Court. Lord Barrington, to whom she appealed for assistance in the matter, wrote her a discouraging letter, saying that Lord Hertford had assured him that the King had forbidden any lodgings in the Palace to be granted. But the lady got her own way, as presumably she usually did, and spent the rest of her days at Hampton Court gossiping with her friends, drinking tea and playing cards.

III

THE BUILDING OF NORBURY

1774

THE Locks went to Italy soon after their marriage. They must have stayed abroad on and off a good deal the first years, and during that time not only was the house in Portman Square completed, but their country place, Norbury Park, was also being built.

Farington tells us that the estate was purchased in 1774 by Mr. Angerstein, acting for his friend Lock who was in Italy, and Lady Eleanor Butler, fourteen years later, mentions Norbury in her Journal. "Mr. Hunt told me of Mr. Lock's house in Surrey near Box Hill. Mr. Lock wrote from Rome to Sandby to build him a house in a particular part of his ground that he mentioned. Sandby executed it, sent him a ground plan elevation and drawings of the views from several windows"; which sounds as though, at least in the beginning, everything was settled by correspondence.

The old Manor, Norbury House, stood at the foot of a hill near the river Mole, and William Lock decided to build a new house on higher ground, so as to command a view of the surrounding country. The spot was well chosen, on the edge of a steep slope thickly wooded with beech and oak. The little river could be seen, like a silver thread, winding along the Mickleham valley with Box Hill in the distance, veiled in lilac mist. To the north east were the Downs of Epsom and Chessington.

On their return to England the Locks lived in the old house while the building of the new one was progressing, and afterwards turned it into a farm. It still exists, having passed through many transformations, with its lofty room that was a refectory in the old priory days. The grounds were utilised as a kitchen garden, and its mellow brick walls are unchanged even now. The beauty of the views and woods must have made an instant appeal to William Lock's artistic sense, and all his contemporaries speak of the house he created in terms of unreserved admiration. The lovely Locks had found their perfect setting in Norbury Park.

Evelyn refers to Norbury in the days when it belonged to Sir Francis Stydolf.

August 27th, 1655

" . . . hence we walked to Mickleham and saw Sir F. Stidolph's seate environ'd with elme-trees and walnuts innumerable, and of which last he told us they receiv'd a considerable revenue. There are such goodly walkes, and hills shaded with yew and box as render the place extreamely agreeable ; it seeming from these evergreens to be summer all the winter."

In 1685 it was estimated that there were 40,000 walnut trees on the Norbury estate and that the produce was worth about 4*d.* a tree. When William Lock purchased it the owner was a certain Anthony Chapman. He had already felled a large quantity of the finest walnut trees, the wood being sold to make gunstocks for the British Army and eventually used against the American rebels, but the profusion of timber was such that his dilapidations passed unnoticed and the trees were still the chief glory of Norbury Park.

In the so-called Druid's Grove over eighty great yews remain to this day, rising in strange contorted shapes from the fern on either side of the grass path. Some of the long branches that rest on the ground have taken root and sprung up again to new life. The largest trees have special names : the Fallen Giant—twisted as though in mortal agony—the King of the Park, the Horse and its Rider. George Meredith, when he lived at Flint Cottage at the foot of Box Hill, used to send his friends to see the Norbury Yews, bidding them remember that they would walk under trees that existed in the days when Christ lived on earth. Poetic licence, but all the same some of the oldest are well over a thousand years old. In 1835 the circumference of the largest one measured twenty-two feet at a height of four feet above the ground ; a century later it had increased by six inches. The experts say that the extraordinary growth and preservation of these yews are due to their position on a sheltered slope.

Possibly inspired by the frescoed walls of Italian palaces, William Lock decided to have the principal drawing room of his country house entirely decorated with paintings. By now he was back in England to direct the work personally. Several artists were engaged on it, and the Painted Saloon became one of the curiosities of the countryside. John Timbs in his " Picturesque Promenade round Dorking," published in 1823, gives us the fullest description of the room with a wealth of unnecessary detail. The idea, as he explains, was " that the magnificent scenery with which the walls were embellished should appear to be a continuation of the view seen from

the windows." This was asking a good deal of the spectator's imagination for the paintings represented " an assemblage of the lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland," " rude crags and the distant summit of Skiddaw," " placid expanses of water," " the summer's setting sun," " a retiring storm," " a shepherd and his love," " cattle," and " a part of the ocean." Furthermore, the carpet was green, " to resemble a new mown lawn."

The landscapes were painted by George Barrett, the Irish artist who had an extraordinary success as a landscape painter during his lifetime. Lord Dalkeith paid him £1,500 for three pictures, an enormous sum for those days, but the " Dictionary of National Biography " states that " his most important work was the decoration of a room at Norbury Park, near Leatherhead, which was then occupied by Mr. Lock."

The ceiling—representing the sky seen through a circular trellis—was the work of an Italian, Pastorini ; Lock's friend, Gilpin, painted the cattle, while the figures, including some lovely *grisaille* statues on their pedestals placed between the windows, were executed by Cipriani. The little girl nestling at the foot of a statue is said to be Amelia, youngest daughter of William Lock. It was Cipriani who painted the panels of the state coach made for George III's coronation and which has been used for great occasions ever since.

Compared to Italian frescoes the paintings at Norbury seem dingy. Their technique is quite different, as they are executed in oils on a stucco ground, and probably the years have made them darker than was originally intended. The landscapes continue right down to the floor in a rather disconcerting manner, but all the same it is a very charming room, even if it does not now arouse the same enthusiastic praise as it did when first executed. To quote John Timbs once more : " Mr. Lock's painted room soon became a subject of much conversation among the lovers of the picturesque, and has long been a powerful object of attraction, especially as it is the only successful attempt of the kind in this country. The mansion was also at one period enriched with several fine productions of sculpture, and in addition to this the liberal proprietor became proverbial among his visitors for the uniform affability of his manners in personally conducting them through his rooms."

Farington alone was less gushing than all the others when he visited Norbury. " We saw the room which Barrett painted. The Lake scene (an evening) is very ingeniously executed, much superior to other parts.

The whole has a *crowded* effect, but perhaps appeared more so from the room having so many chairs, tables, harpsichord, work baskets, books, etc. There was scarcely room to move in it and the pictures on the walls could not be seen but with difficulty."

When George Barrett got into debt Lock came to the rescue and compromised with his creditors by paying them 8*s.* 6*d.* in the pound. " Mr. Lock soon after went abroad, leaving Barrett free from debt," wrote Farington, " but instead of practising economy he took a house near Paddington, got a phaeton and horses, and lived in such a way as speedily to be again involved in trouble."

It took Barrett about eleven months to paint the room, counting his working days, but he was really employed on it for three years as he repeatedly altered the design when a new idea struck him, instead of improving that which he had begun, and frequently the change was not for the better.

It was on a grey November day in 1932 that I went on my first pilgrimage to Norbury Park. A fog shrouded the countryside and only the trunks of the old trees in the grounds could be dimly seen, like ghosts of long-forgotten Locks. The house was uninhabited and the Painted Saloon desolately empty. Over the doors in the entrance hall were the dainty shields bearing the *fleur de lys*, that made me wonder again if the truth did not lie in the Roman medium's exclamation of " Bourbon ! Bourbon ! " and whether the Member of Parliament for Grimsby had not been a screen that hid the personality of either Louis XV or the wealthy Duc de Bourbon. I doubt if we will ever know. Some charming stucco panels representing mythological subjects decorated the hall, and the broad shallow staircase had banisters of a delicate design in wrought iron.*

Norbury Park and its owner often inspired contemporary poets. Hardinge wrote a sonnet while staying there and dedicated it to William Lock whom he described as :

" Favourite of Science and in Arts refined."

Gilpin's poem on Landscape Painting is better known, and pays this pretty compliment :

* The Surrey County Council purchased the estate of Norbury Park in 1930, to save it from falling into the hands of the builders. All the same, the new motor causeway and other encroachments have greatly spoilt the park and the view of Mickleham valley. The Druid's Grove and the surrounding woodlands are now National Trust property and in the control of the Box Hill Management Committee. The house of Norbury Park and a small part of the surrounding grounds were sold in 1933 to Dr. Marie Stopes.

" . . . If taste correct and pure,
Grounded on practice, or, what more avails
Than practice, observation justly formed
Of Nature's best examples and effects,
Approve thy landscape ; *if judicious Lock*
See not an error he would wish removed,
Then boldly deem thyself the heir of fame."

William Lock's house in Portman Square, which he had planned as early as 1765, had not progressed further than its foundations nine years later. Farington gives us the reason : " Mr. Lock had lent Mr. Crockett, a London merchant who failed and cut his throat, £20,000 a little time before his failing, and had taken no proper security, which caused him to *lose all*, and that occasioned him to sell his house in Portman Square and retire to the country."

Crockett's widow was a gay and pleasant Dutch lady called Anna Muilman. She landed cleverly on her feet, for soon after the tragedy she secured John Julius Angerstein as her second husband. This financier of Russian origin was Lock's intimate friend and, as we have already seen, looked after his affairs when he was abroad.

In the spring of 1774 we find Mrs. Angerstein distressed at not having been able to visit the Locks at Norbury owing to their little girl's illness. At that time they had only just bought the estate and were living in the old house.

Friday y^e^ 13th April, 1774

" It was certainly a cruel disappointment to me not seeing you on Wednesday, but I am forced to reconcile myself to all things. Poor, little, lovely Amelia's suffering grieved me ; thank God the dear Bob is better, nurse her up and let me see her fat and Rosee when I visit you at Norbury, which I fully intend for a few days. . . . Pray tell Lock that Lord Hampden was with us yesterday, that dear William's drawings were talked of, and that I showed him those I had, which he has admired as much as he or you could wish. He said he should have bought them for drawings of some of the Great Masters, naming them : ' this I should have thought such an one's, and this such another's.' Was very eager to see William, and said he should call, or write to Lock about him, and that he shall be very, very happy to show him (William) his collection. In short the Old Gentleman was quite animated by the idea of getting a sight of your wonderful boy."

The Lock's eldest boy, William, was then seven years old and an infant prodigy. His drawings were handed round for the inspections of con-

noisseurs who compared them to the works of famous draughtsmen of the past, to his parents' infinite pride.

In the autumn of 1774 the Locks went abroad again while good natured Mrs. Angerstein did their shopping in London and reported the progress of their Portman Square house.

London, Sep. 22nd, 1774

"I hope that I have executed all your little commissions right; that is to say: I have got you the *pomade Divine* from Bourgeois, the lavender drops from Bliss's, Blister salver, and Peppermint water from the Apothecary Hall, Doctor Dover's sweating powders from Devaynes with Bromfield's directions for using them. . . . I have added to your medicine a small bottle of *Canada Balsam* which has been recommended to me for rheumatic complaints in the most particular manner, by a man of seventy who has cured himself by taking it; and has also cured another who had lost the use of his limbs for some years. What I send you is perfectly genuine, and was given to Angerstein by a Canada merchant as some of the finest that ever came to England. The method of taking it is as follows: put a tea-spoonful of Canada Balsam in half a tea cup full of warm water (as warm as blood). It may be taken morning and evening . . . and should occasion a swab or two in the day, if it operates more then take it only once in the 24 hours. . . .

"This medicine I intend particularly for my dear Mrs. Lock whom I love with all my heart for thinking England agreed better with her, though it should not be true, 'tis one of those prejudices which I give her a dispensation for, but I entreat her to be well wherever she goes. And you, my dear Mr. Lock, what has caused the great variation in the style of your last two letters? In the first you are thankful for the benefit you have received in the general state of your health, and in the next—though you don't say you are ill—there is a melancholy reflection that you have enjoyed but little health these fifteen years. Was it the effect of a cloudy day, or are you not well? Pray let me know particularly how is the pain in your breast, it has never been mentioned since our parting."

By this we know that Lock's health had been frail for a long time. He and his wife spent some time in Geneva where Frederica Augusta had some Swiss relations, including an aunt she was fond of. Some old cards still exist on which Mrs. Lock had written in her delicate hand: "The cards on which I taught my George his alphabet at Geneva." George was her third son, the one destined to enter the Church.

Either for financial reasons or because they preferred the country to London, the Locks sold the Portman Square house at some time after 1780. Thenceforth we find them renting different houses for their brief stays in town. Fashionable life had no attraction for either, London made them both feel ill and their family had meanwhile become a large one. As soon as Norbury Park was completed they made it their permanent home and never went abroad again.

It was in 1784 that Fanny Burney and Susan Phillips came into their lives. Up to now we have only caught glimpses of William and Frederica as it were through the chinks of closed shutters, but the two sisters throw the windows wide open and the bright sunshine streams in on the lovely Locks for a few years. By now William was fifty-one and his wife thirty-four. Their family consisted of William, the gifted young artist, already seventeen and grave beyond his years—both of his parents always seemed a little in awe of him. The other children were Charles, George, Augusta, and Amelia. The baby, Frederick, was born later, in 1785. It is safe to say that at this period the Locks were an ideally happy family. The children were healthy and handsome, loved and carefully brought up by their parents who adored each other. "Ah, you are acquainted then with that divine family?" exclaimed Mr. Smelt, sub-governor of the Prince of Wales, to Fanny Burney.

All William Lock's contemporaries paid homage to his taste in art and literature. The great Samuel Johnson approved of his definition of blank verse: "that it seems verse only to the eye," and called him "an ingenious critick." Fanny Burney tells us that "good breeding in England, amongst the men, is ordinarily stiff and cold. Mr. Lock, who was elegance personified in his manners, was lively only in his domestic or chosen circle."

That Lock was sincere in his righteousness is evident in all his actions. His deep love for his wife and children remained unswerving to the end of his days. Some of his sayings, recorded by his daughter Amelia, are preserved among the Angerstein papers.

"The world will be more inclined to forgive the faults you have, than the affectations of virtues which you have not."

"A man never likes you so well as when he leaves your company liking himself."

"The confession of a fault costs little to those who feel both power and inclination to amend it."

"Those are most patient of reproof who are most deserving of praise."

" There is no true good breeding but in those who forget themselves to think of others."

" The way to be happy yourself is to think how you shall make others so."

" That others appear ridiculous to you is often not their fault but yours."

" Bounty will not ensure gratitude unless it be attended by kindness."

" Learn to fear your conscience and respect the tribunal within."

" Those are surest of approbation who without seeking it, do what deserves it."

" To bear with the imperfections of our neighbour is a duty of charity and of more importance as it occurs every hour."

Lock was also royally generous to his friends, though he once remarked, with a tinge of sadness, that though he had tried to do good in his life, from twenty shillings to some thousands, he had never answered his own expectations.

Both husband and wife loved flowers and have left some instructions in the art of composing bouquets that might be of use at the present day.

When Fanny Burney was staying at Norbury Park for the first time, in 1784, she wrote to her father in London :

" Mrs. Lock says you shall have the best selected, the sweetest smelling, the most picturesque formed bouquets she can procure you, made up by her own fair hand and selected by her own discriminating nose ; you shall have as long and as broad, and as short and as narrow a ribbon to tie them up as you shall decide yourself, and she will love you dearly, not only by promise, but *tout de bon* and without chicanery."

Norbury Park
From an old engraving

IV

DAWN OF A GREAT FRIENDSHIP

1784

FANNY BURNEY, later Madame d'Arblay, was born in 1752, the daughter of Dr. Burney, musician and author.

When quite young she achieved fame by writing a novel: "Evelina, or a Young Lady's entrance into the World." Doctor Johnson said he "could not get rid of the rogue" and that some passages might do honour to Richardson. He got it almost by heart and mimicked the characters with roars of Homeric laughter. Sir Joshua Reynolds took the book to the dinner table and was so absorbed that he had to be fed while reading, after which both he and Burke sat up over it all night. Fanny's second novel, "Cecilia," published in *five* volumes in 1782, had the same success and an even greater sale, therefore when she first met the Locks she was already a full-blown celebrity.

In 1785, to please her father, she accepted the Court appointment of second Keeper of the Robes. It was a mistake, because it put her under the authority of Madam Schwellenberg, a dreadful old German, who bullied her in every conceivable way; her health suffered and she was extremely unhappy.

Fanny confided to Sir Walter Scott that when "Evelina" was accepted by the publisher she danced delightedly round the mulberry tree in the garden. All the same, she went through agonies of shyness whenever her books were referred to in her presence, and she duly entered in her diary every detail of her sufferings, together with the fulsome compliments that caused them. On the other hand, her diaries are full of flashes of real humour and vivid descriptions that counterbalance the "I protest I was ready to die" and "horrible panic" and "nearly sinking" parts.

Susan Burney is only remembered because of her sister. She was an affectionate, gentle little woman, who adored her family and her friends, but her husband, Captain Molesworth Phillips, eventually broke her heart. He was a hard, rough man of considerable physical courage, a Captain of

Marines who had accompanied Captain Cook round the world, and was with him at Hawaii when the explorer was murdered by natives. Four of the company were also killed and the rest, with Phillips, threw themselves into the water and swam back to their boats, but one of them, a poor swimmer, got into difficulties and Phillips, who was already in the boat, badly wounded, dived back into the sea and seized the drowning man by the hair. He got a blow on the head from a stone that nearly stunned him, but he managed to get back with his man.

Fanny Burney first met Frederica Augusta in 1784, and was instantly attracted to her.

April 23, 1784

" The sweet and most bewitching Mrs. Lock called upon me in the evening with her son George. I let her in, and did so rejoice I had not gone to Mrs. Vesey's. But I rejoiced only for a short time ; she came but to take leave for she was going to Norbury the very next morning. I was quite heavy all the evening. She does truly interest both head and heart : I love her already. And she was so kind, so caressing, so soft ; pressed me so much to fix a time for going to Norbury : said such sweet things of Mrs. Phillips and kissed me so affectionately when quitting me that I was quite melted by her. What a charm London has lost for me by her departure, sweet creature that she is, born and bred to dispense pleasure and delight to all who see or know her. She, Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Delaney, in their several ways all excellent, possess the joint powers of winning the affections, while they delight the intellects to the highest summit I can even conceive of human attraction."

On October the 14th in the same year Fanny was already paying her second visit to the Locks.

" I arrived at dear Norbury Park at about seven o'clock after a pleasant ride in the dark. Mr. Lock most kindly and cordially welcomed me ; he came out on the steps to receive me and his beloved Freddy waited for me in the vestibule. Oh, with what tenderness did she take me to her bosom ! I felt melted with her kindness but I could not express a joy like hers for my heart was very full. They told me that Madame de la Fite, her daughter and Mr. Hinde were in the house, but as I am now come for a long time, I hope, I did not vex on hearing this."

Fanny, like Susan later on, always wanted to have the Locks for herself alone.

The time passed happily at Norbury Park during those halcyon days.

" Nothing can be more truly pleasant than our present lives. . . . Mr. Lock is gayer and more sportive than I have ever seen him, his Freddy seems made up of happiness ; and the two dear little girls are in spirits almost ecstatic, and all that from that internal contentment which Norbury Park seems to have gathered from all corners of the world into its own sphere. Our mornings, if fine, are to ourselves as Mr. Lock rides out ; if bad, we assemble in the picture room. We have two books in public reading : Madame de Sévigné's letters and Cook's last voyage. Mrs. Lock reads the French, myself the English. Our conversations, too, are such as I could almost wish to last for ever. Mr. Lock has been *all* himself ; all instruction, information, and intelligence."

In November Fanny was still at Norbury. The three elder Lock boys were at a school near Cheam, kept by Mr. Gilpin, the son of the writer and painter. It was only six miles from their home.

" This is Mr. William Lock's birthday, he is now seventeen, he came home with his brothers to keep it three days ago. May they all be as long-lived and as happy as they are now sweet and amiable ! "

At the same time she writes to her father, Dr. Burney, rejoicing in the absence of other guests.

" This sweet place is just as I best like it, occupied only by its proper inhabitants."

At the end of the year Fanny was much saddened by the death of her old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

" And where did I spend the rest of the day ? with the sweet Locks in Upper Brook Street. I went to wait their arrival with their dear little girls and I stayed with them till bedtime. Dear, charming people, how they did soothe my troubled mind : I had felt nothing so like peace since I left them, and this real pleasure—with an exerted suppression of sadness—gave us all, I believe, an equally pleasant day."

By this we learn that in 1784 the Locks had no longer the Portman Square house.

Both Fanny and Susan were ardent admirers of young William's talent as an artist.

" Mr. William Lock goes on with painting in a manner equally rapid in success with his drawing. He has just finished a female head from an idea, rather than a representation, of his sister Amelia, which is, I think, nearly the most beautiful portrait I ever saw."

Their friendship dazzled them, for young William's *painting* was never a

success. Farington, on his visit to Norbury saw "in Mr. Lock Junior's study four of his pictures, miserable performances both in conception and in execution." But his pen-and-ink and pencil drawings were exquisite, some slightly tinted either in water colour or with chalk, and can be classed with the best examples of the kind in the eighteenth century.

In the following year, 1785, when Fanny got her Court appointment her visits to Norbury Park for the time being came to an end. Mrs. Lock called on her friend when she was settling into her rooms at Windsor Castle and helped to make her comfortable. Dimpling and blushing, she brought her a decanter of barley water and a bright tin saucepan, concealed under her voluminous hoop: this secrecy was probably necessary, as the horrible Schwellenberg woman objected to everything that might make life easier for poor Fanny. At another time Mrs. Lock visited her again and stayed for tea and supper. "I'm so glad, Miss Burney," cried the Princess Royal, "that you have seen Mrs. Lock to-day; I believe I saw her going away from your room." And Princess Elizabeth added: "Well, so you have had Mrs. Lock with you? How happy that must have made you!"

The Phillipses lived for some time in a cottage quite close to the entrance of Norbury Park. From their windows there was a beautiful view, looking up the hill towards Mr. Lock's new house. During this period Susan saw the Locks every day, and in a packet of her letters to Fanny dated 1787 (now preserved at the Library at Armagh) we find the fullest details of their lives.

Meanwhile there was a flutter of gentle excitement at Norbury Park. Little Mrs. Phillips, who was expecting a baby, was calling on the Locks when she was seized with violent pains. Her condition was such that it seemed impossible to take her back to the cottage at the foot of the hill. All went well, and the baby boy was christened Norbury. Fanny tells us what George III and Queen Charlotte had to say on the subject.

"The Queen, with a little arch smile, that seemed to promise she would make me stare, said:

"'It was there, at Mr. Lock's, your sister laid in?'

"'Oh yes, Ma'am!' I cried.

"'How happened it?' said the King. 'Could she not get home?'

"'It was so sudden, Sir, and so unexpected, there was no time.'

"'I dare say,' said the sweet Queen, 'Mrs. Lock was only very happy to have it at her house.'

" ' Indeed, Ma'am,' cried I, ' her kindness and Mr. Lock's would make anybody think so. But they are all kindness and goodness.'

" ' I have heard,' said the Queen, ' that they are all sensible and amiable and ingenious in that family.'

" ' They are, indeed ! ' cried I, ' and as exemplary as they are accomplished.'

" ' I have never seen Mrs. Lock,' said the King, ' since she was *that* high,' pointing to little Miss Dawes.

" ' And I,' said the Queen, ' I have never seen her in my life, but for all that, from what I hear of her, I cannot help feeling interested whenever I only hear her name.'

" This, with a good deal of animation, she said directly to me.

" ' Mr. William Lock, Ma'am,' said Mrs. Delaney, ' I understand from Miss Burney, is now making the same wonderful progress in painting that he had done before in drawing.'

" ' I have seen some of his drawings,' said the Queen, ' that are charming.'

" ' How old is he ? ' cried the King.

" ' Eighteen, Sir.'

" ' Eighteen ! ' repeated the King. ' How time flies ! ' "

If it did not occur before it is practically certain that the Locks were presented to the King and Queen in 1787, for in that year Fanny Burney fell very ill of a fever and was devotedly nursed by her sister and Mrs. Lock, who came in turn to Windsor Castle for the purpose. A pencil drawing of a wreath of flowers, faintly coloured, is among the family souvenirs preserved at Holbrooke by Mrs. Angerstein, and on its wrapper is inscribed in Mrs. Lock's handwriting : " Given most graciously by her Majesty Queen Charlotte on Sunday 30th September 1787." In this year Fanny Burney mentions the " pattern garlands " she made with " plant impressions," " under the eye and direction of my Freddy and Mr. Lock." Neither of them painted seriously, but apparently Lock was an expert at this pretty and useless art, which pleased Queen Charlotte so much that she wished him to teach her his technique.

V

VISITORS AT NORBURY PARK
1786

IT is now through Susan Phillips' letters to Fanny that we have a vivid picture of life at Norbury. She called on the Locks daily, and when other visitors came she was jealous. It was dreadful, therefore, to find a Mrs. Majendie and her daughter had arrived when she and Captain Phillips went to dine at Norbury Park on a December night in 1786.

" And indeed, save for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Lock and her sweet family, we had but a heavy evening. Mrs. Majendie seems to me a very shallow, silly woman, . . . overflowing with affectation. . . . I played, and . . . prevailed on Miss Majendie to sing a great deal, though she repeatedly declared her terrors were so great it was a punishment to her. . . . I suspect it was none, except to her hearers. She has a bad voice and imitates the Italian manner perfectly *à l'Anglaise*. Her excessive . . . affectation . . . made me so afraid of my muscles that I hastened to the Piano Forte behind her . . . where the . . . penetrating eye of Mr. Lock could not reach me.

" Mr. William sat reading . . . and acted the part of one *deaf and dumb*, as he is able to do . . . in company which does not please . . . him, so poor Miss Majendie was reduced to flirting with little George, who was . . . very comical. Mr. Lock enlivened the latter part of the evening by a humorous discourse in praise of *the joys of eating and drinking*, in opposition to the poor, foolish Mrs. Majendie . . . who thought he seriously meant every word he spoke."

The next visitors were the widowed Lady Templetown and two of her children, Elizabeth and Caroline Upton. She was an old school friend of Mrs. Lock, and had a pretty talent for cutting out silhouettes in black paper ; some specimens of her work—notably a profile of Mrs. Siddons—have survived.

All the Locks took a great interest in the yearly fair at Leatherhead at which the Norbury Park booth was an institution ; they worked for

months beforehand to stock it, and any friend staying with them had to help, and Susan, on coming to dinner one evening, was presented with a gift that filled her with joy. " 'Tis a little box on the top of which lies a sweet, sleeping babe painted by Mr. William. On the inside is a charming wreath of my sweet friends with a cypher exquisitely done by Mr. Lock who has coloured the whole. The festoons of flowers round the *outside* of the box are by Lady Templetown. . . . I am really enchanted with it. I shall value it as long as I live ! "

A few days later there was a dance at Norbury.

" It was begun before we arrived. I found Lady Templetown *among the dancers* in the eating parlour, and dear Mrs. Lock with her Frederick on her lap looking on. . . . I was seized upon by Augusta to dance, and though by no means prepared for such an exertion, as it was proposed to relieve Lady Templetown, it could not well be refused, and so for the first time since the week of my marriage I began dancing country dances again. And, being an elderly person among this youthful set, made me, I assure you, greatly in repute. . . .

" Our dear Augusta does not appear to the most advantage in dancing. As for Amelia, she will upon such occasions be precisely what I believe Mr. Lock most desires : quietly and perfectly unaffected.

" Mr. William and Mr. Lock came in and looked on. George, I believe, dances pretty well and all Lady Templetown's children *very* well. We had a minuet between Augusta and Miss Upton. I looked on not without pleasure, yet I should not let my little Fanny dance *just so*, if she were able, at the same age, because I think diffidence is more desirable to observe than ease. I found Lady Templetown was to go to town next day, and I was sorry for it for the sake of my dear Mrs. Lock."

Soon their peace was disturbed by another visitor, Mr. Minchin, M.P. " Mrs. Lock told me he had been a very early acquaintance of Mr. Lock's who met him and travelled in company with him abroad, and who had in his youth received much civility from his family."

When Susan retired to tidy for dinner Augusta followed her and insisted upon doing up her chignon. Meanwhile, she told her a lot about " that odious Mr. Minchin," whom she said she could not bear. " Do you know, he never speaks to his wife, not one word."

" And do they live together ? "

" Oh dear yes ! They have been *here* together. . . . But . . . one of them had a bed upstairs and the other at the furthest end of the house below stairs,

and they never looked at each other—yes, sometimes I have seen *him* look at her : so cross and ill natured ! Though you see he seems a very pleasant man to other people."

" And what can have occasioned such a dreadful breach ? "

" Oh, I don't know, it has been so a great many years. Once when they lost one of their children he was prevailed upon to say a few words to poor Mrs. Minchin, but he has never opened his lips to her since. Nobody, it seems, accuses Mrs. Minchin of anything further than not having agreed with her husband in temper."

At dinner Mr. Minchin turned the talk on Parliamentary matters and spoke of the probability of Charles Fox coming into power.

" Mr. Lock could not forbear saying how unlikely he thought it and the reason why it was so. ' I find all the people I speak to,' said he, ' have a horror at the thought of such a thing ; he is *fallen, fallen, fallen ;* even the common people hold him in detestation.' Mr. Minchin heard patiently this attack on his dear friend. Another favourite topic of his was of sporting dogs and horses, and discussions upon eating and the best way of killing fish. I was vexed at Mr. Minchin's visit, which led our dear Mr. Lock always to talk on subjects which did not interest him, or to remain wholly silent."

After this we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Minchin " went away not unwillingly, at least Time had appeared very frequently to hang heavy on his hands during his stay."

A Mr. and Mrs. Hartsinck were the next guests and managed to shock Susan Phillips profoundly. " Mrs. Hartsinck is thinner than she was, but *en revanche* quite fulsome with fondness for her husband. There are most curious scenes going on now and then, whispering and *tendresse* enough to make everybody generally afraid of looking their way. 'Tis most abominable behaviour, and at *Norbury* too : that seat of innocence and purity and pudens ! "

There was yet another *habitué* of Norbury Park whom Susan could not bear : the family physician, Doctor John Moore. She was much annoyed when young William finished a beautiful drawing, " which is to be thrown away on that disagreeable personage. I should never have wished it finished, but that he would begin nothing else whilst he had it in his head."

Dr. Moore was a native of Glasgow, Surgeon of the British Embassy in Paris in Lord Albemarle's day, and later he had the young Duke of Hamilton under his care. He wrote a novel called " Zeluco " that had a vogue at the time, but his chief cause to be remembered lies in his three

distinguished sons : the celebrated General John Moore ; Graham the most intimate friend of William the Younger, who became an Admiral, and James, a physician.

On the twentieth anniversary of the Locks' wedding Susan Phillips went up to Norbury Park to rejoice with them.

" Our sweet friend looked beautiful ; Mr. Lock all serenity and happiness, Mr. William in radiant spirits and perfect good humour, Amelia, in all her loveliness, Augusta full of glee, and George as *evaporé* with his vivacity as I ever saw him. Heaven's blessing preserve them long : thus blessing and thus blessed."

At last the tiresome visitors were all gone and Susan was enchanted for their favourite occupation of reading aloud could be resumed, sitting snugly near the fire, during the long winter evenings in the soft light diffused by good wax candles. They enjoyed a poem " by an extraordinary man of Ayrshire called Robert Burns," that they found in *The Lounger*, a Scotch paper. " Is it not a pretty thing ? " said Mrs. Lock. " I answered as I thought and felt about it. She talks of copying it out for you." They also read " Ossian," " with a melancholy kind of pleasure," and Mr. Lock believed the poems to be genuine. Fanny's second novel, " Cecilia," was next undertaken. Mrs. Lock read the first chapters to them, and during this time William made a charming drawing of Cecilia as he imagined her. " Our dear Mrs Lock will, I am certain, tell you herself how greatly she was delighted and entertained. Mr. Lock listens to an interesting novel with all the eager attention and tender sensibility that he could possess at three-and-twenty."

Then Fanny Burney sent a new ballad she had composed on an idea given her by Mr. William, and Susan took it up the hill to read with her friends. She had already savoured it at home.

" I could not have conceived it in human powers to have made so short a little poem so deeply affecting. At the third stanza—' But is he safe ? the mother cries ' I felt tears in my eyes and soon they flowed and I almost sobbed. It is a gem indeed, an exquisitely sweet thing."

She entrusted it first to Mr. Lock who had begged to have it in his library immediately " for," said he, " I am dying of impatience." " He left the room and did not return for *at least* a couple of hours." When he reappeared in the drawing room they exchanged " a very conscious look and smile " and she thought she saw traces of emotion on his face. Mr. Lock said : " It is a beautiful little thing ; to the simplicity of the ballad she has

joined the Pindaric abruptness of the ode." Next day he read it aloud to his Freddy and Susan, comfortably settled in " the little green room."

" Oh, what a lecture ! My dear Mrs. Lock was obliged to run into the closet in the midst of it for some minutes and Mr. Lock was, I believe, in need of respite himself. . . . When we had done, as Mr. Lock left us he said : ' Remember you must neither of you show yourselves ! ' So Mrs. Lock glided with me downstairs and walked almost home with me, but feeling she was not *presentable* she would not come in."

In March the Locks went up to town. " I was surprised and gladdened in the morning by a sight of sweet Mrs. Lock. I had hoped to pass the evening at Norbury but, alas, their journey I found was hastened. She came loaded with sweet flowers."

Life was dull for Susan when Norbury Park was closed, especially as she had begun to be unhappy in her married life. When a month later her friends returned she arranged that Fanny should send her letters to Mrs. Lock, so that they should not pass through the hands of Captain Phillips who " spyed " on her correspondence.

" Our dear little George brought me an invitation for the day and I set off with him. We found only dear Mr. Lock in the Picture Room ; I was most sweetly and affectionately received, and I heard his dearest Freddy was in ' Fanny's room ; you know where that is.' ' Hélas, oui ! ' I could have said. I found the sweet soul in the midst of a confusion of arrangements—all of which were soon suspended by my appearance—so that I did her business a great deal of mischief. She and the dear little girls all looked pale but only from the London air and mode of life. Mr. Lock came up to us and sat about a quarter of an hour talking of Mr. William and of you alternately, and I think with equal interest. When he was gone our sweet Mrs. Lock, with a look full of that pleasure which she so highly feels, when she knows she is giving it, said : ' Oh, he does love you dearly ! whenever our return home was mentioned he always said : ' And then we shall see Mrs. Phillips, that sweet little woman.' When our Mrs. Lock had done all she durst venture to begin that morning we went downstairs. . . . He was writing and she had letters to write too which she began. ' We do not use you very civilly,' he said smiling. After dinner came the lovely boy " (the baby, Frederick) " they all call ' Feddy,' a wonderful little creature. He asked for all he wished as a dessert as clearly as Fanny could have done. Mama told him that the burnt almonds were not good for him. ' Are good ! ' he said, looking gravely at her, ' very

nice.' . . . He would taste my toast and water but soon pushed it away from him exclaiming, ' Oh, *too* nasty ! ' As Augusta says, such expressions sound very curious in the mouth of an Infant not yet 23 months old. After church we accompanied our sweet Mrs. Lock to the kitchen garden which was in beautiful order, and then examined all the poultry yards, dairy, etc., of I believe the most complete farm in the world. Mrs. Lock looks ten years younger, I believe from having given up wearing a cloak. Augusta is recovering her complexion and her *gaiety*, which had been much lowered by leaving London ; it begins to have nearly as many charms in her eyes as formerly in those of poor Bessy Burney. George is brilliant in eyes, complexion and spirits, I never saw him look better and am doubly rejoiced at it as his two brothers are absent."

It was quite an event when soon after this Mr. and Mrs. Lock drove to Hampton Court to call on Lady Schaub. There seems to have been a great coolness between Mr. Lock and his mother-in-law, so this visit was probably in the nature of a reconciliation. A month later Lady Schaub returned the call, and Susan Phillips met her at Norbury. " I found Lady Schaub and Mrs. French, in whose carriage they had travelled. Lady Schaub looked wonderfully well and was very polite and courteous in her behaviour to me. I couldn't bear to hear our sweet friend calling her Mother ' my dear Ma'am,' but a more tender appellation would doubtless have appeared ridiculous and offensive to a *woman of the world* like Lady Schaub. Mr. Lock was *cold as death* in his manner to her : I believe he has been exceedingly disgusted with her. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lock into Mr. William's painting room, and as soon as they had drunk their coffee they both took leave to return to Hampton Court, in the neighbourhood of which place Mrs. French has a house."

After this visit Lady Schaub does not seem to have come to Norbury Park again.

William the Younger and his brother Charles had left for a journey through Flanders and the Netherlands. " That rogue William has not written from Dover," said Mr. Lock to Susan Phillips, " though I gave him a model for a letter, that it might cost him only three lines to say he was well or otherwise, when he arrived, and when he should sail. For my part, I know his aversion to writing to be such, and think the chance of his being ill so few, that I should not have expected a line from him or required it, but his Mother is very anxious."

Both brothers did a certain amount of drawing during their travels and

several of their sketches still exist, dated Holland and Belgium 1787. The Locks and their friends did not think much of Charles's talent which is never mentioned. William was his parents' darling, they admired everything he did, spoiled him thoroughly, and were always a little awed by his superciliousness.

On returning from his travels Charles Lock settled in London, where he was employed in a Counting House for some time. He returned home regularly every week, from Saturday to Monday, and Susan spent pleasant evenings at Norbury with Mr. Lock reading aloud while Charles and William drew.

" Mr. Charles did not arrive at the expected time and at 8 o'clock was sorrowfully given up when he suddenly made his appearance. He had missed the Dorking and came by the Epsom stage. He brought some curious old books concerning Charles I and Oliver Cromwell which he had picked up at some stall. . . . His business does not call him to the Counting House till 9, and, as Mr. Lock had expressed a good deal of solicitude at the sedentary life he must lead, he formed a plan to rise regularly at six (and) spend the two hours before his business requires him, in walking. In the evening at 8 he is again at liberty and constantly walks an hour or more. This plan, which he told his Father, gave Mr. Lock the greatest satisfaction."

Susan found " Mr. William . . . much improved by his excursion abroad. His manners are gentle-ized, he mixes infinitely more in general conversation and more pleasantly ; his bashfulness, which often had the appearance of pride, is worn away. A great deal of this happy change I attribute to his brother Charles, who with all the real modesty that can be wished, has got rid of all his boyish bashfulness and whose cheerful and open countenance and manners please universally. I never saw a young man set out in life in a manner more perfectly desirable. Mr. William, too, I am persuaded, will become every year more amiable and pleasant."

But William, who was by now twenty, seemed something of a problem to his fond parents, who imagined they allowed him the fullest liberty but in reality cramped his life with their anxious affection. When he wished to accompany Charles to town and stay there a week, in order to study at the Academy, the Locks were quite upset, for what could he find there, so argued his father, that could not be supplied at Norbury ? If he wanted fine colouring, he could have Frederick and the Phillips' children as models ; there was a young man in the village who would make an excellent study,

besides which all the household was at his service whenever he wished. But William stuck to his point and went to London. " When he was out of the room his father said : ' 'Tis a whim of William's, but when they are young they will have whims, and if they are indulged in them after a little time they give them up.' I saw, however, he was very chagrined, and sweet Mrs. Lock was more evidently so. I was very sorry ; . . ." Susan did not seem to realise that William was now grown up. When he went with Captain Phillips to visit Mr. Walpole and see his collection, Susan was quite shocked to hear that his father knew nothing of William's intention of sleeping out. But Mr. Lock said : " At this age he must have his liberty. We make it a rule never to question him where he has been or means to go, and indeed he is so perfectly steady and thoughtful that he requires no check."

" ' Oh, no, indeed ! ' I said, ' he may be trusted the world over.' But I did not the less reverence the wisdom and resolution of this most admirable Father's conduct."

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Susan, however, did not approve in her heart, and later had another shock, for " Mr. William has gone to Brighthelmstone ! I was excessively surprised at hearing it and not glad. He had been seduced there by James Moore the surgeon, who, not I think very judiciously, has pressed him into making this excursion." What would she have found to say if steady, sober William had behaved like some of his contemporaries ?

" The gaming is surely worthy of the decline of our Empire," wrote Horace Walpole about this date. " The young men lose five, ten, fifteen thousand in an evening. Lord Stavordale, not one and twenty, lost eleven thousand last Tuesday but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath : ' Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions ! ' "

It is not surprising to find William, two years later, wild with restlessness, longing to go off abroad for a lengthy stay all by himself.

It was a great event in Susan's quiet life when the Locks took her to Windsor on a three days' visit to Fanny. She thought it necessary to make an immense fuss before accepting this tempting invitation, and was " very drolly rallied " when she finally suggested driving with Mr. William in the open chaise so that Mr. Lock, who caught cold easily, should go in the coach with Mrs. Lock. This was not allowed, which on the whole relieved her, for she dreaded *being a great bore* to the young man.

On their way, before they reached Egham, they met a carriage in which

were several members of the Royal Family. " Not without difficulty Mrs. Lock made Aaron (the coachman) stop. I saw the Princesses Elizabeth and Augusta, but not the rest though the carriage was full. Mr. Lock in his chaise stopped and I saw that he made a most profound obeisance. Braissant * was then with him and Mr. William on horseback, who afterwards told us his horse had had a great inclination to throw him into the ditch."

During this visit to Windsor the Locks saw a good deal of Mrs. Delany, and William was smitten by her beautiful niece, Miss Marianne Port, who lived with her. Mrs. Delany, born in 1700, had been friends with many literary men in her day, including Swift and Pope. She had a strange talent for composing flower pictures by cutting out bits of coloured paper and pasting them upon cardboard. Between 1774 and 1784—when she had to cease work owing to failing eyesight—she had finished nearly one thousand specimens. George III, who was very fond of Mrs. Delany, gave her a house at Windsor and a pension of £300 a year. It was she who had presented Fanny Burney to the King and Queen.

On their way back to Norbury the Locks and Susan Phillips stopped to dine at Chertsey, and Susan tells us of their conversation during the meal.

" ' Were you not delighted with Mrs. Delany, my William ? ' asked his sweet mother.

" ' Yes,' said he smiling, with great meaning, his full assent. We all then joined in speaking our warm admiration of this very extraordinary and most charming lady.

" ' And there is,' said Mr. William, ' something very pretty in Miss Port.'

" I saw a sort of conscious smile on Mr. Lock's face that he could scarce repress, at the novelty of hearing his son speaking of a *pretty girl*, but he seemed much pleased at it, and at everything in him, indeed, which seemed like banishing his accustomed reserve. He joined in the praise and I pointed out that she looked uncommonly simple and pretty."

After a very pleasant dinner they set out again, not before they had visited the village toy shop kept by a very old woman who was struggling to work though nearly blind. They went on purchasing till the whole shop was nearly emptied, Mrs. Lock spending *half a guinea* and reducing the owner to tears of thankfulness. It was dark when they reached Norbury. " We were no sooner in the hall than the two dear girls were in their mother's

* Mr. Lock's personal servant who was with him many years.

arms. Amelia I thought would never have ceased to cling round her mother's neck had not the penetrating voice of Mr. Lock been heard behind her saying : ' How are my dear little girls ? ' The fond embraces were then transferred."

On October the 23rd Mrs. Delany, accompanied by Miss Port, arrived at Norbury Park for her promised visit. It was a great effort for the old lady of eighty-seven, and no doubt she hoped to bring off the match between her niece and William. She tells of her visit in one of her letters.

" The most extraordinary account I can give of myself is my having made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lock at Norbury Park, about thirty miles from Windsor. Mr. Lock is esteemed one of the most perfect characters living : his lady's *outward form* and amiable disposition are truly angelic. They have two sons and three daughters " (here Mrs. Delany had become confused, for there were four sons and two daughters) " all beautiful, most rationally and elegantly educated. The eldest son, Mr. William Lock, is the first genius of the age for drawing. My niece and I spent four days there agreeably and thank God, though a bold undertaking, it agreed very well with me."

Susan was asked to stay at Norbury to meet the new visitors, and Lady Templetown was also in the house. Mrs. Delany entered the drawing room " with all her sweet alacrity and enlivening cheerfulness," followed by Miss Port, both expressing warmly their admiration of the beauty of the place. The dinner was informal, Susan sitting near Mrs. Lock, and at dessert Feddy came in and eyed all the company from the safe vantage of his mother's lap. He noticed the pretty newcomer and immediately fixed her with " a roguish kind of coquetry that was extremely comical . . . he devoted his attention to her all the evening and in short was her constant *innamorato* from that time." William's attitude perturbed Susan, for she noticed that the young lady " was as flattering with her eyes as she could contrive to make them and I believe she is not a novice at that art."

Next day at tea time William sat apart, going through his portfolio of drawings with Miss Port, and presented two of the most charming to Mrs. Delany. He not only showed his work, but explained it carefully and minutely, a thing he had never done before. Susan could not refrain from pointing this out to his mother, and Mrs. Lock, with a very conscious and expressive smile answered : " He has great pleasure in doing it." Susan, in her own words, was " filled with dread and alarm."

Meanwhile at the other end of the room Lady Templetown was busy cutting out two profiles of Mrs. Delany in black paper, and gratified Susan by making her a present of one. Having finished her task, she looked round for a new subject.

" ' I think Miss Port's profile would be very pretty,' she remarked, and scarcely lowering her voice she added : ' Do you observe how William is smitten ? ' "

Susan was dismayed to see Mrs. Lock respond " with the most free and assenting and almost rejoicing smiles." Lady Templetown then went up to Mr. Lock and repeated her observation. He smiled too. Horrors !

Mrs. Delany was delighted at the thought of having Miss Port's silhouette, and the girl's hat had to be taken off. This presented great difficulties. She was ashamed and unwilling : Mr. Lock increased her embarrassment by wickedly taking a place directly opposite to her and bidding her *look up* and sit upright. Susan interfered, begging him to have mercy, and Mr. William then said :

" ' Indeed, Sir, if you stand so you will make it impossible for Miss Port to sit.'

" ' Oh,' said Mr. Lock very drolly, ' why then I'll make way for you ! ' "

When Lady Templetown had done she paid her court by saying how lovely a profile it was. She had indeed succeeded in it admirably, but before she gave it to Mrs. Delany she said to Mr. and Mrs. Lock :

" ' I must first show it to William.'

" Accordingly she went and with a pleased countenance he admired and returned it."

In the evening they all sat and looked at the albums of Mrs. Delany's " mosaic pictures " that she had brought with her. When bedtime came Susan accompanied Mrs. Delany and Miss Port upstairs and "*for the first time entered the apartment which had been Mr. Lock's mother's.*" This mysterious lady had died two years before.

At last the morning of the departure arrived but somehow the expected engagement seemed to be hanging fire.

It was now time to part. Mrs. Lock gave " a most animated and earnest invitation " to Mrs. Delany to return in the winter and appealed " with a maternal kind of fondness to Miss Port to second her. Then they took leave. We all attended to the door and remained till the chaise was no

onger in sight. . . . I see she (Miss Port) has won all the females in the family. Alas, why cannot one venture to rejoice at it ? . . . I had observed (Mr. William) had disappeared before the leave taking : I found he was gone to the Epsom races, this somewhat revived me.

" ' He was hesitating and hesitating,' said Mr. Lock, ' till at last I said : ' My dear boy, you will lose the race. And so the race carried it ! '

" Augusta assures me she never saw brother William admire any young lady so much before. He has promised her a copy of his *Market of Loves.*

" ' It is a work, too, which will take time," said I ; ' there are so many figures.'

" ' Yes,' said Mr. Lock, and with a little bend of the head, ' but in short I believe he has purchased a love for himself, and so. . . .' Then he stopped, meaning, I suppose : *he must take his own course.* I said nothing but tried to smile."

Why all this came to nothing we cannot tell, but William certainly cooled off and poor Miss Port disappears from the scene without her name being mentioned again. Mrs. Delany died the following year and her niece eventually married a man called Waddington.

Susan now transferred her anxieties to Charles, for Miss Julia Angerstein came to stay at Norbury and she had a dreadful idea that the young people were getting interested in each other. Her passionate devotion to the Locks made her think no one was good enough for them.

" Mr. Charles . . . and Miss Angerstein ! That I fear is a decided matter. Mr. William, who used evidently to hold her in great contempt for her vulgarity, bad English and silly giggling, is now amazingly softened to her, and, I am inwardly convinced, seeks to like her and show her regard on his brother's account. . . . She is, I believe, thoroughly good natured and that makes amends for a world of deficiencies. But in *this* family I cannot bear to see her as *daughter*, *wife*, and *sister.* I wonder Mr. Charles's taste is not too good to admit of his thinking of her."

But Julia Angerstein, with her boisterous gaiety, was bringing life into the sober Norbury Park *milieu.* When she dressed up William and Charles in women's clothes and showed them into the drawing room, even Susan confessed " it was a very amusing and curious exhibition." The young men " made admirable figures and drank tea in their dresses." William " looked very handsome and had a striking grandeur of air without boldness or impropriety." In the evening they arranged a very pretty masquerade

in which Amelia was a youth and Miss Upton his bride ; Labonne, the girls' nurse, represented the *Curé du village*, Miss Angerstein a fat nun, Augusta an awkward *paysanne*, Caroline (Upton) Madame la Comtesse Something and the little one a novice. Susan had to admit " it was a pleasant, joyous evening."

But she might have spared herself all anxiety, for this budding flirtation came to nothing, and Julia Angerstein married a Russian, General Nickolas Sablonkoff, in 1806, and returned to live in the land from which her father had emigrated.

It was during the winter of this year that William took to a mild form of hunting, which shocked Susan and grieved his father. " I was preparing for breakfast when George arrived to whom Captain Phillips had promised his mare. He was going on a hunting party with his brother William who —strange to say—has lately taken an unaccountable fancy to this—I do not love to use so pleasant a word as ' amusement.' Our dear Mr. Lock who so detests these sports cannot be pleased ; he will not however oppose, concluding that his son will soon be surfeited if the reins are left in his hands. The vexation is that he has infected his brother Charles, who during the Four Days allowed him at Christmas was daily lamenting the weather which prevented him from hunting. George, too, is initiated though he assures me solemnly *he does not at all like it* and only goes because his brother William desires it. Their party on the present occasion was of about a dozen farmers, who had requested Mr. William to join them. All the good that has accrued from this amusement is that it has given rise to a few very spirited and clever sketches of hunters and huntsmen, which is—I hope—some compensation to Mr. Lock. Mr. William has taken a good deal of pains to induce Phillips to join him on these occasions . . . without any effect. The mare, however, was lent to George. She grew so unruly and wild in the chase that he could not manage her and she was with difficulty stopped in her career by the party, who were a good deal alarmed for him. We were carried to the window by hearing a cry of hounds, and found the chase was the poor little hare—which had been the object of the pursuit—had been driven into the river, and at that part of it which separates the meadow from the Park Phillips immediately ran out to join the hunters " (the Captain's disapproval of hunting seemed based on the knowledge that his mare was unmanageable !) " and soon afterwards returned with Mr. William who seemed a little *ashamed* of the conclusion of their expedition and better pleased to talk on other subjects."

The subjects of conversation Mr. Lock really enjoyed were abstract ideas, art and literature. One evening in June, 1787, he had an interesting discussion upon the immortality of the soul with a French visitor, M. Tremblay, that lasted until all went to bed ; and Fanny Burney, who longed to form some satisfactory theory about dreams and regretted never having started the subject with someone wise and good like Doctor Johnson, wrote that she hoped yet to do it with Mr. Lock.

VI

MORE VISITORS AND A SUSSEX TOUR
1789

SUSAN'S daily journal to Fanny abruptly ends in 1788. She was now very unhappy with her husband and confided her sorrows to her sister, who in after years destroyed her letters, not wishing them to fall into other hands. During this year Susan had a third child, christened William, and was tenderly nursed by her friend who signed a letter " Nurse Lock " when she gave news of the confinement to Fanny.

The deep affection that Mrs. Lock felt for Fanny was of a different quality from that which existed between herself and Susan. They were more of an age : Fanny called her " Freddy," while Susan addressed her as Mrs. Lock. At this time the intimacy between " Freddy " and Fanny had reached its high-water mark. Mrs. Lock wrote daily to her friend at Windsor Castle, her scribblings taking the form of a diary which she sent off at intervals under the title of *Stuffo Antico* or else *Grandissimo Stuffissimo*. Part of this diary, covering a period between May and December, 1789, has survived, and now gives us a picture of Norbury Park from Mrs. Lock's angle.

It was a quiet and peaceful life. In the spring she spent whole days helping her husband to arrange the books in the library and catalogue them. " Evelina " and " Cecilia " left the little green room and were installed downstairs ; Mrs. Lock gave them " Rasselas " for a near companion, with Madame de Sévigné over their heads and Richardson's " Clarissa Harlowe " at their feet. " How dearly I love these offerings of my Fanny ! " Her clever fingers worked hard at book-binding and repairing.

Mr. Joseph Barrett arrived at Norbury to varnish the Painted Saloon, his brother's masterpiece, and Mrs. Phillips often came up to the house when they spent charming evenings singing and playing. Mrs. Lock in her turn went to Susan's cottage, and admired " that very elegant and comfortable habitation, and looked at all the little new plants and flowers that are growing

and thriving most prosperously in that genial soil. Our sweet sister is the best little wife in the world."

Augusta Lock was a merry girl and the only member of the family with a leaning towards society. When her brothers went—William most reluctantly—to the ball given by the gentlemen of the Dorking Club, Mrs. Lock confided to her friend that " poor Augusta envied them. How I wish her the same indifference that I felt at her age concerning all such ! A play or an opera nobody could think of with more delight, but Balls had no power over me. Her Father has rallied her most comically. . . . She walked down to call on our sister and came back exclaiming against the hands she had left ' dear little Mrs. Phillips in : a gigantic hairdresser who was tearing about her poor little hair ! ' "

To please Augusta her kind mother went to Epsom races, a thing she had never done before in her life, and they also took " baby Feddy and Feddy's Papa." Amelia refused to accompany them, which made Mrs. Lock remark with satisfaction that she resembled her. Mrs. Phillips would not go either. All the same, Mrs. Lock had to admit that the crowd of horsemen and carriages was a very gay sight, the day had been fine and the ground in excellent order. She had never seen more *beau monde*, but when it was all over Feddy had asked plaintively : " Have I seen a race ? " And no wonder, for all they saw was " a poor little hare, most unfortunately frightened from its abode into the midst of this crowd. The savage joy was loud at the sight of the poor, helpless little wretch who ran, scared, among them. I was much agitated for its fate but at length, I flatter myself, it escaped among the furse."

They were home by three o'clock and Feddy made almost the same remark that a century later became immortal when uttered by Queen Victoria : " I ain't *quite* amused."

Mrs. Lock was happier next day when Augusta, Amelia, and Feddy went to the sheep shearing. She herself sat on Fanny's favourite seat in the Park and every sheep, after it had been set at liberty, came up the hill and stopped to examine her, " with the most comical curiosity." " My Fanny's walk is in the highest sweetness and beauty, the trees in fullest foliage and ye hawthorns loaded with blossoms. A delightful day : my Lock is gone airing." She packed some flowers for Fanny and gave them " a most fragrant covering. Did not my Fanny like the sight of all these smiling Roses when she opened the box ? "

Charles was still working in London and would hasten home for the

week ends, bringing the latest news from town. One evening the inhabitants of Norbury saw a fiery glow in the sky, just over London, and wondered what could have happened. Charles arrived next day and informed them that the Opera House had been burnt to the ground ; he had been to see the fire but the heat was so intense that he could not approach it nearer than Cockspur Street. The firemen were employed in preventing the flames from spreading in the neighbourhood ; as for the Opera House they did not attempt to save it.

Mrs. Lock was proud of her good sons.

" May 30th. My George's birthday. Thank God for another upright, affectionate, well disposed child. How many, many such blessings have I to be grateful for ! . . . If parting is *mal imaginé*, meeting is an admirable invention. My Lock went to fetch our George from Cheam," (where he was at school) " the last time that he will come from there ; he wrote to his sisters that it was the first time that he had not felt happy in coming home. Dear boy ! he is charmingly well, grown tall and fatter."

George went to Oxford ; he was the only one of the brothers to do so. " Mr. Seward has been extremely kind in strongly recommending him to the Dean of Christ Church. My George gives us the best and most comfortable hopes. He, unsolicited, voluntarily said to his Father : ' I now *promise* that I will not taste wine till I see you again ' ; and he told me after a journey to Town with his Father in the chaise that he had been given the most excellent advice and that he hoped it would not be thrown away on him. How happy it made me to hear him speak thus ! "

" . . . George set out for Oxford and William went with him, not very willingly, although one of his *reasons* for wishing to go abroad is to get rid of his troublesome bashfulness, as he shall then be *obliged* to come forward. He says himself that all things have gone too smoothly with him—all his road has been downhill. *Here* was a little *rising ground*, however, to Oxford ! My poor William, I fear he will never *willingly* encounter strangers."

George wrote happily enough from Christ Church, though he was disgusted at the habits of the other undergraduates. " He describes the College evening society as terribly addicted to drinking, but adds that he has adhered to his plan of refusing entirely and is allowed to abstain. What a disgrace that such a practice should be suffered unreproved ! He says that he has been to the College Coffee House and that he was shocked and astonished to see so many intoxicated."

William, their eldest born, had always been the apple of his parents' eyes. In the summer he was designing a beautiful group which was to be placed on a pedestal in the picture room and his mother intended weaving a wreath round it. "The sweetest of all works." When he went to town he brought her back "two fine prints of Greuze, *La vertu chancelante* and *La Malédiction Paternelle*. The first is very affecting : . . . I wish we had more painters of *Domestic Subjects*."

"Heaven be praised," wrote his mother on William's twenty-second birthday, "what gratitude is sufficient for such a blessing? For such steady and upright goodness, a conduct that has never deviated a hair's breadth from the straight line. I shall not see him on his next birthday, he will be in a foreign land. Well, wherever he goes that *straight line* is my comfort and my security, no parents were ever more completely at rest."

For William had grown more and more weary of his easy home life, and during the summer of 1789 opened his heart to his father, begging his permission to go abroad for a long stay. He must have realised that the amazing talent for drawing he possessed as a boy had come to a standstill now that he attempted to become a full-blown artist.

"You know that excellent and indulgent Father too well to doubt his answer, but I must add for my William's credit that he desired it might be on the condition of being accountable to his Brothers and Sisters for the money advanced him for this purpose. . . . He has the highest integrity in all these matters and a desire of justice and equality that is very uncommon. . . . I had long wished that he might be indulged, knowing his heart is set upon it. . . . His poor sisters were very much saddened at this intelligence. Amelia ran away to hide her tears and I had some difficulty, by representing my own great privation, to reconcile them to theirs. . . . Keeping him with us against his will could not give us pleasure, and I have long felt that his wishes were all on the other side of the Alps. It is a long, long absence to look to the end of; I cannot steadily look that length. A year and a half! Heaven grant that we may *all* meet again *here!* I must add that we have the utmost comfort in the entire confidence that we are enabled to place in his conduct. What a blessing, my Fanny, what blessings!"

A new visitor—destined to become a great friend of the Locks—came to Norbury Park about this time: "Mr. Fuseli, an extraordinary and very entertaining character." He had lately returned from Italy where he had

spent eight years in the study of art, and had changed his name from Fussli to Fuseli, for he was originally Swiss, born in Zurich in 1741, though he emigrated to England in his youth.

Henry Fuseli was a good painter and an even better writer on art. At the time of his visit to Norbury he had just been elected Royal Academician.

On the day of his arrival they had enjoyed a delightful evening, for Mrs. Burney, sister-in-law to Fanny and Susan, was staying with the Phillips and had come up to the house for tea, giving them in return " deep draughts of delicious music." Mrs. Lock had not approved of Mrs. Burney at first, and said she did not look much like the family. " Her gown was so brilliant that you would have supposed it a dancing dress, rather than one for a country party," and little Norbury Phillips, a week later, could still talk of nothing else but his aunt Rosette's fine dress " all diamonded, with pink ! " But she was an excellent musician, and soon overcame Mrs. Lock's prejudice by playing to her. After the music Mr. Fuseli examined " a most sweet drawing " that William had made the evening before, representing " a sleeping female head, wrapped in his mother's night cap and hood." The fond mother was overjoyed ! Fuseli had used the word " Divine," and she declared it was not in the least too strong.

This visit proved such a success that Fuseli returned later in the season. Mrs. Lock found in him " uncommon powers of entertainment, he is all animation, genius and originality," and declared that it was a treat to have him to dinner. Mr. Lock remarked that *originality*, which is the strongest recommendation to an Englishman to become acquainted, is what makes a Frenchman turn away. They gave him more music, which he enjoyed, and made him promise to read " Evelina " and " Cecilia," as he was an admirer of Miss Fanny Burney's personality. The only novel he had ever read up to the present was " Clarissa Harlowe " by Richardson. He admitted that his bookseller, Mr. Johnstone, had been *persecuting* him to read " Cecilia " for a long time, and had declared that if The Person would but write another book he would give any sum she should ask for her work before he had looked at it, *the name was enough*. " What a loss to the world ! " exclaimed Mrs. Lock, thinking of her friend wasting her life and eating out her heart in practical slavery at Court.

When Mrs. Lock had lit her candle and was proceeding to bed, Fuseli waylaid her and began to speak about William's talent. " He said he could not otherwise account for the disgust which now seems to stop him in his progress, if it did not arise from the *few* that understand him ; that he con-

siders it as *not worth while* . . . and that it was a misfortune to Art that he was born in a situation not to be *obliged* to paint."

William was quick to feel that, outside the family circle, he no longer received the praise that was lavished on his work when a boy, and he longed for the unbiased opinion of real artists. " William is highly gratified by the manner in which Fuseli understands him, and he does what I hardly ever saw him do excepting with his Father : bring out drawings and show them. He carried Fuseli, as soon as he arrived, into his Painting Room to look at a picture which he had begun. Mr. Lock told me that after I went Fuseli expressed himself concerning William with an unbounded warmth of admiration of his powers."

At breakfast Fuseli told the company a strange tale which the late Lord Lyttelton had recounted.

" The morning of a fox hunt a large party of gentlemen met, and as they proceeded to the chase were joined by others. One among the rest was particularly distinguished by the elegance of his figure, and the activity and grace with which he rode. Lord Lyttelton, when the chase was over, invited him to return home to dinner, and there he was the most entertaining companion they had ever met. The party continued drinking late and he sat with them and endeavoured to prolong the evening, but they dropped off one by one, some under the table, others fast asleep in their seats. At length, very unwillingly, the stranger desired to be shown his chamber. Before long the most dreadful yells were heard and traced to the stranger's room ; they knocked at the door and begged to know if he were ill. An angry ' No ! ' was all they could obtain, and upon the question being repeated he desired they would return to bed. But the yells continued with such violence that they could bear it no longer and broke open the door, when to their horror the stranger appeared *streaming with blood*, and they saw that the floor and the bed were also covered with blood. He held a whip in his hand with which he seemed to have been inflicting a horrible scourging. He said he was very sorry the house had been disturbed but assured them that it was now over and they might go to sleep again, and that the next day at breakfast he would explain what appeared so extraordinary to them. Next morning they waited impatiently for the promised communication but lo ! the stranger was gone. They inquired of the grooms who related that at break of day he came down, took his horse out of the stable and disappeared."

Magnetism was next discussed and " my Lock lamented that we were

returned to the darkness and superstition of the tenth and eleventh centuries."

Fuseli was writing a book of aphorisms on painting, which he afterwards dedicated to William, and read some extracts to the Norbury circle.

" He considers the finest antique statues and then describes what produces their particular beauty ; for instance : ' the convex line is predominant in the Hercules and is what gives the appearance of strength.' This was contested : my William laughingly giving the instance of a *very* fat man, but my Lock immediately set the observation in a clear light : ' that the convexity of the *muscle* is a proof of its *size* and therefore *strength ;* but that convexity should be confined to muscle and not to be used to express the general appearance of the figure : the lines of the Woman's form are more convex than the Man's, and yet strength is certainly not her characteristic.' "

William went abroad in the autumn of 1789. A bad correspondent, he wrote seldom to his family during his long absence, and only one letter from his father to him has survived.

" I long to hear how the Vatican has struck you, tho' I dare say not as it did me, from your being so much more informed. . . . I was a great while before I understood or could relish that which was there. Yet, upon the whole, I think you must have been disappointed. Old Gilpin was wishing the other day to have a peep at the stores you are laying in. I said I was not sure you would add much to your stock of ideas from the fund of modern art. For though, as a general distinction between the schools, the Italian (and we may add the French, confining it to Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun and one or two more) may be considered as the Poets of human nature, and the Flemish and Dutch as her Historians, and sometimes her Libellers, her Poets have not gone far in the exaltation of Character, or the refinement of Form. Much more of both may be found in Ancient sculpture, which is nearer to perfection than we can hope ever to see it again. It sometimes wants animation in its 2nd and 3rd rates, arising from the same temperance and reserve which characterises the Greek Dramatic Poets. These qualities generally have a happy effect, but sometimes degenerate into Coldness. . . . You have perhaps found Rome richer than you expected in the scenery of Ruins—and how prolific of ideas, to a mind capable of being affected by such, are suggested by a city three times the mistress of so large a proportion of the earth, by Arms, by Superstition, and by the Revival of Art and Letters ! The Empire established by the

first is gone for ever, probably. The third is Vox et Praeterea nihil. And the second is now rocking on its foundation, tho' it once bid fair to last longer than any other human establishment. . . .

" Sir Joshua has given his *last* discourse.* I have not seen it, but understand that he recommends Michael Angelo as the man to be looked up to, as combining in the most eminent degree the qualities which form the perfect artist, Genius and Industry. . . . A powerful, and I fear irresistible part is formed against the poor President under the direction of Sir Wm. C——. When he is gone we shall hear quis desiderio etc. I forget whether I informed you that Fuseli's second volume of Aphorisms is coming out dedicated to you.

" Much as we love to hear from you, my dear William, do not let me tease you into writing oftener than you have leisure ; I know how little *you* can have at Rome. How happy I should be to spend a few days with you."

We know nothing of William Lock's travels except an incident recorded by Horace Walpole in one of his letters.

" I have lately heard that Lord Bruce and Mr. Lock riding out in Languedoc escorted by two National Guards, and the former spitting, the wind carried the spittle on one of those heroes, on which they seized our countrymen and imprisoned them all night in a sentry box. For imprisonment is the characteristic of liberty, and when all men are equal, accidents are punished as only crimes used to be, which makes it delicious to live in a state of nature."

William's visit to Rome had the contrary effect to that which had been hoped for : he realised he could not compete with the great artists of the past, and on his return he gave up painting altogether.

Meanwhile the summer days of 1789 passed peacefully at Norbury Park.

" June 21st. The longest day. I care not for that, but that Time *so* flies ; oh, could I but arrest it in its flight ! A most delicious walk in our Paradiso : I've never had a sweeter. I took a grand indulgence, for the rain has so long confined me that I yearned for a day out of doors ; I wandered before dinner till past three, picking flowers, and then again after dinner till tea time. My Lock went his airing. The flowers are more delightful

* In the summer of 1779 Sir Joshua Reynold's sight began to fail, but he continued to practise his art occasionally till the end of 1790. His last years were embittered by most unfortunate disagreement with the Royal Academy relative to the appointment of a professor of perspective. Under the impression that there was a conspiracy against him among *various Members* he signified his intention of resigning the Presidential Chair, but was afterwards induced to withdraw it. His final discourse was delivered on the 10th December, 1790. " This great artist and blameless gentleman " died 23rd February, 1792.

than ever, such a profusion—oh, that my *amico naso* could partake ! The evening was uncommonly beautiful and the masses of light and shadow striking. There was a Cricket Match on the Downs and it formed a very pretty object seen from the stile. I wanted some dear person to join her enthusiasm to mine."

Mrs. Lock's favourite haunt was the Fern House. There she went to hide from tiresome visitors, read Fanny's books and write to her undisturbed. Sometimes Mr. Lock, taking " an airing " on his quiet mare, Jenny, would stop at the door and pay her a welcome little visit. Once she wandered all the evening with a book, her " favourite Thomson," and went by the finest moonlight down to the greenhouse to fetch some vine leaves for her work.

Visitors were the only disagreeable features of life at Norbury. " We had another visitation that consumed the whole morning ; at our return from Mickleham we were assailed by *une visite*, the most petrifying, silent, doughy, frigid, and insipid. Water gruel *à la glace*. I thought it would never end : no subject that I could start outlived three-quarters of a minute." " The evening stage brought us a foreign visitor : my poor Lock ! what a *seccatura* for him, a little ourang outang man, perhaps very worthy, but we did not want him. It is a heavy tax we pay for our Geneva friendships."

" At six o'clock I was just gone out with my Augusta to enjoy the sweetness of the evening and we were gathering roses from my wall which is covered most luxuriously, when lo, a carriage was heard ! A terrific sound : *des visites !* Augusta, naughty girl, laughing loud enough to be discovered, declared she *would* see them and ran to the little gate. I, entreating more caution, prepared to make my escape and burrow—as my Lock calls it—in my wilderness. Down the stairs we went when, alas, a voice called after us and we were compelled to return. Mrs. Cooke and her sister ! How few are those one willingly sees. My poor Lock was gone his airing and on returning fell into the jaws of this visit."

Mrs. Lock's letters to Fanny are full of these little annoyances. Even on returning home, after an absence of several days, "I had hardly done caressing my Feddy when the door was thrown open and—*des visites*, alas, entered : Mr. Masham and Lady Frances. They have been settled many years in this country and gave out on their first coming that they wished not to be visited as retirement was their object. I *highly* approved, and never, as you will believe, interrupted it. They now have changed their mind ! Braissant, who dearly loves that we shall be visited and visit, admitted them at this

unseasonable time. Mr. Masham is a plain, civil, and sensible man, Lady Frances is a sister of Lord Egremont's, rather pretty, sudden in her manner, and not singularly pleasing. Miss Seawen we escaped. She is generally riding or driving about the country and in the hunting season carries off the fox's tail as a prize. Her usual appearance is that of an ill looking little man in a great coat : a Hackney coachman who has long been on his stand."

Mrs. Lock never went to London if she could help it, but her husband sometimes had to go for business. "My Lock returned in the evening, *unhurt*, from the Dark City," she wrote. One day they drove to Hampton Court, taking the children with them, to visit Lady Schaub. "We set out at 10, I in the Phaeton with my Lock and Feddy who was in the third heaven, an immense whip in his hand, imagining that he had driven the whole way ; Augusta, Amelia and George in the Post Chaise. William rode with Mr. Gilpin as far as Ewell. We found my mother delightfully well and in beautiful looks, which gladdened my heart, and we returned early so that my Lock need not breathe the night air. Feddy was excellent company, and the moment he re-entered the house he mounted his rocking-horse and rode *fifty miles* to make up for want of exercise during the rest of the day. Dear Fellow !"

Poor little Feddy ! so gay and friendly during his short life, was a constant source of amusement for the inhabitants of Norbury Park, even when his pet died. "My cat is in heaven," he said, suddenly sobered, and George, rather tactlessly, expressed his doubts. "And why not ? Yes, *she is*, catching mice in the fields."

The Great Unknown, into which he was to pass so soon, seemed to attract him. "Mama, must you and I indeed die ?" "Certainly." "And will the hearse come to the door ?" "Perhaps not, I don't like hearses." "Oh, pray, Mama, let the Hearse come, and then we can get into it." "But I don't like hearses." "Then what will come ? Will a box come ?"

A ladybird flew in at the window, a most welcome distraction, for he was struggling with his reading lesson and the warm sunshine outside was tempting. "Who made it ?" asked Feddy, delighted to put down his book. "God Almighty : he makes everything." "And *who made him, did he make himself ?*" Mrs. Lock does not record how she explained away this theological problem. And Feddy at the end of a long, happy day went to bed too sleepy to say his prayers but "he dared say God Almighty would scuse him."

In midsummer the Locks went on a little driving tour of four days.

" We all set off in grand spirits and disposed to receive all possible pleasure from it, my Lock and I in the Phaeton, Augusta and Amelia in the post chaise with George and William on horseback. My little Feddy saw us go with great composure. We went through Guildford to Godalming, and after dinner to Midhurst through a beautiful country, . . . we saw no poverty and I don't remember one beggar.

"After we had settled our rooms at Midhurst and drank tea William proposed going to look at the old Gothic Cowdray by moonlight. I readily assented and a most solemn and beautiful sight it was. Our walk to it was very pleasant and the rushing of the water at a mill close to the Park gate with the moonbeams catching on the foam was picturesque. Cowdray is a fine Gothic building in perfect preservation that belongs to Lord Montague. . . . The house is filled with old portraits, some of which are very curious. A very ancient Kitchen was shown us; it is the most elegant one I ever saw, *circular*, the light in the centre of the roof, and under it a fountain with tables on four arches. The young Lord Montague is abroad and his father died two years ago. They were Catholics, but I believe they changed their religion."

Mrs. Lock doubtless ignored the peril that haunted the house, for when the monks were turned out of Cowdray Abbey in the days of the Reformation, they were said to have cursed the place *by fire and by water.* The mansion was burned to the ground four years after the Locks visited it, and the owner, Lord Montague, was drowned in the Rhinefalls of Schaffhausen, before he had time to hear of the disaster.

" We went on to Chichester and from thence to the sea coast. George and our girls were very eager to see the sea and their kind Father was as desirous to indulge them. Bognor Rocks was the nearest, and thither we were directed. Wretched accommodation, the Inn newly built. My poor Augusta got a bed that Puss had visited, but we made up in laughter all that was wanted in convenience. The chairs and the curtains were all damp and sticking to us. Sir Richard Hotham had built a house for himself near this Inn which also belongs to him and he very hospitably sent to offer us accommodation. I believe the new neighbouring houses are his. A bathing machine is kept here."

The Locks did not accept the kind offer, as they did not care for " this sea habitation close to the roaring, dashing waves," and proceeded next morning on their tour, for they wished to visit Arundel Castle, then a total ruin.

" 5th August. 1789. Most gladly we set forward for Arundel Castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Arundel and after them of the Norfolk family. The Castle is a most ancient ruin, very picturesque. We were told that there was no memory of its date : before the Conquest it was a Castle of Renown.*

" We went up to the Keep ; the stairs are still in being but much worn away and some boards placed across at the top for a landing are rather perilous, but I wished to see all I could and therefore adventured notwithstanding my Lock's advice to remain contentedly below. A very good-humoured and careful maid who showed these ruins esquired me and under her protection I ascended and descended safely. My Lock advised the renewal of the boards which are become very rotten. We passed by the Dungeons, most dismal-dark and dank. I went not in, but my Lock and his girls and boys did. It is very shocking to reflect upon the inhumanity of man towards man. . . .

" From hence we proceeded to Petworth down the steepest and worst hill I ever descended, Alford Hill, but the prospect in some measure paid us for the danger. We arrived at the village of Petworth at seven and after settling our rooms, etc., proceeded to reconnoitre the environs. In our walk we met a man selling black cherries ; he was surrounded by little children who looked wistfully into his basket, and he now and then gave them one. I thought their happiness would be very great if each instead of *one* could have a handful, accordingly I spoke to a labourer who was leading one of these longing children, and told him I would buy some pounds of the cherries if he would distribute them. He consented and the purchase was made. . . ."

" Thursday 6th. After breakfast we went to Petworth, Lord Egremont's noble mansion. Here are some of the finest Vandykes in the world. . . . We went on to Godalming where we intended to sleep. My Augusta and Amelia wished to walk out as soon as the rooms were taken, so down we went into the street, where we were presently stopped for some time by the arrival of several Post Chaises containing East Indian families with their Negro servants, Nurses and Children. We found that they had ordered a good fire immediately on entering the Inn. It was our fate to be lodged in the room adjoining to these negro nurseries, and the

* It was restored by Charles Howard, eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who completed the work in 1815 at the cost of more than half a million pounds. Of the present building the Entrance Gateway with drawbridge and portcullis date from the reign of Edward I, and some parts of the Keep are of the ancient Castle.

noises and cries of the children are past relating. The inhuman voices of the Nurses and their barbarous chattering so singular and unlike anything we had ever heard, that while it disturbed it also amused me. The children were either the naughtiest or the nurses the crossest I ever met with. At some times I could hardly forbear going out to endeavour to quiet the Baby who cried so piteously and so incessantly that it was terrible to hear, and I felt persuaded of the awkwardness of its nurse who seemed to try what loud talking would do in her barbarous language, now and then putting in an English word : 'Vat a vant?' Augusta and Amelia were interested as you may imagine in the highest degree with all this and I with difficulty restrained them (particularly Amelia) from following the children into their rooms. It was touching to me to see these poor negro women taken away from their country ; Braissant met one on the stairs in tears. It was affecting also to consider the joy which their Masters and Mistresses must feel at finding themselves once more in their native land."

" Friday 7th August. We returned to our sweet, ever sweetest home. We had seen much beautiful country and many fine places, but not one that for a moment rivalled our own. Indeed, I rejoiced to find myself back."

" Last night's wind has stripped the trees," she wrote later in the season, " and brought on a most rapid winter. It secures to us privacy, and I look forward to days spent in my favourite occupations, unbroken by visitors or the interruptions which fine weather naturally occasion : walkings, airings, etc. Every season brings with it its enjoyments to such as are at Liberty, alas ! alas ! alas ! " (this with the thought of Fanny, cooped up at Court).

" I played at Battledore with my Lock till dinner time."

She loved reading, yet how little was there to choose from amongst the newly published books of the eighteenth century, especially as her fastidious mind prevented her having anything to do with what she considered an *indelicate volume.* " My Lock is reading a book which is extremely interesting, the remainder of Rousseau's life, which he calls 'Confessions,' written by himself. Unfortunately for me and all others of the same sex these confessions are such as would not suit us to read. I am sorry for it, as there are charming passages mixed with them, but I lose less than any other as my Lock most kindly relates or reads to me whatever he thinks would interest me. One is filled with compassion for Rousseau's unhappiness."

When the hounds met near Norbury, Mrs. Lock could not help being thrilled, though she disapproved of hunting. " We saw from our window

in the Picture Room a most gallant Hunt : the Duke of York's hounds, all the Royal Dukes and the Prince of Wales were of it. They met at Burford Bridge. We saw the company in a field, riding up and down, backwards and forwards, for near on an hour, waiting for the Royals. At length they arrived and the Hunt began through Westhumble, along our fields through the Great Wood and from hence into the Park by the Fern House to Upden Wood. It was a very gay sight. Unluckily for our Poultry not one Fox was started here : they were all from home. I understand that the Duke of York was very polite and hoped that his Huntsmen did no mischief. They found a fox in Sir Francis George's grounds behind Norbury. The Duke of York ordered the Fox's tail—brush you call it—to be given to Miss Seawen, who put it in her Hat and rode home triumphantly."

All this time, while her friends were living so happily at Norbury Park, Fanny Burney was struggling with her Court duties which she found every day more unpleasant, in spite of her genuine devotion to King George and Queen Charlotte; for the hours were long, the service fatiguing, and Madame Schwellenberg odious.

When at Kew, where the Sovereigns were in residence for some weeks, Fanny did not dare invite Mr. and Mrs. Lock to call on her without the old German woman's approval, and, after having hinted at the matter several times without any result, she finally asked permission point blank.

" I have no particular objection, only you'll keep them to your room," was the surly answer.

" Heavens ! " wrote the exasperated Fanny, " Did they ever, unsummoned, quit it ? Or have they any wish to enlarge their range of visit ? "

But the chief cause of conflict between Madame Schwellenberg and Fanny was the window when they went out driving together. In this one feels there must have been something to say on the older woman's side, for she liked fresh air, and apparently it was deadly to Fanny all the year round. " She would have the glass down on my side, and the piercing wind cut my face : I put my muff up to it and this incensed her much." Over and over again we hear the same tale of woe. The Queen, who disliked stuffiness herself, told Fanny she was surprised that she could catch cold in an airing, as it never appeared to disagree with her when she took it with Mrs. Delany.

" No, Ma'am," answered Fanny stoutly, " nor with Mrs. Lock, but they left me the regulation of the glass on my own side to myself, or if they interfered, it was to draw it up for me."

But Fanny had a fund of good spirits that overwork and bullying could not wholly exhaust.

In April, 1789, she wrote to the Locks from Kew :

" My dearest friends,

" I have her Majesty's commands to inquire whether you have any of a certain breed of poultry.

" (N.B.—What breed I do not remember.)

" And to say she has received a small group of the same herself.

" (N.B.—The quantity I have forgotten.)

" And to subjoin that you must send word if you have any of the same sort.

" (N.B.—How you are to find that out I cannot tell.)

" And to mention, as a corollary, that if you have none of them, and should like to have some, she has a cock and a hen she can spare and appropriate them to Mr. Lock and my dearest Freddy. This conclusion so pleased and exhilarated me that forthwith I said you would both be enchanted and so forgot all the preceding particulars. And I said, moreover, that I knew you would rear them and cheer them and fondle them like your own children. And so pray write a very fair answer fairly, in fair hand and to fair purpose."

For by now not only had the Locks been presented to the King and Queen, but the latter had formed a high opinion of both husband and wife. When there was a question of giving assistance to a certain Monsieur Argant and the matter was being discussed before Fanny, the King immediately said :

" If it has Mr. Lock's approbation, I look upon him in such a light that I will do anything to forward it that lies in my power."

Things had seemed rather brighter when Colonel the Hon. Stephen Digby, Equerry to George III, fell in love with Fanny and she, in a demure manner, returned his affection. He was a widower of forty-four, and after the King went mad he was the only person who could manage him. Colonel Digby—Fanny, with her passion for discretion, called him Mr. Fairly in her letters—would come to her sitting room and discuss the hardship of their lives, and they tried to comfort each other, talking of pleasanter things.

" I wished him safe in Norbury Park and looking from thence at a loved

and pure abode, at the bottom as well as at the top of that sweet hill . . . they were two hours of such pure serenity, without and within, as I think except in Norbury Park with its loved inhabitants and my Susan I scarce ever remember having spent. Higher gaiety and greater happiness many periods of my life have afforded me, but a tranquillity more perfect has only been lent to me in Norbury Park.

" He spoke himself of Mr. William, whose countenance had prepossessed him in his favour so strongly that he had conceived quite an interest in his character. . . . I told him I believe Mr. Lock to be a man without blemish. ' At least,' I added, ' there is no fault in him that I have ever seen, nor yet that amongst his acquaintance I have ever heard mentioned.' He asked me various particulars of his way of life, I sketched it all out with delight, and he is now perfectly well informed of the whole system of Norbury Park."

When Colonel Digby read aloud to her one day she noted rapturously : " I have had no *régale* like this for many and many a grievous evening ! Never since I left Norbury Park—never since my dear Freddy there read Madame de Sévigné ! "

In October Mr. and Mrs. Lock visited Fanny at Windsor and returned home disgusted and depressed, for Madame Schwellenberg was treating the poor little lady worse than ever. " My mind is most sadly impressed with the conviction that there can be no alleviation attempted that does not make the situation worse. I could talk of nothing else the whole way, with so sweetly kind and benign a sympathiser beside me," wrote Mrs. Lock to Fanny when back at Norbury. It had been an adventurous journey, for their faithful old coachman, Aaron, was roaring drunk and drove so near the wheels of a cart that their chaise would have upset had it not been for the quickness of the carter, and they had arrived in the dark which also frightened Mrs. Lock as her husband suffered extremely from the night air. But the warmth of his comfortable room had warded off a chill and the children were there to gladden the homecoming, Feddy, loverlike, kissing his mother's gloves. " I can kiss anything *dirty* of yours, Mama, because you are always so clean ! " And, indeed, little Norbury Phillips had already said : " Mrs. Lock smells so sweet, she smells of *sweetmeats !* " Feddy wished to know if the King and Queen had inquired about him, and considered it quite natural when he heard they had done so. But Mrs. Lock's laughter soon died away as she wrote to her friend.

" I cannot describe to you, my Fanny, the dejection that I have brought away concerning you, the hopelessness. I used to think that we could cheer

you a little and leave you better than we found you ; what a melancholy conviction of the contrary ! I shall hardly have the spirit to relate to my sweet Mickleham sister all the comi-tragicalities I have witnessed." For Susan came up to the house as soon as she knew her friends had returned, anxious for the latest news of Fanny. " My Lock most kindly fearing I should inspire the same despondency that I feel, came from the room where he was writing, to moderate, dilute, and gloss. Dearest and kindest Lock ! " Gentle Freddy was roused to fierceness on the subject of Fanny's treatment by the old German. " I am most afraid for her when she is frightened by the odious Monster's savage violence, it makes my heart *beat, beat !* I want to throw her out of the window and from hence into a Blanket and out of that into the Horse Pond ! "

But things got still worse at the end of November when Mrs. Lock, going down the hill to call on Susan at the cottage, found her with " a saddened countenance " reading Fanny's latest letter which announced that she had given up all thought of " Mr. Fairly," and that they were no longer friends. " How cruel did it seem to us that the only anodyne should be withdrawn ! " They mourned together, and when Mr. Lock called for her she got into the chaise and told " that dearest and truest sympathiser all about it. Oh, how indignantly he broke forth into the most angry expressions of contempt ! I would my Fanny could have heard that precious Friend, his whole heart was unlocked and he continued saying his feelings ; he could not cease. After we returned home he said to me : ' I can think of nothing but our poor Fanny, *I* am hurt, my pride is hurt ; what has the silly fellow been about ? ' And then he said there must have been some very serious misbehaviour, for ' Fanny was the most indulgent creature in the world.' When we went up to Bed he could talk of nothing else, and the moment my Lock awoke he resumed the same subject. We cannot cease conjecturing, *vous nous avez donné à penser*, my dearest Fanny, for weeks and months to come. I wonder if you will take pity on us ? " For of course they were dying to know what had occurred. And meanwhile they continued to talk about their friend and note how singularly unadapted she was to Court life, " for those things that might be valuable to others " had no importance for her. " My Lock said he saw her surrounded with the profusion of that sumptuous table, dining, *as a Mouse would*, upon three crumbs, and he added that her gratification would not be much if she sat upon an Emerald chair and slept upon a Ruby bedstead. From thence we went on to discuss the extraordinary ambition of the first nobility in this

Kingdom, of being servants, menial servants ! La Princesse des Ursins, a woman of distinguished parts, entirely independent and possessed of a large income, solicited and obtained the place of Camerera Major to the King and Queen of Spain. . . . This place so coveted bears the privilege of presenting *the King* his nightgown and slippers when he rises in the morning, and of taking his nightgown when he steps into bed at night. She besides *se vante de laver les pieds de la Reine plus proprement et avec plus d'addresse que ses Femmes de Chambres Piedmontaises.* Is not this a wonderful ambition ? "

It was towards the end of the year, during the dark December days, that Fanny's friends discovered the reason of her breach with Colonel Digby, which she had steadfastly refused to disclose. " My Lock read me this morning in the newspaper a paragraph that confirmed our conjectures : that the youngest Maid of Honour was shortly to be married to the younger son of a noble family who had a place in the Household."

This was an obvious reference to Colonel Digby and pretty Miss Gunning who eventually became his wife. Fanny did not care for the young lady—no doubt she was prejudiced against her—and had nicknamed her Miss Fuzilier. By now Fanny's life at Court was perfect misery, and in the following year, 1790, she resigned, not without considerable difficulty, for the Queen had become attached to her, and *The Monster* was reluctant to see her go, evidently doubtful of obtaining a successor who would be so easy a victim.

Fanny's friends and relations hailed her return to freedom with delight, and " Mr. Fairly's " unkind behaviour turned out to be all for the best.

VII

THE FRENCH REFUGEES

1793

A FRESH interest came into life at Norbury Park when in September, 1792, a group of distinguished French *émigrés* arrived at Mickleham. We can imagine with what horror-struck attention both Mrs. Lock, who was half French, and Mr. Lock whose ideas were far less insular than those of his compatriots, had been following the various phases of the Revolution. Susan Phillips gave the news to Fanny :

" We shall shortly, I believe, have a little colony of unfortunate (or rather fortunate since they are safe) French *noblesse* in our neighbourhood. Sunday evening Ravely informed Mr. Lock that two or three families had joined to take Jenkinson's house, Juniper Hall, and that another family had taken a small house at Westhumble, which the people very reluctantly let upon the Christian-like supposition that, being nothing but French *papishes*, they would never pay. Our dear Mr. Lock, while this was agitating, sent word to the landlord that he would be answerable for the rent ; however, before this message arrived, the family were admitted. The man said they had pleaded very hard indeed, and said if he did but know the distress they had been in, he would not hesitate. This house is taken by Madame de Broglie, daughter of the Maréchal who is in the army with the French princes, or rather wife to his son Victor de Broglie till very lately General of one of the French armies, and at present disgraced and fled, nobody knows where. This poor lady came over in an open boat, with a son younger than my Norbury, and was fourteen hours at sea. She has other ladies and gentlemen with her, and two little girls who had been sent to England some weeks ago. They are all to lodge in a sort of cottage containing only a kitchen and a parlour on the ground floor. I long to offer them my house, and have been much gratified by finding Mr. Lock immediately determined to visit them : his taking this step will secure them the civilities at least of the other neighbours."

In November Mrs. Lock took Susan Phillips with her to visit the new

tenants of Juniper Hall. Susan, who had been full of curiosity about them, was delighted with her visit.

" Madame de la Châtre received us with great politeness. She is about thirty-three, an elegant figure, not pretty, but with an animated and expressive countenance, very well read, *pleine d'esprit* and I think very lively and charming. A gentleman was with her whom Mrs. Lock has not yet seen, Monsieur d'Arblay. She introduced him and told us he was adjutant-general to Monsieur Lafayette, *Maréchal-de-camp*. He had joined them as he was a friend of Monsieur de Narbonne.* He is tall, a good figure, about forty, with an open and manly countenance." (Susan little knew that he was destined to become her brother-in-law.) " M. de Narbonne seems forty, rather fat, but would be handsome were it not for a slight cast in one eye. He was in great spirits this morning, poor man : the only time I have ever seen him so.

" Then came M. de Jaucourt, whom I knew instantly from Mr. Lock's description. He is far from handsome, but has a very intelligent countenance, fine teeth and expressive eyes. I liked his respectful and affectionate way of attending Mr. Lock. We took leave, after spending an hour in a manner so pleasant and so interesting that it scarcely appeared ten minutes."

Susan had taken an immediate liking for M. d'Arblay. He called on her a few days after and she wrote to Fanny that he seemed a true soldier, frank and loyal, open as the day, warmly affectionate to his friends, intelligent, ready and amusing in conversation, with a great share of *Gaieté de cœur* and at the same time *naïveté* and *bonne foi*. The arrival of this cultured group of foreigners was a welcome change after the tedious neighbours whose visits so bored the Locks. " On Sunday after church I walked up to Norbury," wrote Susan, " and there unexpectedly I met all our Juniperians and listened to one of the best conversations I have ever heard. It was on literary topics, and the chief speakers were Madame de Staël, M. de Talleyrand, Mr. Lock, and a M. Dumont, a Genèvois."

More *émigrés* arrived at Juniper Hall and others left ; there was a constant coming and going. First Madame de Broglie and then Madame de la Châtre decided to risk their lives by going back to France, in hopes of saving at least a part of their fortune. The departure of the latter was

* The Comte de Narbonne (1755–1813) was Colonel at the age of twenty-five and became *maréchal-de-camp* in 1791. Through the influence of Madame de Staël he was appointed Minister of War, but was not a success and resigned early. As an *émigré* during the French Revolution he visited England, Switzerland, and Germany and returned to France in 1801. He re-entered the army, was *aide-de-camp* to Napoleon, Minister at Munich, and Ambassador in Vienna.

particularly ill-timed. On 21st December Susan dined at Norbury together with all the Juniperians and they were drinking coffee in the Painted Saloon when a servant told M. de Narbonne that someone outside wished to speak to him. On his return he was followed by a gentleman in a great coat, whom he introduced as M. de la Châtre. This unfortunate individual had escaped from his country, being shipwrecked during the crossing and losing the little money he had with him and all his clothes, only to find out on arriving at Juniper Hall that his wife had left for France the day before ! But with the graceful courage that the *émigrés* took pride in displaying he made light of all this and he and Narbonne, who had not met since the beginning of the revolution, " rallied each other very good humouredly and comically."

Fanny, who was now independent since she had given up her Court appointment, came often to stay either at Norbury or with her sister Susan at Mickleham, and thus became very friendly with the Juniperians.

" Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, is now at the head of the colony of French *noblesse*," she wrote on 4th February, 1793. " She is one of the first women I have ever met with for abilities and extraordinary intellect. Her husband, the Swedish Ambassador to France, is at present suspended, but not recalled. He is now in Holland, waiting for commands. Madame de Staël, however, was unsafe in Paris, though an Ambassadress, from the resentment owed her by the Commune, for having received and protected in her house various destined victims of the 10th of August and the 2nd of September. She is in the style of Mrs. Thrale, but she has infinitely more depth and seems even a profound politician and metaphysician. She has suffered us to hear some of her works, which are truly wonderful, for powers both of thinking and expression."

When the Comtesse de Staël arrived at Juniper Hall she was a fat young woman of twenty-seven, with a frog-like countenance redeemed—as much as possible—by a pair of fine eyes. She had been married seven years and had three children whom she seldom mentioned and about whom she did not particularly care. She was now deeply in love with the Comte de Narbonne ; and for this reason had joined the *émigrés* in England. Madame de Staël had already made a name for herself as an authoress, though her more famous works, including " Corinne," were written much later. She was a characteristic product of the " sensibility " period, when both men and women were always either palpitating with excitement, steeped in melancholy, or dissolved in tears. A brilliant conversationalist, she would talk by

the hour, snipping away aimlessly at a piece of paper with her scissors, which occupation helped her to concentrate her thoughts. One day at Norbury she had forgotten to provide herself with paper and seemed in such distress that Captain Phillips, observing this, produced a letter from his pocket and pushed it quietly across the table to her : probably the only understanding that ever occurred between the literary Frenchwoman and the rough English sailor.

At first all was mutual admiration between Fanny and Madame de Staël. Fanny tried to teach her new friend English, without much success, be it said, judging by the few letters of hers in that language which have survived, and Madame de Staël suggested her coming to stay at Juniper Hall when she left Norbury Park. This idea pleased Fanny immensely, but before accepting she dutifully wrote to her father, asking his permission. Dr. Burney's answer came as a shock : he had heard of Madame de Staël's intimacy with M. de Narbonne and decreed she was not fit company for his daughter. Fanny was dumbfounded, and tried at first to defend her new friend.

" This was wholly new to us, and I do firmly believe it a gross calumny. M. de N. was of her society which contained ten or twelve of the first people in Paris, and, occasionally, almost all Paris. She loves him even tenderly, but so openly, so simply, so unaffectedly, and with such utter freedom from all coquetry, that if they were two men or two women, the affection could not, I think, be more obviously undesigning. She is very plain, he is very handsome, her intellectual endowments must be her sole attraction with him. M. de Tallyrand was another of her society, and she seems equally attached to him. M. de Vicomte de Montmorency she loves, she says, as her brother : he is another of this bright constellation. She says if she continues in England he will certainly come, for he loves her too well to stay away. In short, her whole *coterie* live together as brethren. Madame la Marquise de la Châtre, who has lately returned to France and who had been of this colony for two or three months, is a bosom friend of Madame de Staël, and she is reckoned a very estimable, as well as fashionable woman. Indeed I think you could not spend a day with them and not see that their commerce is that of pure, exalted, and most elegant friendship."

But having had her say, Fanny, as an obedient daughter, gave way to her father's wishes and dropped her new friend. Madame de Staël was surprised and hurt. She wrote to Fanny begging her not to believe any *méchancetés françaises* that were being circulated about her. " Mais tout ce que je vous demande c'est m'aimer. . . . Je chasse toutes mes idées tristes

en songeant que je vous verrai Mardi, et les jours suivants, chez Mrs. Lock, en pensant à votre aimable sœur Madame Phillips, qui sentant le besoin que j'avais d'être consolée, a été doublement aimable pour moi après votre départ."

This was a cunning hint to show Fanny how her sister, at all events, had remained unchanged, for Susan, always so gentle and yielding, stood her ground firmly. That Madame de Staël and the Comte de Narbonne were lovers was a fact which everybody but Fanny had known for a long time. What reason, otherwise, was there for the wife of the Swedish Ambassador to France not to join her husband in Holland, but stay instead with the *émigrés* at Juniper Hall ? The situation caused a small scandal in quiet Mickleham, but curiously enough the pure and right-minded Locks did not seem to mind, and Susan Phillips followed their example. Fanny, however, when once her eyes had been opened became relentless : Madame de Staël was an immoral woman she could not possibly associate with, and the friendship so enthusiastically begun was broken off and never mended. Even Susan could do nothing about it.

" Madame de Staël is, with all her wildness and blemishes, a delightful companion, and M. de Narbonne rises in esteem and affection every time I see him," she asserted pluckily to her sister. " Poor Madame de Staël has been greatly disappointed and hurt by the failure of the friendship and intercourse she wished to maintain with you, of that I am sure. I fear, too, she is on the point of being offended. She asked me if you would accompany Mr. Lock back into the country. I answered that my father would not wish to lose you for so long a time at once. After a little pause : ' Mais est-ce qu'une femme est en tutelle pour la vie en ce pays ? ' she said. ' Il me parait que votre sœur est comme une demoiselle de quatorze ans ! ' "

Madame de Staël's stay at Juniper Hall seems to have been embittered by the propagator of *les méchancetés françaises* to which she referred in her letter to Fanny. It is difficult to understand exactly what occurred, and who was her enemy. The Locks had moved to London in the spring of 1793 and were staying at 65 Portland Place, which they rented temporarily. They invited Madame de Staël to stay with them, or else she proposed herself, as she thanked them profusely for " this sweet sign of friendship in a difficult moment," * and said that now she no longer feared the *battling Frenchman* whose misfortune was an excuse for his injustice. Madame de Staël did

* All these letters by Madame de Staël are written in French.

not think the exaltations of present opinions would last, but this passing phase could easily destroy happiness—hers was very safe when she was near Mr. and Mrs. Lock and their adorable family. She therefore rejoiced at the prospect of going to London and would be obliged to overwhelm them with all the details of what had happened in the last fortnight. Did they wish her to bring her own linen ? Their farmer had offered to take her luggage to town : was she to accept ? She was rather ashamed at asking so many questions, but the most trifling as well as the most important of circumstances of her life were now influenced by her loved friends. If Madame de Staël's father was with them he would doubtless thank Mr. Lock for having assumed his rôle, though Mrs. Lock was really too young and pretty to become her mother.

The Locks were not able, after all, to receive Madame de Staël, but she was not in the least offended. In fact, she declared that she had discovered a new aspect of their kindness in their manner of refusal, and that she would try to find a little room in their part of the town, so that she could be as near to them as possible.

The reason of this change of plans probably was Lady Schaub's death, which took place in 1793. A little note of Madame de Staël's, written in the third person as usual, refers to her desire of respecting Mrs. Lock's grief which she shared, but as all that remained to do was to search every means of distracting her and Mr. Lock, she wished to know at what hour of the day she could have the happiness of seeing them. She was obliged to breakfast with one of her old acquaintances, Miss Walpole, and would there reflect on the fact that she loved Mrs. Lock far more dearly than anyone she had known before her.

In the early summer Madame de Staël was back again at Juniper Hall, struggling to placate the landlord, Mr. Jenkinson, who disliked the *émigrés* and was trying to get rid of them by putting up the rent. The French colony was not popular in the surrounding country, except with the Locks and Susan Phillips. The latter, coming to call at Juniper Hall, found a stormy scene raging. Mr. Jenkinson was there with his attorney, " a man whose figure strongly resembles some of Hogarth's most ill-looking personages and who appeared to be brought in as a sort of spy."

Mr. Jenkinson, who was an affluent lottery-office keeper, can scarcely have been gentlemanlike. Susan would have retreated, but the unfortunate French group implored her to remain, for none of them spoke any English except Madame de Staël who was trying, most inefficiently, to soften the

heart of the fierce landlord by repeating : " What will you, Mr. Jenkinson, tell to me, what will you ? "

A few days later comfort arrived from Norbury in the shape of twelve muffins, sent by Mrs. Lock's orders. Madame de Staël acknowledged the gift with grace. The whole county of Surrey was scandalised, she declared, but she recognised in this act the inexhaustible goodness of Mrs. Lock and would have liked to eat all the muffins at one meal in the excess of her gratitude, but would make the provision last till Tuesday . . . never could she express to Mr. and Mrs. Lock the tenderness and warmth of her devotion to them.

Much as she wished to remain at Juniper Hall for reasons of her own, it was evident to Madame de Staël that she could not continue to do so indefinitely. Reluctantly, she began to study ways and means of leaving England. She wrote to Mr. Lock, who was still in London, begging him to find out if it was possible to cross by Ostend, as all direct communication with France was interrupted. Once more, she expressed all her admiration for his many qualities and superior mind. He had deigned to be amused by her who, though much younger than himself, was worthy by her sentiments to listen to his conversation, and the sweetest moments of her life were those when she felt his kindness blend with her gaiety. Mrs. Lock would not mind if Madame de Staël occupied herself at such length with Mr. Lock, for she would return to her feet with equal tenderness and admiration. " I am taking Madame d'Henin this morning to Norbury : one must live on one's memories. Will you return soon, to provide me with fresh ones, or must I leave without having tasted once again some of those instants that I will regret all my life ? I embrace Amelia and Augusta, I do not know what to say to Mr. and Mrs. Lock that could satisfy my heart, if Mr. William was not so imposing I would ask to be remembered to him, I am more familiar with George and I kiss Frederick. Goodbye, angelic family, that I may perhaps see again, that I will always love, and of which I never speak without emotion. . . ."

The Locks returned home, however, before Madame de Staël's departure, but Amelia and Augusta then fell ill and Mrs. Lock was the next to sicken : no doubt the illness was contagious, and a somewhat long one. When Fanny Burney heard they had recovered she was overjoyed. " Did the wood look very beautiful ? I have figured it to myself, with the three dear convalescents wandering in its winding paths and inhaling its freshness, ever since I heard of this walk. I wanted prodigiously to have issued forth from

some little green recess, to have hailed your return. I hope Mr. Lock had the pleasure of this sight. Is Jenny capable of such a mounting journey ? " For the faithful pony was growing very old.

At the beginning of May M. de Staël sent a Swedish friend to meet his wife at Ostend, and she had no longer any excuse for lingering in England. Susan Phillips met her at dinner at Norbury on the eve of her departure ; she was in the depths of depression, " like one torn from all that was dear to her." She gave Susan many injunctions to look after the friends she was leaving behind and added magnanimously :

" Dites à Mademoiselle Burney que je lui en veux pas du tout, que je quitte le pays l'aimant bien sincèrement et sans rancune."

She was in tears when she said goodbye to the Locks and continued sobbing halfway down the hill, escorted by Susan and Narbonne. The innocent Mrs. Phillips was persuaded that all this grief was caused by leaving Norbury Park and its inhabitants, unconscious that the real reason of Madame de Staël's despair was her separation from Narbonne and the prospect of rejoining her husband whom she disliked intensely. Fanny Burney did not relent and sent no answering message. " I have regretted excessively the finishing so miserably an acquaintance begun with so much spirit and pleasure," she wrote primly to Mrs. Lock.

When Madame de Staël landed at Ostend she wrote at once to Mr. Lock : there is no doubt she was sincere in her gratitude to those who had shown her kindness.

It was three months later, in August, 1793, that Madame de Staël, in a letter to Susan Phillips, penned the description of Norbury Park and its inhabitants that has become a classic in the French language.

" Sweet image of Norbury, return to remind me that a pure happiness can exist on earth. In that retreat, I found for some time a refuge with my respected friends far from the crimes of France. . . . I thank them for those four months of happiness saved from the wreck of my life ; I thank them for having loved me. When a feeling of melancholy wearies me of fighting unjust attacks, I still find the strength to defend myself so as to honour my friends."

Whatever Madame de Staël's faults may have been—in Fanny's eyes her sins were scarlet—she was faithful to the Locks and never forgot them. " How often have my thoughts turned to Norbury Park," she wrote to Mrs. Lock in a brief unsigned note that has survived among the Angerstein papers. " There indeed do peace, virtue and happiness gladden the days

of the most interesting family I know and afford me poignant memories ! But I must set aside these thoughts for I need much courage, and can only consider myself fortunate if my name is mentioned with regret in one of the evening gatherings at Norbury. Adieu, Madame, if distances vanish under the gentle influence of memory, you may imagine that this letter is dated from Juniper Hall."

To Mr. Lock she wrote referring to the pamphlet she was having published in the vain hope of saving the life of Marie Antoinette. She could not sign it, she said, because it would arouse too much hatred against her in France, but her one desire was to touch the hearts of those tigers upon whom the fate of the Queen depended. She wished to know if Talleyrand had received the copy she sent him to be reprinted in London.

Madame de Staël was then living at Nion in Switzerland where she had taken a house near her father's place, Coppet. Narbonne had remained behind at Juniper Hall, but he had promised to come to her, indeed she thought he was already on his way. " I am worried over his journey, and it will be a joy for me when he arrives. I pity him for being separated from you, for I know how great a grief that can be. But every day the hope of rejoining you grows greater, and the prospect of France fades further and further away."

Narbonne did not turn up and gave no sign of life. In her despair Madame de Staël wrote to Mr. Lock on 13th February, 1794, enclosing in her letter a note for her faithless friend. " Ask him to let you have an answer that you will be good enough to send me," she wrote. " Since six weeks I cannot obtain a single line from him. I have taken his daughter into my house in Paris, and have asked him if he wishes her to come here : he has not answered. I have asked him to let me know about his journey, so that we should not cross on the way : again he has not answered. He will tell you he is writing to me, but it will be as true as the positive assurances he gave me six months ago : that he would be in Switzerland in a fortnight. Of all the sorrows of this dreadful moment this is the worst : after having risked my life to save that of Monsieur de N., given up my rest to do all I could to please him, when he knows I am in Switzerland overwhelmed with every sort of grief he has ceased to show me even the ordinary interest of mere friendship. Let us speak of it no more : may he continue to be amiable and happy, for it is all he can be. I am gravely pre-occupied over his financial situation : can you tell me anything about it ? In other times my fortune was also his ; I shared it with him, but I do not know what to

do now that he is conscious of having wronged me. It would be so easy to forget all this if he would allow me to contribute to his happiness ! I confide all these fears to your delicate kindness : I love you and I also cherish Mrs. Lock : two angels that I invoke together, shall I see you soon ? Speak to me of your adorable family. My friends also profess the same sacred cult for Norbury."

Madame de Staël, in the pain of her disappointment, was unjust towards Narbonne when she wrote that he was only capable of being amiable and happy. At the time of Louis XVI's trial he volunteered to return to France together with Comte Lally-Tollendal and M. d'Arblay, as witnesses for the King, which meant placing their own necks under the shadow of the guillotine. The Convention rejected their request. Fanny Burney has recorded Narbonne's despairing cry when the news came of the King's execution :

" Est-ce vrai que vous conservez encore quelque amitié, Mr. Lock, pour ceux qui ont la honte et le malheur d'être nés Français ? "

In this same letter Madame de Staël pours forth her fears about the political situation. She had been able to receive some letters from friends in France, smuggled out of the country without being inspected by " the tigers always ready to devour one." She sent part of the correspondence to Mr. Lock, begging him to hand it to Princess d'Henin. She had heard from Theodore de Meth that the greatest preparations were being made for the invasion of England, 85,000 men were said to be already massed for the purpose on the coast of Cherbourg, and people in the taverns were shouting : " *Nous irons en Angleterre !* " No doubt it was absurd, but the sacrifice of 100,000 men would be nothing for *Them* (the revolutionaries) ; they wanted the destruction of the population and a massacre would simply be an administrative measure. They would place their real master, the guillotine, behind the troops, which would have either to advance or die. She was very anxious, and wished all the Locks would come and spend the summer in Switzerland. Nothing could be more beautiful than winter in this country, it was true that society was not interesting but nature took its place, and what was the use of men nowadays, in any case ? She also feared, if this invasion of England was attempted, that the French of whatever political party they belonged to would become odious to the British people, so she would have preferred *her friends* (by this she meant Narbonne) to come to Switzerland, but if *they* could not leave she would come herself to England in the spring. She even hoped she might persuade M. de Staël

to settle in England. If she had any luck in her plans, she would see the Locks again : too great a happiness for this century of misery ! She had felt her heart beat with pleasure at the mere possibility of finding herself once more in the drawing room at Norbury, where she had shed so many tears on taking leave of its adorable owners.

Ten days later Madame de Staël wrote again to Mr. Lock. Narbonne's man of business in France had been able to send her a letter of credit for him and she forwarded it to her " respected friend " begging him to hand it to Narbonne. She would like to know if he received it, she could not count on Narbonne to inform her, as he had not even troubled to write her or her friends a single word on the departure of l'E. d'Autun, he would not be more particular about a mere question of money.

This was a reference to Talleyrand's departure for America ; evidently out of prudence she preferred not to mention his name but called him by his old title of Evêque d'Autun.

" Is it near your angelic family that M. de Narbonne learns to break every tie of friendship and gratitude ? " she wrote with exasperated bitterness. " He does not condescend to answer my letters, and weary of repeating false promises about his arrival he finds it simpler to break with a person to whom he owes more than imagination can conceive. I return without ceasing to this terrible subject, for the betrayal of a friend seems to me the poison of life and to taste of it is death. To where can one turn one's heart and respect if not towards Norbury ! . . . Mrs. Phillips writes me no more : does she imitate M. de Narbonne in everything ? "

In April, 1795, Madame de Staël was very upset at some of her letters not having reached Mr. Lock : it would be dreadful if he suspected her of having forgotten him for a single instant, but she hoped that with his customary goodness he would have blamed the war for her silence—this war that was causing so much cruel harm. M. de la Châtre, who was going to England, would be able to give Mr. Lock many sad details, he had been with the *Ancienne Colonie de Juniper Hall* for a fortnight's rest. She hoped that communications would soon become easier and that Mr. Lock would hear more often of her tender and eternal devotion.

M. de Narbonne is no longer mentioned. By now Benjamin Constant had taken his place in Madame de Staël's affections, and he, too, was eventually to have successors. The famous authoress changed her lovers more often than her friends.

There was another illicit couple among the *émigrés* of Juniper Hall. The

Princess d'Henin and Count de Lally-Tollendal, however, were both middle aged and he, at least, was so plain that even prudish Fanny Burney refrained from criticising their behaviour.

The Princess's social career began under the reign of Louis XV, when the Chevalier de Coigny had been her accepted adorer. Her husband, who never took much part in her life, was chiefly remarkable for his diminutive stature which earned him the nickname of "*le nain des Princes.*" He was guillotined during the Revolution. Princess d'Henin belonged to a trio of Parisian great ladies which included Princess de Poix and Princess de Chalais ; they were known at Court as "*les Princesses combinées.*" When the French aristocracy, like autumn leaves, scudded before the gale of the Terror, the Princess de Poix was one of the very few who remained behind in Paris and, strangely enough, was unmolested. She even managed to keep her salon open for forty years without a break.

The Princess d'Henin's lover, Comte de Lally-Tollendal, did not lack bravery : we have already seen that he was one of the three *émigrés* at Juniper Hall who volunteered to return to Paris as witnesses for their King at his trial. Furthermore, he offered to act as advocate for his Sovereign, being an able speaker, and his letter conveying this request is still preserved in the archives of the Republic. This was all the more admirable as he had been in the Abbaye before he managed to escape from France, and only his popularity with all classes had saved him from the general massacre of all its prisoners.

He undoubtedly possessed brains for after the Revolution he was created a peer of France, Minister of State, and Member of the French Academy. The Comtesse de Boigne has left a spiteful description of him in her memoirs.

"He makes petitions, memoranda, speeches, etc., etc. I do not know whether anything at all of this will survive for posterity. His contemporaries have called him 'the fattest of sensitive men,' they might have added 'the flattest of puffed-up men.' I never saw him otherwise than full of ridicules and affectations, shedding tears about everything ; weeping over infancy, weeping over old age, weeping over glory, weeping over defeat, weeping from joy, weeping from sadness, in fact always snivelling."

Susan Phillips, after she had first met him, wrote to Mrs. Lock, who was in London :

Mickleham, April 2nd, 1793

"I had an irresistible invitation to dine yesterday at Juniper Hall and hear M. de Lally-Tollendal read his 'Mort de Strafford' which he had already

recited once, and which Madame de Staël requested him to repeat for my sake. I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it has left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him : large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing distinguished in his manner, and *en fait d'esprit* and of talents in conversation so far, so very far, distant from our Juniperians and from M. de Talleyrand who was there. He is extremely absorbed by his tragedy, which he recites by heart, acting as well as declaiming with great energy. I confess, indeed, the violence of his gestures and the alternate howling and thundering of his voice fatigued me excessively. If our Fanny had been present I am afraid I should many times have been affected as one does not expect to be at a tragedy."

On this occasion M. d'Arblay, evidently because he had already heard Lally's work, made a desperate attempt to escape the second recital by retiring to his room, but the other Juniperians would not have the performance in his absence, so finally Talleyrand rose and limped out of the room to fetch him.

According to Susan Phillips, the Princess d'Henin was a very pleasing, well-bred woman. She bore her misfortunes with fortitude, was grateful and devoted to the Locks, and lived at peace with the Juniperians, including Madame de Staël with whom she had a genuine friendship. She was an intimate friend of Lafayette's and most of the letters he wrote during his captivity were addressed to her.

The Princess and Lally-Tollendal lingered on in England even after Juniper Hall had been given up. They lived in Bath for a while in 1796, from whence they came for a few days visit to the Locks. Fanny saw them constantly during that period, and stated that they contrived to grow higher and higher in her opinion and affection. Unlike Susan, she took Lally-Tollendal quite seriously. " M. de Lally read us a pleading for the *émigrés*, addressed to the people and government of France, for their reinstatement in their native land. 'Tis indeed a wonderful performance, so affecting in many places that I was almost ill from restraining my nearly convulsive emotions . . . The Princess was all that was amiable and attractive."

Unlike Narbonne, Lally-Tollendal was faithful unto death to his lady love. He lived with Princess d'Henin at various addresses, in London, Hampstead, Richmond, and Bath, until they felt it quite safe to return to their own country. They visited Bristol during the elections and Lally-

Tollendal wrote to Mrs. Lock that the Princess had recovered from the painful state of langour she had been in for some time and had come back to new life, walking and even riding. She had climbed the rocks at Hotwells better than he had, but he had mingled more bravely in the Bristol crowds during the polling, though, to be sure, she had gone everywhere, up and down, always with Mr. Bragge's colours round her neck, the name of Lord Sheffield in her mouth, and anathema of Mr. Hobhouse on her brow. The Princess had now become the mother of a family, for she had taken charge of the Noailles babies—grandchildren of her old friend Princesse de Poix—while their young parents returned to France to try and recuperate their fortune. She would settle at Hampstead for the sake of the children and spend the summer there, hoping during that time to visit Norbury and bring with her the little girl, Léontine, a sweet child of five who resembled her Poix grandmother even in her gestures. The Princess would like to see her in Mrs. Lock's arms, on Mr. Lock's knees and carried about by the girls. Lally-Tollendal regretted his friend having taken charge of these children, for it was only preparing sorrow for herself, when the day came when she would have to give them up. He blessed Heaven for having made Mrs. Lock the happiest as well as the tenderest of mothers, two things that often did not go together.

Eventually the old lovers returned to France and lived there quietly, in reduced circumstances, always together.

Mary Berry, Horace Walpole's friend, saw them in 1823 : they were still alive, but only just.

" We drove as far as Auteuil to see Madame la Princesse d'Henin and Lally. We found them both at home : he unable to move from the sofa and very much changed in the face, and she, thin and washed away in a remarkable manner. They are neither of them long for this world but they are going together."

And so we leave the two old Juniperians, sitting side by side awaiting death, while we return to the early days of Juniper Hall.

It was in 1793 that romance entered Fanny Burney's life again, this time in the distinguished person of General d'Arblay, who had been one of the first *émigrés* to arrive at Mickleham. As we have already seen, Susan Phillips liked him at once and when Fanny came to stay with her she soon fell in love with the handsome Frenchman. He corrected her French accent and made her read aloud for long hours, while she in turn gave him

English lessons. " He dreams of how much more solemnly he shall write to charming Mrs. Lock after a little more practice." These were the days when Fanny found all the *émigrés* enchanting. " There can be nothing imagined more fascinating than this colony ; between their sufferings and their *agréments* they occupy us almost wholly."

M. d'Arblay—they seem to have rarely given him his title of General—was a quiet and honourable man, so that Fanny did not make a mistake in entrusting her happiness to him. His only fault was one common to all the *émigrés*, extreme poverty.

Dr. Burney was violently opposed to Fanny's marriage, for d'Arblay had nothing and she only possessed her royal pension of a hundred pounds a year. Even in those days it was a terribly slender income to start married life on, but the Locks were romantic and encouraged the lovers. " My dearest Freddy told me that Mr. Lock was of the opinion that the £100 per annum might do, as it does for many a curate." There was also always the probability of Fanny making money with her next novel—" Camilla."

They were married in Mickleham Church on 31st July, 1793, and as her father still disapproved Fanny was given away by her eldest brother, while Mr. Lock acted as best man to M. d'Arblay. It was a pretty midsummer wedding, with the bridal party in the Lock coaches and chariots driving down the hill under the spreading beeches of the park, through the gateway, to the little grey church nearby. Aaron, the family coachman, probably kept sober till the end of the day and wore fluttering white satin ribbons ; the French *émigrés* of Juniper Hall were there in their faded elegance, forgetting for a brief hour the Red Terror that reigned in their own country, the death of their King, and the fair Queen who was still in the dark cell at the Conciergerie awaiting her execution.

The newly married couple settled in two or three rooms at a farm-house near Bookham, about a mile and a half from Norbury. Fanny often walked over to see her friends, and only accepted the use of the Lock carriage when the weather was bad. She and her husband enjoyed the beautiful countryside and took long romantic strolls, during which M. d'Arblay carried under his arm a portable garden chair lent by Mrs. Lock, so that his wife could rest at intervals.

Mr. Lock's wedding present had consisted in a piece of ground in his park, on which they could eventually build themselves a cottage. M. d'Arblay had hopes of recovering a part of his fortune some day, and Fanny had been promised a good sum for " Camillia " by her publisher,

but there were several difficulties from the start which prevented their home being begun.

" . . . It would be truly mortifying to give up a house in Norbury Park," wrote Fanny. " We defer the structure till the spring. Mr. Lock says it will be best to have it hardened by the summer sun. It will be very small : merely a habitation for three people, but in a situation truly beautiful, and within five minutes of either Mrs. Lock or my sister—it is to be placed just between those two loved houses."

In March, 1794, Dr. Burney became reconciled to his daughter's marriage and visited her at Bookham. This not only delighted Fanny but also the Locks, who felt their responsibility in having encouraged the match, though Mr. Lock declared that, knowing d'Arblay's uncommon character he had been sure that all would have been well in the end. Fanny was now expecting her first and only child. The long walks were given up, she worked harder than ever at " Camilla," while her husband busied himself in their little garden, cutting the hedges with his sword, undiscouraged by the Locks' gardener " who when he favours our grounds with a visit, commonly makes known all that has been done wrong."

The arrival of the baby, whom they christened Alexander, changed the d'Arblays's plans about Mr. Lock's present. Reasonably enough, they decided their home should be independent, so that their son could some day let or sell it if he did not wish to live there himself, a thing he could not do if the cottage were in Mr. Lock's park. It was then arranged that the d'Arblays should rent, for a small sum, a field belonging to Mr. Lock, with the option of purchasing it some day, and build their home there instead. " The situation of the field is remarkably beautiful. It is in the valley between Mr. Lock's park and Dorking, and where land is so scarce that there is not another possessor within many miles who would part, upon any terms, with half an acre."

Captain and Mrs. Phillips gave up their house at Mickleham in 1795 and moved to London. The reason for this change is obscure, certainly it was not by Susan's desire, and it was a cruel blow to Fanny, who had thought they would always be neighbours. " My dear and darling sister Phillips last Monday left Mickleham—Norbury Park—Bookham—every spot most dear to her, to go and live in London ! Will she, think you, for that be ever absent from my mind ? "

Captain Phillips went to Ireland to look after his property there, returning

after a time to fetch the boy, Norbury. Susan—one knows not why—was left alone in London, eating her heart out at being separated from her sister and the Locks. The clouds were gathering fast over her life, ever denser and more ominous, for her husband seemed determined to cut her off from all she loved. It was now that she revealed the real nobility of her character, and till the last tragic hour she always tried to make the best of everything. From her new home in St. James's Street she wrote to Fanny : " Shall I tell you what the morning's dawn first presents to my view ? Dearest Mrs. Lock's protrait : this is at the foot of my bed."

Poor Susan ! In the autumn she returned to Mickleham, probably definitely to empty and dispose of the cottage. She visited Leatherhead Fair but slipped away before the Locks arrived there, to avoid the pain of saying goodbye to them a second time."

All the same, she was allowed to visit Norbury during January. " . . . all my regrets are softened by the idea of my returning into Paradise in two months, of spending whole days with Mr. and Mrs. Lock and their dearest children, of bidding them goodnight only to meet again at breakfast. I have not lost my passion for the Norbury breakfasts ! "

The stay was a happy one and the leaving a wrench. " Here then am I returned to the dark city, to all the *fracas* of London, with only a part of my heart, and that perhaps not its best part, and with a thousand tender and grateful feelings that I know not how to express. ' *En somme on a tant de choses à dire qu'on ne dit rien.*' And yet I would if I *could* tell how my whole mind is penetrated with love and gratitude for you all, how to my very heart I feel the invariable and precious kindness of Mr. Lock. . . . My Mrs. Lock must speak for me to him, not to utter thanks by which I should oppress him, but to tell him the degree of consolation and soothing comfort he has bestowed, which I think will only give him pleasure. Tell your Amelia, whom sometimes I have the temerity to call *my* Amelia, I love her with all my heart. Will you say something for me to Mr. William, whom I was going to call *dear* Mr. William, who was so good, so kind to me and my children ? It would not be easy to say how much I was gratified by his sweetness and many kind attentions."

Fanny's new novel was progressing steadily. Lady Lucy Fitzgerald, of whom I shall speak a great deal presently, was staying at Norbury in August, 1796, when Madame d'Arblay told her she intended several of the characters in " Camilla," to represent members of the Lock family. It was generally

supposed that Edgar Mandelbert, who spent his life refining away his own happiness, was the portrait of young William. Norbury Phillips, in later life, told his friends he saw the likeness and that the heroine's mother, " Mrs. Tyrold," was, at least in part, a picture of Mrs. Lock ; but she was not so soft, so tender, as his beloved foster mother of whom he retained the most perfect remembrance. It is difficult to understand why Fanny, who seemed to consider the " divine family " faultless, should have described them in her *roman à clef* as possessing some defects, but she was always a prig and probably considered these same faults as virtues.

Susan was very anxious that the Locks should see the manuscript before it was printed, but Fanny made difficulties. She wished to guarantee that none but herself had seen the work before publication, as there was a good deal of scepticism about women authors at that time. Susan became almost fractious. " . . . but are not our dear friends to hear one line of ' Camilla ' before it goes to press ? I confess I earnestly should wish what yet might be, that these two volumes could be read by Mr. and Mrs. Lock, and though a sort of *public* reading is, I perceive, impossible, if you could trust what is finished out of your sight, our Mr. and Mrs. Lock would be gratified very much and you would have the benefit of hearing their opinion."

This was exactly what Fanny did not want, so she kept everything secret till 10th July, 1796, when she went to Windsor laden with two sets of " Camilla," so as to present the first copies to the King and Queen. As she had foreseen, George III on receiving his volumes asked at once if Mr. Lock had seen the work, and when Fanny said " No," seemed " *comically pleased.*"

If the Locks recognised themselves in " Camilla " they did not seem to mind it. William was " particularly struck " by the book : " I have scarce ever heard him express so much," said his mother, " you know he is not demonstrative."

" Camilla " was published partly by subscription : Mrs. Lock, the Dowager Duchess of Leinster, Princesse d'Henin, Prince de Poix, Comte de Narbonne, etc., kept lists and received the names of subscribers. The book was an immediate success and reaped a rich harvest for its author. She was now able to build her tiny house in Mr. Lock's field out of the proceeds and called it " Camilla Cottage." There was a considerable loss of time due to constant changes of plans, and it was only finished in 1798 when the d'Arblays had already been married five years. Fanny was enchanted at having at last achieved a home of her own. The first thing she placed in it was a portrait of " dearest Mr. Lock, our founder," for, as Fanny said, she

and d'Arblay could never have married without the support of Mr. Lock's "kind courage." He would drive over very often and look at everything with benevolent pleasure, rarely alighting from his phaeton, but would take up Fanny by his side for a conversation and a drive, and sometimes little Alex was given the treat of sitting between them.

William was still absorbed in his drawings, though he had given up painting. "Have you seen Mr. William's beautiful sketch of Lady Templetown's two eldest daughters?" wrote Fanny. This is the pencil drawing, slightly coloured, that is in the British Museum, a charming work representing Elizabeth and Caroline Upton, in clinging white robes dancing together with their fingers intertwined. It has been reproduced in print under the title of "The Two Sisters." There are other drawings and prints of William Lock's preserved in the British Museum.

Life was now pleasant for Fanny, except for Susan's absence. She adored her husband and child, she was a full-blown literary celebrity, she had remained on good terms with the Royal Family. And, besides all this, she lived near her beloved Locks. Everything about them interested her. "Are not people a little revived in the political world by this unexampled honour paid to Mr. Pitt? Mr. Lock has subscribed £3,000." Which shows that Mr. Lock was still a wealthy man. When Fanny told Mrs. Barbauld, a fellow authoress, to call at Norbury she was delighted when the lady "very elegantly" said: "If there was such a public officer as a Legislator of Taste, Mr. Lock ought to be chosen for it." Most of all she loved, when visiting the Queen and the Princesses, to bring up the Locks as a topic of conversation. They knew it, and afforded her that pleasure as often as possible. The Queen gave her a message for Mr. Lock, desiring him to wait upon the Princess Royal at Kew and give her his opinion on a work she had in hand, saying she would submit to his taste. Princess Augusta had a pleasant titbit for her, that Fanny recorded in her diary:

"'One thing,' cried she, her eyes brightening as she spoke, 'I must tell you, though I am sure you know it a great deal better than me, that is about Mr. Lock's family. General and Mrs. Harcourt went lately to see Norbury Park, and the family they were with knew the Locks very well and told them they were the best people in the world. They said Mr. Lock was always employed in some benevolent action and all the family were good; that there was one daughter quite beautiful and the most amiable creature in the world; very like Mrs. Lock.' 'The very representative!' cried I, 'of both parents!' And thus encouraged I indulged myself without restraint or conciseness."

VIII

SOME JUNIPERIANS AND THE DEATH OF SUSAN PHILLIPS

1794–1800

PRINCE CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD shared with Madame de Staël the honour of being the most interesting inhabitants of Juniper Hall.

Talleyrand, the lame cynic and unfrocked priest, erstwhile Bishop of Autun, had shown sympathy with the beginning of the revolutionary movement in France, probably sincere in his belief that better things would come of it. In his defence let it be remembered that other men of high ideals did the same, till the cruelties of the Terror made them recoil from what had seemed at first the dawn of a new world. He had already visited London in 1792, accompanying the Duke of Biron in a semi-official capacity and bearing the doubtful credentials of a Government that was doomed to a brief existence. George III and his Queen, the Prime Minister Pitt and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Grenville, all received him with bare civility and immense stiffness : his mission was a failure from the first.

When he returned to England in 1794 his position was changed, he was now a fugitive from his own country, and though some of the earlier *émigrés* looked on him with suspicion he settled at Juniper Hall and found devoted friends in Madame de Staël, Madame de la Châtre, Narbonne, and some of the lesser fry. After some months he took up his residence in London and from there wrote a graceful letter to Mr. Lock.*

9th January (1794)

" SIR,

" To give you an opportunity of rendering a service is to treat you so absolutely as you desire that I am almost embarrassed at how to thank you for the obliging act you have been kind enough to perform. I have looked around to see if I could find something else to ask you to do,

* This letter and the following ones quoted, hitherto unpublished, were written in French.

so as to show my gratitude, but for the moment unfortunately there is nothing and therefore I make you all my excuses.

" The French news is worse than ever : the cruelties in the towns and the success of their armies are on the same level ! And now they have murdered a friend of M. de Narbonne and mine. Why ? Because he was called Biron ! They consider it a treat to bring about the ruin of a gentleman. All those we know in France are under arrest ; how much unhappiness both present and future ! To find some comfort one must turn one's thoughts towards Norbury and its excellent owners, and to hope that, if a justice exists, those that you honour with your friendship shall some day be reinstated there where they belong. . . .

" TALLEYRAND."

A few days after this a bomb exploded in Talleyrand's existence : he was ordered, without any previous warning, to leave England immediately. The Government was acting on the strength of the new Aliens Act and gave no reason for its decision. Obviously Talleyrand was not trusted by a good many people ; Walpole called him the " Viper that has cast his skin," but Mr. Lock believed in him and gave him his friendship.

Though by now the lease of Juniper Hall had come to an end, Narbonne lingered on in the neighbourhood—we have seen with what asperity Madame de Staël noted it !—staying alternately with Susan Phillips and the Locks. He considered it was thanks to their kind hospitality, which enabled him to live quietly far from London, that he had escaped hatred and calumny.

On receiving his order of expulsion from England, Talleyrand wrote to Narbonne who rushed up to town at once to see what he could do to help. Before going he scribbled a note to Mr. Lock deploring " this atrocious injustice that exposes M. de Talleyrand at the same time to the horrors of hunger, the guillotine or the King of Prussia. He speaks of you and yours with gratefulness and tenderness and truly what grief cannot be consoled by your friendship and respect ? I leave to join him and would be glad to bring him a word from you. Goodbye. I am very unhappy and in great need of seeing you all soon."

Talleyrand's note to Narbonne, which the latter enclosed to Mr. Lock, was brief and bitter.

" Sunday, after a somewhat long Council, it was deliberated to give me an order to leave the Kingdom in five days' time. I have not been able to learn on what pretext, for there is and can be no reason for it. I am taking

some action to-day that might be fruitful if I could be heard, but I will not be because, having no valid reason for this step, it is all done in a secret form. All that transpires are facts—that are not even facts—which occurred eighteen months ago. I do not know yet what I will do if this fails, as I believe it will: Switzerland, how can I get there? America, how can it be managed with no money, no knowledge of the country and being ignorant of the language? I hope you will come to see me before I leave and that you will speak of me to your good and amiable neighbours who do not allow themselves to be swayed by party passions."

Talleyrand moved heaven and earth to get this order rescinded, but his letters to Pitt and Lord Grenville remained unanswered, while Narbonne tried unsuccessfully to see the Duke of Gloucester in hopes of persuading him to plead his friend's cause with the King. All they were able to obtain was a delay of a few weeks to enable Talleyrand to wind up his affairs in England. He decided to sail for America, as the lesser evil, accompanied by his friend, M. de Beaumez, who had been also one of the Juniperians and would act as his secretary. Narbonne kept Mr. Lock informed of the situation.

"It is in the name of my friends, who are full of gratitude for your comforting interest, that I write to repeat to you once more how they are carrying away in their hearts the dear remembrance of your kindness; nearly all their regrets are concentrated on Norbury and its surroundings. They treasure the hope of seeing you again and always happy. I say 'my friends' because Beaumez has refused to allow T. to leave alone. All we can hope for now is a delay until the 15th that has almost been promised. They will then go to America for nearly a year, taking with them only just enough not to die of hunger. This cruel perspective forces me to beg you insistently to let me have Mr. Angerstein's answer as soon as possible, M. de T. counts on it for enabling him to have something to live on for a few months. A thousand tender regrets from my friends to Mrs. Lock and the young ladies, and cordial messages of true friendship to your sons."

It was Beaumez who scribbled a last line of affection to Mr. Lock just before he and Talleyrand sailed.

London, 3rd March, 1794

"Sir,

"Our last moments cannot be better employed than in writing to you. . . . To-morrow we will be on board ship and sailing ever further

from England. We will leave behind us many objects of regret, but no one has more right than you to our eternal sentiments of gratitude. A short period of time has been enough for me to contract infinite obligations towards you. . . ."

Talleyrand's gloomy forebodings of the horrors that awaited him in America were unjustified : he and his friend seem from the first to have had a very agreeable time. It is probable that Mr. Lock's friend, the great financier Angerstein, arranged the money problem for them, so this trouble at least was eliminated. The tribute that Beaumez pays to Talleyrand's goodness of heart and unselfishness, when writing again to Mr. Lock, should be taken in consideration, in the light of all the rapacity and hardness he displayed when at the zenith of his career some years later.

Boston, 4 August, 1794

" Allow me, Sir, while sending you a letter for a friend whose present address you know better than I do, to remind you of the respectful attachment and the gratitude you have inspired in me for life.

After a stay of seven weeks in Philadelphia we have begun a journey in the Northern States. The reception we received in Phil. was the most flattering one possible. Our stay allowed us to particularly cultivate the society of a few distinguished persons amongst which the most important was Hamilton, the Minister of Finance of this country. We consider it a real happiness that a man of so superior a merit should give us such marks of affection and interest. His letters and those of the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia enabled us to find in New York and other places where we have stopped, a most flattering and distinguished reception. We now propose to push towards the east in a couple of days and reach the further extremity of American territory. There we will see for the first time forests in which the sound of an axe has never been heard, and perhaps savage Indians with whose help we hope to penetrate in the interior of the country. The tour that we are undertaking will last till the end of October and be of about 1,200 miles, after which we will return to Philadelphia. We have not yet decided where to fix our residence, every day we feel that this decision is not to be taken lightly. I have the opportunity to admire more and more the courage and the serenity of mind of my travelling companion, the goodness of his heart and his faithfulness to his friends. The idea of preparing for them a refuge that is only too necessary for many, gives him a strength and an energy which he would

not display for himself. Our anxiety is always very great for our dear friends that are in prison in France. The present moment is dreadful and the future terrible for them and for us. As soon as we knew that the United States had changed their minister to France we sent the new envoy a memorial for the protection of our friends in prison, in case there should be a question of their being deported. Such is their position, that this, with the loss of all their belongings, is the best thing that we can hope for them. In that case we claim them, *as Americans that we are*, and by the oath that we have given. We have not even the comfort of having entrusted such precious interests to a very sensitive soul or a very intelligent brain. Mr. Munroe, actual Minister of the United States to France, Senator for Virginia and one of the most ardent politicians of that State, has left with ideas that are entirely French and has promised us his official protection with all the importance that mediocrity assumes. Deign, Sir, to accept my particular homages, you who are the chief of that home of kindness that I will never forget."

Whether Talleyrand ever saw Mr. Lock again is unlikely. The latter never left England, and when Talleyrand returned to London as Ambassador in 1830 "looking horribly old," according to Princess Lieven, Mr. Lock had been in his grave since many years and William the younger had sold the home that had been the pride of his father's heart.

Narbonne was d'Arblay's most intimate friend, therefore their relations must have been somewhat strained at the time when Narbonne was Madame de Staël's lover and Fanny d'Arblay had dropped the lady on the grounds that she was an immoral woman. Fortunately this delicate situation did not last long, for, as we have seen, Narbonne proved faithless to Madame de Staël and she soon consoled herself with Benjamin Constant. As an indirect consequence of this fickleness, Narbonne became godfather to the d'Arblays' infant son, Alexandre, and soon after finally made up his mind to leave England : the worst of the Revolution was over and like all the other *émigrés* he was anxious to see what he could retrieve of his possessions in France. On landing in Holland he wrote at once to Mr. Lock.

The Hague, June 25th, 1794

" Until I can be reunited with my mother and my children, my respected friend, I shall always feel that in leaving you I have lost my family and all that I hold dearest in the world. Yet I have found matters here satisfactory ; arriving under my own name I was recognised and greeted by old acquaintances and I have received a thousand civilities from your

Ambassador, he invited me to dinner together with the foreign Ministers who did not in the least look sourly upon me. It is a thousand times better than I had dared to hope, therefore I have quite decided to give up the name of Smith.

" I set out to-morrow very thankful, I assure you, that the rest of my journey will be on land, for except that I was not captured and dragged as prisoner either to Algiers or to Paris, I suffered every other conceivable sort of misfortune during the crossing that lasted four whole days. But this is enough about myself, let me return to you, to your wife, and to your children, imploring you all to preserve our friendship which will always be the charm and the pride of my life. Adieu, adieu, Monsieur : Pray believe that I belong to you for life and death."

In October Narbonne wrote again to Mr. Lock, this time from Lausanne, expressing hopes that he was at Norbury for it was there that he loved to picture him, in surroundings where nothing was wanting to his peace and happiness. The Locks and the d'Arblays were the only friends of his who were in such a fortunate situation, all the others saw their sorrows increasing every day. In their frantic attempts to escape from France they were obliged to intrust themselves and their money to adventurers : one of these brutes had rubbed poor Madame de Laval of 500 louis which was more than half of what she and her son had left in the world ; the same man had taken a still larger sum from the sister of Gancourt and had not even got her across the frontier.

It was in the following year, 1795, that Fanny d'Arblay wrote a charming letter of invitation to Narbonne, on hearing that he was struggling in great financial difficulties. " Will you, dear sir, condescend to share the poverty of our Hermitage ? Will you take a little cell under our rustic roof and fare as we fare ? To dig with Mr. d'Arblay in the garden will be of service to your health ; to converse sometimes with me in the parlour will be a relaxation to your mind. You will have terrible dinners, alas ! but your godson comes in for dessert."

Narbonne did not accept, but he wrote gratefully and affectionately, calling Fanny his amiable sister and congratulating " his " d'Arblay on the treasure he had found. Four years later he still considered Norbury Park " the centre of all happiness, but no one else in the world has as much right to it as its inhabitants."

" From the picture you paint me," he wrote to d'Arblay from Tubingen in September, 1799, " I see nothing has changed at delicious Norbury. . . .

embrace in my name, most tenderly, the best of men and the most sensible of sages ; . . . you will kiss the dust under the feet of the angel who presides there and tell her that I will take the liberty of adoring her until I reach my grave."

Meanwhile, Susan Phillips had joined her husband at Belcotton, in Ireland. She was in poor health and they lived with their three children in a wretched house that was little better than a peasant's cabin, struggling to make very little money to go as far as possible. To make matters worse, Phillips had fallen violently in love with a Miss Jane Brabazon who lived in the neighbourhood.

As we know, Fanny destroyed nearly all her sister's correspondence of this period, so one can but guess how much bitter sorrow was poured out by Susan in her long journal-like letters. One that remains is dated 29th April, 1799, and endorsed : " This sweet letter I preserve as one of the very few not utterly and wholly sad." In it she refers tenderly to her beloved friends :

" I always think of the time Mr. and Mrs. Lock spend in London with solicitude. The air is injurious to the one and the incessant hurry to the other. However, our beloved friend seems pleased with the house she has found and its situation, and I shall try to hope that they will suffer less than usual by this year's excursion."

On receiving a supply of comforts from Norbury she wrote once more, with her pen that was beginning to stumble and falter, all she felt about Mrs. Lock's kindness :

" She is, if it is possible to complain of her, almost too kind, and the box was so richly laden it made me blush and it made me cry, but my tears on this occasion were not very bitter. Heaven bless her sweet soul ! "

The day came when even brutal Major Phillips realised that his wife was too ill to continue roughing it in Ireland, though whether he knew he was sending her home to die it is difficult to say. He would not allow her to go to her sister, who was now settled in Camilla Cottage, but decreed that she was to stay with her father, Dr. Burney, who lived in London in straitened circumstances and would certainly not be able to provide her with any comforts. She clung to the hope that her husband would let her go to Norbury Park later on. From Dublin she wrote a last letter to Fanny, still striving pathetically to make the best of her health and not complain.

" Do not, my beloved, talk of West Humble as a possible dwelling for us even at a distant period. There is a terrible jealousy of my happiness

existing which must be guarded against. I believe the thought of Norbury Park would not be tolerated were it not deemed an honour. . . . I trust to you to say all that is kind, tender and grateful for me at Norbury Park."

Susan died on 6th January, 1800, a week after landing in England and Fanny expressed her grief in broken-hearted words to Mrs. Lock. " Oh, my Freddy ! could you indeed think of me on that dreadful day ? I thank you from my soul, for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart." For Mrs. Lock's sorrow had been as great as Fanny's, though she tried to comfort her friend by urging her to remember that Susan was now their guardian angel.

Fanny, prostrate with grief, did not leave her cottage for nearly three months, till Mr. and Mrs. Lock came one day and insisted on taking her out for her first " airing " which she admitted had done her good.

When the correspondence between the two sisters ceased with Susan's death, the picture of Norbury Park faded, never to recover its former brilliancy and minute detail. We have now only occasional fragments, such as the glimpse of Mr. Lock, old and frail, working to decorate Fanny's little home.

" Sept. 1st, 1801. Mr. Lock finished polishing his 'impression' border for the chimney on Saturday. It will be, I fear, his last work of that sort ; his eyes which are very long sighted now begin to fail and weaken at near objects."

The Locks, whose kindness seems to have been inexhaustible, had taken charge of a little French girl, Adrienne de Chavagnac, while her father went back to Paris to see what he could recover of his lost fortune. D'Arblay had already gone over there for the same purpose, and in March, 1802, Fanny decided to leave the peaceful haven of Camilla Cottage and join her husband. At Mrs. Lock's request she took little Adrienne with her, for the Comte de Chavagnac wanted his child back. Fanny met Mrs. Lock and the little girl at an inn in Piccadilly, and " sweet Freddy " sat up till four in the morning helping her friend with her preparations—one wonders why there was so much to do at the last moment—and converse till the hour of parting came. Mrs. Lock, with her infinite capacity for affection, was genuinely grieved at giving up her charge, while the child adored " Maman Lock " and wept at leaving her. Adrienne's little red trunk was filled with delicious home-made cakes from Norbury Park, together with many other little gifts.

Fanny's account of their journey to Paris makes us more thankful than

ever for the progress travelling has made in the last century. The endless days and nights spent cooped up in a coach with several fellow travellers who fought constantly about whether the window should be up or down (this must have reminded Fanny of her quarrels on the same subject with Madame Schwellenberg in the old Court days), the Channel crossing, lasting twenty-four hours, during which time the wretched travellers, overcome with sea-sickness, lay *pêle-mêle* on the floor of a single cabin, the poor food and dirty beds at the inns, all this conjures up a ghastly picture of what we have been spared by being born later.

On arriving in Paris Adrienne was handed over to a sour-faced spinster who was to take charge of her education. " I think it very fortunate for the future welfare of Mrs. Lock's dear little *protégée* that she will be in such worthy hands," wrote Fanny, " but for the present Mlle. de N. has an air so austere and cold, though studiously kind to the child, that the contrast from the other *Maman* was irresistibly felt and the poor thing's head drooped while her eyes filled with tears." Adrienne departed, saying she would write to Maman Lock every day. When Fanny saw her again a few days later she was very quiet and serious, " for she could have had no heart to be gay upon leaving such an adopted Mother as Mrs. Lock and such a house as Norbury Park."

Fanny spent many years in France. In 1815 she met one of the last surviving Juniperians, the Prince de Talleyrand, whom she had not seen since the first days of her marriage, when together with Narbonne and Beaumez he had called on the d'Arblays at their cottage near Bookham. He did not recognise her. Fanny whispered to Madame de Laval, in whose drawing room the meeting took place, how many souvenirs his sight awakened. " M. de Narbonne was gone, who made so much of our social felicity during the period of our former acquaintance, and Mr. Lock was gone, who made its highest intellectual delight, and Madame de Staël, who gave it a zest of wit, deep thinking and light speaking of almost unexampled entertainment, and my beloved sister Phillips, whose sweetness and grace won every heart : these were gone who all, during the sprightly period in which I was known to M. de Talleyrand, had made our society. Ah, what parties were those ! How select, how refined, though sportive ! "

IX

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER AND MR. OGILVIE

1775

WHILE the Locks were bringing up their children in the quiet seclusion of Norbury Park and its green glades, another brood of brothers and sisters, twice as numerous and far more turbulent, was being raised, travelling caravan-wise between Ireland, England, and the Continent. It is necessary briefly to explain the Fitzgerald family history before we reach the moment when they are connected with the Locks.

The second Duke of Richmond was grandson of Charles II, and his mistress the beautiful Louise de Kerouaille, and the story of his marriage savours more of a Hollywood film than of real life. When still Lord March he was summoned home from college by his father and ordered to marry Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Marlborough's favourite General, the match having been arranged by the two fathers to cancel a gambling debt ; the Duke of Richmond presumably having lost. The bride was at the "ungrateful age," being barely fifteen. When the bridegroom caught sight of her he exclaimed despairingly : " Surely you are not going to marry me to *that dowdy ?* " But his father was relentless, and directly after the marriage ceremony he was sent off on " the grand continental tour " with his tutor. The tour lasted three years and on the night he finally returned to London he was in no hurry to renew acquaintance with his plain wife and went instead to the theatre. The beauty of a young lady occupying one of the boxes so struck him that he asked his neighbour who she was. " Why, of course, it's the beautiful Lady March, the toast of the town ! " was the answer. Lord March went straight up to the box and took his wife home.

Their married life was singularly happy and they had, besides two sons, four beautiful daughters. The eldest of these, Lady Caroline Lennox, became the wife of the first Lord Holland and was the mother of Charles James Fox. Their marriage caused a social convulsion in the summer of 1744, for the Duke and Duchess of Richmond would not hear of Lady

Caroline's engagement to plain Mr. Henry Fox, as he then was, so the lovers settled the matter by running away. To quote George Trevelyan, this alliance was esteemed an outrage upon the memory of his sacred Majesty Charles the Second, who, if he had been alive to see it would have been infinitely diverted and doubtless taken his great granddaughter's part. Only when Fox had been for years Paymaster-General and Privy Councillor was he solemnly forgiven by the Richmonds for having aspired to marry a Duke's daughter. Meanwhile he had enriched himself enormously when in office. In 1762 Lady Caroline was gazetted Baroness Holland in her own right, and a year later Fox was given a peerage and became Lord Holland. In 1767 they purchased lovely Holland House which they had already rented for some years and it is still the jewel of private houses in London.

The next daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond was Lady Emily, who married Lord Kildare—created Duke of Leinster in 1744. I shall have a great deal to say about her presently. The third, Lady Louisa, became the wife of Thomas Conolly of Castletown ; they had no children and led a secluded country life in Ireland most of the year. Lady Sarah, the loveliest and youngest of the four sisters, had a chequered career ; both her parents having died when she was six years old she was brought up by her sister Lady Holland. "Lady Sarah," said Horace Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive."

George III fell madly in love with her and for a time had no eyes but for her. "All tongues were observing on the particularity of his behaviour," wrote Lord Holland, "if it can be thought particular that a young King should not be able to avoid showing the strongest symptoms of love and desire for the prettiest creature in the world."

It seemed a certainty that Lady Sarah would be Queen of England, but with inexplicable suddenness the King announced his engagement to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg and had the cruelty to ask Lady Sarah to be her bridesmaid. Her pride carried her admirably through this unpleasant situation. To her greatest friend she wrote : "I did not cry, I assure you. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool."

Lady Sarah was married to a Mr. Bunbury in the same year, 1762. It was not a happy marriage. Bunbury neglected his wife for horse racing and hunting, while she fell in love with her cousin, Lord William Gordon. In 1765 the three sisters, Lady Holland, Lady Louisa Conolly, and Lady Sarah Bunbury went to Paris together, when they visited Versailles and Lady Sarah was immensely admired both for her beauty and charm. Louis XV,

whose taste in such things was notorious, embraced her twice. "*En verité, c'est trop, Sire !*" remarked a courtier. "*Je ne sais si c'est trop, mais je sais que cela me plait !*" answered the King.

In 1769 Lady Sarah ran away from her husband, taking her baby girl with her, and joined Lord William Gordon, but after only three months she left her lover and took refuge with her brother the Duke of Richmond. He allowed her to build a small house on the Goodwood estate where she lived in absolute seclusion for twelve years. Sir Charles Bunbury (he had by now come into his title) only divorced her in 1776. He visited her on various occasions, taking great interest in their child, and later on wished to remarry her. She refused, but she was happy at being forgiven. Five years after her divorce she married George Napier, son of Baron Napier, and the marriage proved ideally happy.

To return to the sister who became connected with our Locks, the Duchess of Leinster, she was a peculiarly lovable woman to whom all her family was devoted and her good looks were undisputed. Also, she was enormously prolific. The peerage gives the names of eleven of her children and then adds that the list is incomplete as it does not record the names of those who died young. As a matter of fact the Duke and Duchess of Leinster had twenty children. They engaged a tutor to look after five of their sons. Lady Campbell gave the following account of Mr. Ogilvie's arrival in the household :

" A Scotchman who kept a school in Cole's Lane was recommended for the education of the boys. He was a good classical scholar and first-rate mathematician, and had studied in Edinburgh. Lady Leitrim was spending the evening at Leinster House in Dublin when the groom of the chamber came in to tell her grace that Mr. Ogilvie, the new tutor, was come.

" ' Show him to his room.'

" ' Please your grace, is he to have wax candles or tallow ? ' upon which the Duchess turned to Lady Leitrim and said in French : ' Qu'en pensez vous ? '

" ' Oh, moulds will do, till we see a little ! ' "

The Scotch schoolmaster was a grim individual with an unprepossessing countenance and a sour manner. Farington states that he began life as an usher at a very small school in Ireland on a salary of £12 a year. After the Duke of Leinster's death his widow, in order to economise, took her large family to France, and lived chiefly at the Chateau d'Aubigny lent her by the

Mr. Ogilvie, second husband of the Duchess of Leinster
From a caricature by his son-in-law, Charles Lock

Duke of Richmond. During this period of enforced seclusion, the beautiful Duchess and Mr. Ogilvie the tutor had to rely a great deal on each other's company, but when their marriage was announced the news took everyone's breath away. They were still abroad at the time. Lady Sarah Bunbury wrote to her great friend, Lady Susan O'Brien.

July 29th, 1775

" . . . She told her son, her mother-in-law and her sister, that she thought it very possible she should marry Mr. Ogilvie. They all agreed that they could not *wish it*, but if she was happy it was all they desired and that she could not choose a person they had a better opinion of. With such a sanction, you would perhaps think there was nothing for her to do but to inform her brother of her marriage, *tout simplement*, but I wish you had seen the affectionate manner in which she wrote. . . . 'I am content that you should call me a fool and an *old fool*, that you should blame me and say you did not think me capable of such folly : talk me over, say what you please, but remember that all I ask of you is your affection and tenderness.' My brother says there is no resisting her owning herself in the wrong and begging so hard to be loved, so you see the good effects of meekness : I assure you my sister *gains* friends instead of losing any by her manner."

After the first moment of petrified astonishment, the Duchess's family showed remarkable good nature at her amazing marriage.

The Duchess of Leinster and Mr. Ogilvie remained four years in France, chiefly at Tours and Montpellier. The Duchess lost no time in starting a new family with her second husband.

Her daughter Charlotte wrote : " As for the little girl, it was the most beautiful little creature it was possible to see. On August 5th, some time before dinner, a Mr. Collet, an English clergyman, came to baptize her : Charlotte held the dear little ' Cecilia ' who then became a Christian."

This infant daughter who came into the world so unobtrusively, daughter of a Duchess and a schoolmaster, was destined to become the wife of Charles Lock.

The Duchess continued, unperturbed, on her prolific career. The following year, 1776, found them in Paris when the British Ambassadress, Lady Stormont, wrote to a friend that she had given a little dinner for about eighteen people in honour of the Duke of Richmond. His sister, the Duchess of Leinster, would have been of the party if she had not just miscarried of her twenty-second child, so her husband, Mr. Ogilvie, came by

himself. Lady Stormont found him better than she would have expected, though she still thought it a very odd match for a woman of rank.

Undefeated, the Duchess proceeded to have one more daughter, Emily, who was always called Mimi and inherited the beauty of her mother's family. By now the Duchess was forty-seven years old : her first son had been born when she was a little over sixteen.

" My sister Leinster and Mr. Ogilvie are just arrived in London from Paris and are coming here ; I long to see her," wrote Lady Sarah Bunbury. " I *have* seen him, and think him a very good sort of man, most sincerely attached to her, which is all *my* business in the affair. As to the rest she is old enough to know her own mind much better than others could direct her. She certainly did not marry him *pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux*, for he is very ugly and has a disagreeable manner, but as she says, very truly, he had known her so many years he could not possibly not know his own mind, and his mind was to love her to adoration and that's very captivating."

When this apparently ill-assorted pair were not in Ireland they lived in Harley Street, which in those days was a suburb of London, with hayfields within walking distance. Besides the two little Ogilvie girls, the Duchess's three youngest daughters by her former marriage lived with them. It is as well to enumerate the Fitzgerald brood for future elucidation.

1. *George*, Earl of Offaly, b. 1748, d. 1765.
2. *William Robert*, 2nd Duke, b. 1749, d. 1804, m. Emilia Olivia, only daughter of Lord St. George.
3. *Charles James*, created Lord Lecale (1756–1810), m. Julia, widow of Thomas Carton.
4. *Henry* (1761–1829), m. Charlotte, Baroness de Ros.
5. *Edward* (1763–1798), m. Stefanie Caroline Anne Syms, known as Pamela.
6. *Robert Stephen* (1765–1833), m. Sophie Charlotte, daughter of Captain Fielding.
7. *Gerald* (1766–1788), lost at sea.
8. *Emilia Maria*, m. Earl of Bellamont.
9. *Charlotte*, m. Joseph H. Strutt, created Baroness Rayleigh.
10. *Sophia*, d. unmarried 1845.
11. *Lucy*, b. 1771, d. 1851, m. Sir Thomas Foley.

Henry lived a good deal at Boyle Farm, a country place that belonged to his wife, who was Miss Boyle before she became Baroness de Ros, and

where the Duchess of Leinster and her family often visited them. It stood on the bank of the river opposite Hampton Court Park, eleven miles from Norbury.

The name of the fifth son is well known: Edward Fitzgerald, the notorious rebel. The eldest daughter lived in Ireland with her husband the Earl of Bellamont; he was more or less mad, which fact no doubt soured her disposition. The Duchess, when speaking of her to the younger children, called her "your sister Bellamont!" The next three girls had all very different characters. Charlotte was the most normal and steady, Sophia, the ugly duckling of the family, was apt to be silent and apparently sullen, no doubt because she was misunderstood by the others and constantly nagged. Her brother Edward always maintained that there was more good in her little finger than in all the rest of the family put together.

When Charlotte left home on her marriage to Colonel Strutt she wrote harshly to Sophia: "I should not have half the regret to leave dear Mama if I thought that you were advanced enough to be a pleasant companion for her, and it is quite a grievance to me to think that at present you are so little fit for it. Mama is very lucky, to be sure, in having Mr. Ogilvie so fond of home, but he can't be with her every hour of the day. When the hunting season comes on she will be a good deal alone, and if you don't try to make yourself as agreeable as possible you will be no sort of good to her." It is not surprising that Sophia decided to live by herself when she was thirty-two and settled in a cottage called "The Ruskit," near Boyle Farm. Later she bought a house at Thames Ditton, in the same locality. She was a small, fat, fair woman, very plain but with a sweet expression, fond of reading sewing, gardening and of taking very long walks. She never married.

Lucy, the youngest of the eleven surviving Fitzgeralds, was handsome, excitable, and highly strung; under her brothe rEdward's great influence she became an ardent Irish patriot. Little Cecilia Ogilvie, Charles Lock's future wife, grew up in the hurly-burly of this great family, her half-sister Lucy being her confident and best friend.

Except for occasional flare ups, the Fitzgeralds got on pretty well with Mr. Ogilvie. The dour Scotsman's good point was his unfailing kindness to all his step children when they were ill or in trouble. One of the little girls who died in infancy was nursed by him with real tenderness, and when the doctor ordered Sophia's head to be shaved after a fever, he insisted on performing the operation himself, for fear the servants might be rough and hurt her. Years later, when Lucy had been very ill, Edward wrote to his

mother : " My love to O. who has been, Mosely tells me, Lucy's nurse night and day, *dear fellow*."

Edward, gay, debonair, and handsome, had always been fond of his step-father, even when he was still his tutor, though it is difficult to conceive two characters less alike, and he had a great affection for his little half-sisters, Cissy and Mimi.

The year 1786 found Edward in America with his regiment, completely captivated by the charm of the wild country. " I know Ogilvie says I ought to have been a savage. If it were not that those I love and wish to live with are civilised people and like houses etc. I really would join the savages . . . they have all the real happiness of life without any of those ridiculous obstacles to it which custom has introduced among us. No separations in families, one in Ireland, one in England, no devilish politics. . . . Now the dear Ciss and Mimi, instead of being with Mrs. Lynch, would be carrying wood and fetching water, while the Ladies Lucy and Sophia were cooking or drying fish. As for you, dear Mother, you would be smoking your pipe. Ogilvie and us boys, after having brought in our game, would be lying about the fire, while our squaws were helping the ladies to cook or taking care of our papooses ; all this in a fine wood beside some beautiful lake which when you were tired of you could in ten minutes—without any baggage—get into your canoes and off with you elsewhere."

The great open spaces held Edward completely under their spell. " I believe I shall never again . . . live in a house : I long to teach you all how to make a good spruce bed. I cannot describe all the feelings one has in these excursions : when you waken in the middle of the night in a fine open forest—all your companions snoring about you—the moon shining through the trees—the burning fire—and after being tired of thinking lying down like a dog and falling asleep till daybreak. Then getting up ! no dressing or trouble—but just giving oneself a shake and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages which are still pleasanter, you may guess the reason : there are *des dames* who are the most comical creatures in the world. Give my love to all the dear girls. Tell them I am as great a fool as ever, I am afraid that it will stick to me all the days of my life. I often long to lay aside the character of Major commanding His Majesty's regiment, to play the buffoon. I am sure if Ciss were here I would."

It would have been far better for Edward Fitzgerald and those who loved him if he had stayed for ever in the wilds of America with one of the squaws

he found so comical, but relentless destiny brought him back to Europe and he now flung himself whole-heartedly into Irish politics. Since 1771 the "distressful country" had an independent Parliament and Edward was returned member for Athy, in opposition to the Government. No doubt there were deep injustices that seemed to him intolerable. He went to Paris in 1792 and from that date his fate was sealed. There was no cruelty in his sunny nature, yet such were his convictions that the French revolution, even with its massacres, did not repel him. In the midst of the Terror he lived in Paris "very pleasantly," going often to the Assembly where he found they were improving much in speaking; reading a great deal, walking and frequenting the various theatres. As for the situation, he compared it to "Rome in its days of conquest." That the King and most of the aristocracy had perished on the scaffold, and that the Queen lay in prison awaiting the same fate, does not seem to have disturbed him in the least. He attended a banquet of revolutionaries at which he proposed the following toast: "to the speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions." The news of this reached England, and he was dismissed from the army. His family always considered that he had been very badly treated in the matter. Logic was not a strong point with the Fitzgeralds and Lord Edward never dropped his own title.

It was on going to the theatre one night in Paris that Edward saw, peeping through the iron bars of one of the *loges grillées*, a face of such radiant loveliness that he fell in love then and there. The beauty was Pamela, the so-called adopted daughter of the Comtesse de Genlis, also known as the Marquise de Sillery. This lady was governess to the Duc d'Orleans's children, and it was an open secret that Pamela was her illegitimate child by the Duke—the infamous Philippe Égalité who voted for the execution of his cousin the King of France. Madame de Genlis never admitted that Pamela was hers, but maintained she was English born, and that her real name was Stephanie Caroline Anne Syms. In later years, when Madame de Genlis had a furious quarrel with Pamela she sneered at her for believing that she was her own daughter, upon which the other smartly rapped out: "If I am, it is nothing to boast of."

Madame de Genlis was a blue-stocking. Edward detested learned ladies and had always avoided meeting her during his stay in Paris, but now he changed his tactics, and after being introduced to the ladies he was seldom absent from Pamela's side. He married her a few weeks later at Tournay, and Madame de Genlis soon afterwards found her way to England where

she lived under the name of Madame Brulard, and was hated and mistrusted by the *émigrés*, owing to her connection with Philippe Égalité. "Vous la connaissez, cette coquine de Brulard?" said the Duke of Liancourt disdainfully to Fanny Burney.

It was in January, 1793, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald brought his lovely bride to England and introduced her to his people. Three weeks later they went over to Ireland and settled in Dublin.

X

CECILIA OGILVIE'S LOVE AFFAIRS

1790–1794

WHEN Cecilia was fifteen, Lord Chichester, eldest son of the Marquess of Donegall, fell madly in love with her. Lady Sarah Napier was delighted at this stroke of luck for her niece.

12th October, 1790

" I will tell you a pleasant event in our family because I am sure you will share any good that gives us pleasure. My sister Leinster being at Tunbridge with her family, saw Lord Chichester there, a most pleasing young man whom all the misses wanted to catch as a prize, and while she was wondering *who* the lot would fall on, he took the greatest fancy to her little girl, Cecilia Ogilvie, just fifteen, who only went out now and then as a favour. He talked to her much, sought her out in rides and walks, and is so excessively in love with her that it would be like enchantment if it was not certain that she is not *handsome* but one of the most bewitching little creatures ever known."

At first it was roses, roses all the way. Cecilia was presented to Lord Donegall, who embraced her fondly. The Duchess purred and Mr. Ogilvie rubbed his bony hands with pleasure. The fiancé was constantly with them and showed great goodness of heart, at least so the Duchess said.

Mr. Ogilvie was eager to return to London and settle business relative to Cecilia's marriage which was fixed for May.

It was soon after Christmas that the Duchess's blue sky clouded over with vague doubts. " The mere possibility of anything happening to interfere in the happiness of the dear creature gives me very unpleasant feels, but don't say this to anyone, it looks so like *croaking*."

When May came the Duchess's " unpleasant feels " were justified, for not only was the wedding postponed but Lord Chichester had cooled off and was making obvious efforts to get out of his engagement. Poor Cecilia, who should have been in the schoolroom struggling at her copybooks

with inky fingers, found she was the talk of the town. The Duchess took her away from London and, together with Sophia, they settled for the summer at Cheltenham in a little house called " The Cot." Lucy, who had remained behind in London, still hoped the matter could be arranged : she had seen Lord Chichester at Ranelagh and he had asked after her little sister. Cecilia answered her letter with a wisdom beyond her years.

" I will say no more on this disagreeable, tormenting, worrying subject, but only add that I beg you won't press Lord Chichester to come here—let him do what he likes best. If he comes I shall be glad to see him, if he don't—why, he may let it alone and I shan't torment myself about him and beg you won't either. Amuse yourself well in London and don't think of me, of Lord Chichester, or any of my concerns, for they are not worth giving my friends so much trouble about and I heartily wish they were at an end, no matter how, so God bless you and return to us merry and pleasant, the sooner the better."

The child's pride was wounded more than her heart. The Duchess soon resumed her habitual placidity, there were some roses in the garden which she wanted to turn into potpourri, Lucy was to get her a good receipt for she could not remember the right proportions of clove and bay salt ; when she came to Cheltenham she was to bring some white worsted for the groundwork of her carpet, and if she forgot, it would be a case of " No Song, No Supper." But Lucy was not to hurry, and enjoy herself while she could. " If London takes a fit of being pleasant and if you find it so pray stay. . . . Don't flirt too much with that comical Tommy Wynne. "

Cecilia missed Lucy's gay comradeship, and did not find poor Sophia a good substitute. " Oh, pray come, don't let Henry and Miss Boyle dawdle on in town ; indeed Love in a Cottage is much better than in London. Mama says you must not think of bringing your harp, that the Cot would not hold it and that she wants you to read to her as it makes me cough and poor Sophia is almost read to death. Don't show this to Papa as he is angry at my scribbling so much ; I am in a great hurry as Sophia wants to go and ride, she has got a nervous fidget and is never a moment quiet. . . . Adieu, my love, I long for you to come." But Lucy lingered on in London, where life was vastly more entertaining than at Cheltenham.

For a little while suspense and uncertainty reigned. There was still a slender hope of " Chich " visiting them.

By the end of June there was nothing to be done but announce that the marriage would not take place and choose the right moment to do so. The Duchess desired it to be in town, with *éclat*, so that Cecilia's " rejection of him with disdain should be the talk of the day." She wished her to appear a great deal in public, her manner and spirits showing how readily they all had given up the idea ; people must not think she was sick and retired to a cottage, " as if she was a poor forsaken girl breaking her heart for an *infiddle*." The Duchess's indignation shattered her usually correct spelling, and she now saw no charm in " Chich " at all. " I often think what a blessing this is ; had he been a more pleasing man and had she been *in love*, what a source of misery and vexation it would have been when he acted in this manner."

The Duchess managed the situation so ably that the whole of London thought it was Cecilia who had broken off her engagement ; even Horace Walpole was deceived. He wrote to Miss Berry on 3rd August, 1791 : " I think I have heard nothing but that Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Miss Boyle are to be married to-day and that Miss Ogilvie's match with the rich Irish heir apparent is off ; her brother Lord Edward carried her demission of him, and did not deliver it in dulcet words."

The autumn of 1792 found the " good family," as the girls called it, settled in Harley Street. Mimi was rapidly becoming a beauty, Cecilia had forgotten the faithless " Chich " and recovered her spirits, Lucy, on whom the shadow of Irish politics had not yet fallen, still enjoyed life to the last drop, while Sophia was as ever a foil for her more brilliant sisters.

Lucy was staying at Boyle Farm for a few days when Cecilia wrote to her in a most frivolous mood.

" . . . Charlotte and King came to dine with us : King pleasant as usual. . . . As soon as I had got *me seop* as King calls it, I went to dress myself as fine as hands could make me for Lady Harewood, with my Court cap like Noddlehead and the diamonds which I could not *devoid* wearing. Charlotte stayed with Mimi and Mama, so Papa, Eddy " (Lord Edward Fitzgerald) " and I set sail in the body coach for Lady Lucan's, where I had the great happiness to find my Tirra.* She was as usual at Casino, howsumever I soon routed her from it and she and I had a long talk. She has seen no *folks* either, as they have not been out much, only to stupid places where *folks* don't go. King soon joined us and was *too* ridiculous ! asking Tirra why she disdained calling *them* to her assistance and muffling

* An unidentified friend, probably Lord Harewood's married daughter, Lady Frances Douglas.

herself up as if she was ashamed of the *poor little dears*, and making her promise to show one. As she told him she was cold with her handkerchief open he said he should go to Carlton House to-night on purpose to see *it*, as he remembered them at Castletown and thought *the sight* worth seeing ; he took counters and made her draw odd or even for which it should be—did you ever hear anything like it ? We had much fun."

One wonders what Mr. Ogilvie would have said to this jesting that so amused seventeen-year-old Cecilia. The rest of the evening was not as hilarious.

" Mama was in a hurry to go to Lady Harewood. It was much as I have heard you describe it, that is to say *dead dull.* No cravat but Ned and Capel, the Prince, the Frenchmen and one or two more. Mama as usual sat down at two in the morning to Casino and we *literally cleared the rooms*, Lord Harewood was gone to bed and she was just going. "

" Oct. 10th, 1792. Yesterday at about six o'clock the Earls of Inchiquin and Fitzwilliam, Henry Lascelles, my Tirra and Mary Anne (Lascelles) arrived at dinner. . . . We waited till half past seven for the Darnleys who at last arrived. King, upon finding so very stupid a party, went to dine with Charles Greville. Lady Darnley put the *best face* upon it, but Lord Darnley in his usual civil manner did not attempt to disguise how dull he found it, and asked me why on earth they had asked such a set of people to meet him, not one of whom he knew. This, as all the ridiculous things he said, drew an *éclat* of laughter from me which diverted him, and he stayed with me the whole time and was uncommonly pleasant. The good dinner put him into a better humour, for upon first coming he was what *other* people reckon very cross and rude, but what only amuses you and I who have the proper Bligh taste. Lady Darnley was quite ashamed of him and was making the pretty to Mamma, whom waiting till that hour made yawn to a degree that she could not even keep up the conversation. Tirra was bilious and asleep, and Mary Anne making lamentations about the frost because of her chilblains, Papa and Lord Fitzwilliam talking about building leases and Playel and Lord Inchiquin cracking jokes about my fair hand, Henry Lascelles *mum* as he is before utter strangers which *all* the company were to him. So passed on our dinner in an agreeable manner, as you may see ! At last the coach came and we went to Lady Bristol's which was a continuation of our dinner. Mr. Maddocks and Miss C. singing and making *yeux doux !* The others were gone to Carlton House, so what does I but leaves *me famley* and goes there with Tirra. King came to me and under-

took to *chaparoon* me himself, he was not a little pleasant saying he is naturalized to the regions of folly. Few men : they must be out of town, I think, don't you ? Lord Lorne and Lord Tichborne favoured me with a great deal of talk, the former pleasant as usual and very drunk. Tirra has been the joy of my life. My love to dear Lady Henry, I am sure she will admire my proceeding in going to Carlton House."

By now Edward Fitzgerald and his lovely Pamela were settled in Ireland. They first stayed at Frescati, a place near Dublin which the late Duke of Leinster had bought as a bathing lodge for his delicate children of which there must have been a large number, considering how many died young. The Duchess liked the place so much that she had it enlarged ; in after years her eldest son declared with some bitterness that £85,000 had been spent on it.

Edward Fitzgerald loved Frescati. In May, 1793, he wrote to his mother : " All the shrubs are out : lilac, laburnum, syringa ; spring roses and lilies of the valley in quantities, four pots full now in the book room, in short the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do. . . . I long for a little walk with you leaning on me, or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot on a fine day, with your long cane in your hand working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down talking all the time . . . you are, after all, what I love best in the world."

Edward's feeling for Pamela was more in the nature of strong physical attraction ; he was proud of her exceptional beauty and treated her with invariable kindness and gentleness. " I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it ! She dances so with all her heart and soul." She was stared out of countenance at a ball in Dublin when she took the floor, so that she went home in a rage and said to her husband who was already in bed : " *Edward, je ne veux plus aller aux bals, les gens sont d'une telle impolitesse !* "

The stares of Irish society were not inspired wholly by admiration for her loveliness and grace. The news had gone round like wildfire that Pamela was a French revolutionist ; it was said that she had been seen in the streets with a handkerchief round her neck spotted with Louis XVI's blood, and she was also accused of boasting that the red ribbons she wore were " couleur du sang des aristocrates." This was unfair. She had no sympathy with the Terror and was thankful to have escaped from its dangers ; she never encouraged her husband later on in the Irish Rebellion, and all she

wanted was to enjoy life in peace. She even took to the country and gardening. " My dear wife . . . busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. . . . "

Though it saddened Edward Fitzgerald, the Duchess and Mr. Ogilvie decided to sell Frescati. The latter had never cared for Ireland, his life there as an underpaid schoolmaster had been a hard one. In August, 1793, she was at Malvern with Mr. Ogilvie, Sophia, Cecilia, and Mimi in her train. Cecilia wrote long, gay letters to Lucy who, as usual, had contrived to remain behind in London. " Oh, vicket vorld, I am glad I am safe out of it, living in purity and innocence among my mountains of Malvern. . . . I am buried alive here and know nothing, but I like it of all things, and only want *you* to be perfectly happy."

All the same, echoes of events in France reached her seclusion. " So that poor woman who murdered Marat has been put to death ! I am sorry for it, though I am afraid it is necessary to punish murder with death—it is very terrible." Cecilia reflected on the futility of life and declared that all her young and giddy days were over ; she now hoped to get more sense and firmness every year. All the same, she had had a little adventure that was vastly amusing.

" The Body Coach sallies out every evening with Mamma and one of us in it, and the rest walk with Papa. On Friday Mamma proposed our meeting on the Well road and her walking with us for a short time, so out she got and the coach followed at a distance. We were cold so Papa desired us to walk on quickly which we did, fearing no danger nigh, when we were met by two gentlemen galloping very fast upon beautiful horses. One was a young clergyman, the other the handsomest man I ever saw : a *large* Henry Fitzroy, very like the Duke of Manchester with a look of the Duke of Hamilton. He immediately pulled up his horse and bowed, which made us look up, of course, thinking it must be an acquaintance. But I saw it was a stranger and said so to Sophia who—blind as a *Beatle*—would have it she knew him and stopped. Mimi, struck with wonder, kept saying : ' Exactly Mr. Fitzroy ! ' upon which he kissed his hand to us and cried : ' How do you do, my dears ! ' and : ' Come, come, turn about ! ' to the clergyman who did not seem *bent* on so violent a proceeding. I kept scolding Sophia and begging her to come on, but no, she was *fixed* to the spot and laughing ! I own I was frightened, not for my *virtue* but for fear of Papa's coming up. I myself had set off ; however I heard him behind me entering into converse with Sophia and

Mimi till, he advanced, asking where I was going. His voice was so like Lord Lorne's that I had a mind to look up again, but I would not and turned short round. Mimi took my arm and I said out loud that we should return to our coach and to our Mother, upon which he cried : ' Oh, your *Mother ! !* Ten thousand pardons ! ' and off he went.

" We met Papa pale with fury and Mamma *unmoved* : you know she never minds one's being accosted. I blessed my stars the gentleman was too far to hear Papa call him Scoundrel, etc. We returned home through the fields. . . . Now is not this a very pretty Malvern adventure ? Papa made us laugh by saying he was a very good looking young fellow, very full of wine and of frolic, that he was sure he had mistaken us for *Dollies* " (this was the term the " good family " applied to ladies of light virtue). " It would amuse Miss Farren to hear that we have not *Trudged* and *Trudged* in vain, as she says one always does in the country. . . . Mimi and I have got brown calico *Thanets* and *Hillisberg* capes. Mimi looks like a mixture of Lady Abercorn, Mam Thanet and the little Coutts ; not a bad potpourri. By the by, I see Sophia Coutts has become Mrs. Burdett, I wonder why the other don't marry *her* man.

" We are going this morning to a nasty public breakfast at the Inn ! Imagine what a thing and pity me ; I really believe Mamma is mad to think of such a thing and ' *pour surcroit de douleurs* ' she insists upon our being *smart*, . . . so what do you think she has bid me put on ? Why, *the* gray beaver ! Oh, Mrs. Lloyd Topera, oh, Mrs. Sturt, where are you to see such profanation of the hat that was the best ornament of my pate when in attendance on you ! . . . The Frenchmen's admiration, Mr. Hamilton saying he approved because I thought myself *licensed* to say all I liked when I put that little Hat on *one* side of my head ? "

When they all returned to town Edward wrote to his mother : " . . . give my love to the dear girls : are they in beauty ? Has dear Ciss thrown off her country prudishness ? I think I see dear Lucy's eyes rejoicing at the rattling pavements and hear all her funny jokes on coming to London."

They were a far gayer family than the Locks of Norbury Park, so gay that Edward, who had his serious moods, was sometimes annoyed with them. " It puts Ned in such a rage our being so merry, for we are literally a laughing Club that meet in our Box at the opera : he downright scolds Mamma for being so young ! Everyone seems gone wild for dancing, Cecilia and I have a very pleasant set of partners this year, most of

them *young things* in the Guards. They set off after a ball to join the Duke of York. *Our* ball last Monday was what we call *truly human.* Only three chaperons. . . . It was the merriest, pleasantest thing that ever was, *everybody* danced except Mamma and the other 'chaps.' We began at ten, danced without a stop till 2 when Mamma gave us a very pretty supper indeed, after which the Maddocks sang and then we danced again till half past four. Sir Watkin Williams made a great fuss about these French dances, we had besides reels and country bumpkins without end. We wished most of all for sweet Pam who would have enjoyed the dancing and would have been such an ornament to it. . . . Tell Pam that *the thing* is an enormous Turban like Mrs. Bristowe's."

It was probably Graham Moore who introduced his friends, William and Charles Lock, to the "good family" in March, 1794. Cecilia and Charles fell in love with each other immediately, but at first there were many difficulties. All we know is that the course of true love ran anything but smoothly, and Cecilia, very much in the dumps, went to stay with the Henry Fitzgeralds at Boyle Farm.

After a long bout of London with its balls, masquerades, Almack's, Ranelagh and the Opera, Lucy did not mind a rest in the country and accompanied her sister, while Cecilia had the comfort of knowing that Charles Lock's home, Norbury Park, was but a few miles off. Though several young men visited them immediately, Charles was not of the number. They saw him riding one morning in the distance when Lucy, recording the fact in her diary, called him "poor Mr. Lock," and again a few days later, first across the river and then in the lane. Once, when the girls were walking on the common he overtook them and talked a little while, riding back to Norbury afterwards; so he was evidently not allowed to call at Boyle Farm.

Cecilia was very low and had disputes with her father over music, which the Duchess thought "unlucky" for she cried and he scolded. Cecilia with all her gentleness had a way of contradicting, her mother said, that no parent could put up with, but, dear little angel, she hated to vex her now that she had so much in her heart and mind.

Lucy went up to London and "spyed" Mr. Lock in Bond Street, he then came, accompanied by Mr. Moore, to Harley Street to drink tea with her and "talk over Ciss," but as she went off to Hastings next day with Mimi, where she promptly fell in love with a Mr. Wodehouse, she now found her own love affair more interesting than her sister's. Cecilia stayed

on at Boyle Farm and the news of a flirtation of Mimi's at Hastings filled her with glee. "So Mimi has made another conquest! I wish her joy, only never talk of poaching again, that's all." She missed her two gay sisters. "Remember that there is a little body at Boyle Farm who would give her ears to be with you. . . . But then I am near enough to Norbury for a servant to walk over, *c'est ce qui me console*. I have seen nothing of him since I returned, but I feel *so* much happier for that moment in Bond Street and it was *so* pretty of him to send Mamma fruit, that I am quite in good spirits."

"I will now tell you something of our gay doings. They really *were* gay, for Mrs. Jordan outdid herself and made me laugh quite sick. We sallied forth for Richmond at about six and I put on '*but what a coquettish hat*, Puss!' that *he* and Mr. Lock admired so much and which Papa and Mamma can't bear. Papa says it is exactly like Lady Wallace, whom he has discovered I am extremely like. We arrived at the Play House where we found all London. In a large box in front of the House were *La Tyrconnel*, her lover Lord Strathmore, a tall Smith—an unfortunate young man whom she took up at eighteen and has ruined in every respect—Mother Cawthorn (Blakeley's love) and that most beautiful Mr. Barrow who gave me too many London feels. Behind them were Lord Tyrconnel, Lord Delaval and about (reasonably speaking) fifty *dollies:* all Lord Delaval's mistresses, so Miss Penn told me. A very different company occupied another box. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, Lady Mary Stopford, all those hideous Lords and Ladies Montague (begging M.'s pardon as her love was one of them), some more ugly men and women whom I did not know and Miss Douglas who really did look much more beautiful than anyone I ever beheld —all in white with a turban on her dark hair—and *so* like Mimi. Miss Penn checked my admiration with: 'But then the people she's with, my dear, the people she's with! No wonder she looks beautiful!' Lord and Lady Valletort and Lady Elizabeth Stanley were, I think, the genteelest people besides. Lady Elizabeth seems a sweet little creature and no wonder if she should be a little flirtish and merry for there never was anything so neglected as she is. Poor Lady Derby * has now lost her speech and is unable to move, so that this pretty child of fifteen is left to run about Richmond, where they live, with only a *Toady*, a sad vulgar woman with three pretty storybookish daughters, *her Ladyship's* friends, and in short she is going

* The Countess of Derby was the only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. On her death the Earl of Derby married Miss Eliza Farren, the celebrated actress.

to ruin Miss Penn says, entirely for want of proper people and good company. The eldest of those Mr. Coles is her lover and she is never without him anywhere, he seems a pleasant man but he is in the Guards and young.* She was dressed exactly like Lady Charlotte Campbell, with diamonds and loads of fair hair in her eyes and feathers higher than herself, no waist and white beads.

" Mrs. Jordan looked too lovely in a long flowing white sarcenet dress, a thing I raved of all last year, and Davy " (her maid) " never would let me have, her hair all loose behind and very long, and in front braided with roman pearls in *so* lovely a way, like an old picture, with one long white feather turned back. She acted better than ever. What a pretty play that ' Child of Nature ' is ! . . . One does wonder, to be sure, at her immense *brass* . . . as it is about what she must feel guilty of, yet she only seems to enjoy it. . . . She contrives somehow never to shock one though she is so bold, and her great humour carries off the rest. Her voice, too, sounds so modest and pretty when she chooses. She sang : ' In the dead of the night ' in such a lovely manner. I like it altogether much the best of her parts.

" I am obliged to *prendre sur mon sommeil* to find time to write to you. I must certainly be very agreeable for not one single moment of the day can Papa and Mamma suffer me from them. ' Ciss, where's Ciss ? ' up and down the house, . . . Donny † is to raise sixty men for Lord Cunningham's regiment to which he is named Lt. Colonel. It was offered Uncle Conolly who refused it for himself and got it for Donny. They are very happy at it and in a great hurry to get to Ireland. I cannot conclude without telling you Papa's plan for next summer as I think you will particularly relish it. He says the war will be concluded and he will take us all to France to see it in its new state. It will be, most likely, a *hot* summer for us if he does : what think you ? I believe a stronger reason than the *sans culottes* would make me dislike it : no man could then walk over from Norbury. . . . They have all been nested hours so I must go. Davy *jette les hauts cris* for me and sends Duty, Love, everything."

Lady Mornington came one day to dine at the Duchess of Leinster's and brought the latest news about the Prince of Wales's marriage.

" She says the *Purrs* at Hampton Court are in sad alarm as the Prince is to live there with his Princess when they are married and consequently the *Tabbys* must turn out. The Prince is to be married at Christmas.

* Lady Elizabeth Stanley married Stephen Thomas Cole of Twickenham in 1795.
† Colonel George Napier, known as Donny in the family.

Lady Mary Bentinck is to be one of the bridesmaids and Lady Something Montague the other; not such pretty ones as this Queen had. The Princess is beautiful, they say. The Duke of Portland told Mrs. Crewe that the Prince was very much in love with her from the picture sent him. I can't say that I should much value or hope for the continuance of such love."

Cecilia, young as she was, had correctly visualised poor Caroline of Brunswick's unhappy future as Princess of Wales and uncrowned Queen of England.

XI

CHARLES LOCK MARRIES CECILIA OGILVIE

1795

IN 1795 the "good family" moved from No. 43 to No. 48 in Harley Street. They continued to attend the opera nearly every night, when their box became the meeting place of all the gay young sparks of London. Lucy was flirting wildly with Mr. Wodehouse and Cecilia voted him "very human," which was the highest term of praise among the sisters. One night when he joined them at the theatre "he came late and was *very drunk*, having dined with a party of young men." Lucy merely stated the fact in her diary but was not in the least shocked, for these were common occurrences in the eighteenth century, and when her sailor brother Charles came to dine even Mr. Ogilvie relaxed. "He and Papa are both a little drunkish, I think, and they are making such a row, arguing, scolding, laughing!" After a few happy weeks something mysterious occurred to end Lucy's romance.

"The events of these two days are unfortunately too deeply written in my heart to make it necessary to mention here," she wrote, and again: "at the Duchess of Gordon's ball I danced while my heart was breaking, but I must bear it. I enjoyed Mimi's happiness, having lost mine for ever."

On the other hand Cecilia's romance with Charles Lock had taken a more satisfactory turn. The two brothers, William and Charles, went about London a great deal that season: they attended an assembly at the Duchess of Leinster's when "all the fine people came," and Lucy had "a pleasant talk with the two Locks and liked them at all times." When she and her sisters walked in the square on 17th April they met all the Lock family. Lady Henry Fitzgerald encouraged the course of true love by allowing the young people to see each other at her house, and even had a conference with "old Mr. Lock." In May the Duchess also had a conversation with him, and during that time Mr. Ogilvie and Lucy took a long walk in the fields adjoining Harley Street while they talked over Cecilia's affairs. Charles Lock lived on the road between Norbury and London,

according to Lucy. " June the 10th was a happy day, Mr. Ogilvie gave his consent to Cecilia marrying Charles Lock : we all met at the Henrys' in the evening." This sounds as if Cecilia's father had been the one to oppose the match. The obstacle was probably lack of money ; Mr. Lock with a numerous family could not give a large allowance to his second son, and Cecilia had practically nothing of her own. Their lives were embittered later on by being chronically hard up.

Now all was sunshine. Charles dined every evening in Harley Street, and when the others had to go out Lucy remained behind as chaperon, a rôle she seems to have relished. " *So* snug ; I read Rousseau to them and played upon the harp which is my chief comfort." When " all " the Locks came to dine and spend the evening Lucy thought them " charming people but rather grave and silent, William particularly, but he is in love and I excuse him. George is a pleasant lad. The girls went to the opera with Mamma and Mimi, they returned here to supper."

In spite of being so different they all became very friendly and were together a great deal. One day they went to Greenwich by water and dined there, Lucy being in the same boat with Mrs. Lock, William, Charles, and Cecilia : and she " enjoyed the happiness of the day for Ciss." When the Duchess and her daughters went to stay at Norbury Park Lucy, like so many others, fell under its magic spell. " This place is heaven on earth," she wrote, though all they had done was to go for long walks, examine William's drawings and hear Mrs. Lock sing. She hated to tear herself away from " this sweet place " and return to London, but there were many things to see to. On 29th June she rose and went out early to buy the material for Cecilia's wedding dress ; it was to be her gift, and she found what she wanted in Holborn. All the Locks came up to town and returned to Norbury with bewildering frequency. With six girls constantly in the house : two Locks, two Fitzgeralds, and two Ogilvies, there was seldom any quiet. Lucy, ever friendly, even succeeded in animating the grave William Lock, for when he handed her down from the coach on their return from the opera, she wheedled him into coming in for supper and found him " very delightful." She went with Mrs. Lock to a silversmith's about Cecilia's plate and bought her a coffee pot, after which they visited the china shop in A. Street. Every day a large number of friends and relations dined or supped at the Duchess's and spent the evening there. One night when Mr. and Mrs. Lock came to dinner they danced reels afterwards and were " so merry."

Once a rift appeared in the lute. "There was a little *dust* about the settlements—fitter to be forgot than remembered, but it put us in a fright." However, the wedding day came at last. On its eve the Locks dined in Harley Street and the articles were signed in the evening, after which Cecilia and Mimi sang. "I was not let to sing," added Lucy. The sisters spent most of the night in each other's rooms, where much whispering and laughing went on while the Duchess and Mr. Ogilvie reposed peacefully in their big double bed.

"July 9th, The Great Day. The Locks, Henry and Donny came at half past nine. At half past ten we proceeded to Marylebone Church where *they* were married ; we came home to breakfast, then next to Barnes to see a place for them. We parted with them there, they went on to Boyle Farm, we returned to town and dined all together. In the evening we attempted to go to Hughes' but there was no room so we went to Astley's. Supper together : what a day!"

The Henry Fitzgeralds had lent Boyle Farm to Charles and Cecilia for their honeymoon, but a month later they were at Norbury when Lucy returned there for another visit. William Lock took her to call on the d'Arblays and she was charmed by Fanny's conversation. "Life is very pleasant."

The young people rode a great deal, Lucy being mounted on one of George's horses. He was now rector at Mickleham and the coquette, who never failed to try her powers, flirted also with him. When they went for an evening stroll in the fields he gathered cornflowers with which she wove herself a wreath. On Sunday he "preached delightfully" in the little grey church, presumably not allowing his thoughts to stray to the pretty Irish rebel with her hair starred with his blue flowers. William was often melancholy and at other times "quite lively." The summer of 1795 was warm and lovely ; when the party rode over to a place called the Rookery and boated there, they got knocked up by the heat and Lucy could not ride home. She added : "we had venison for dinner." In the evening Mimi played the organ and the party having revived they ended by dancing before Mr. Lock, who did not fail to notice how Lucy brought more gaiety into the house than all his other guests put together.

Lucy felt "very melancholy" when she returned to London, especially as some misunderstanding had taken place between the Charles Locks and herself; ". . . they are not pleasant to me, the reason I should never have guessed at nor expected from them. *Blow then, thou winter wind. . . .*"

She went to stay with the Henry Fitzgeralds and all the Locks came over from Norbury for the servants' ball. They danced and supped in the hall, but Lucy noted that her pleasure was quite destroyed by Cecilia's extreme unkindness so that next day, in consequence, she was in such wretched spirits she could not mix with the rest of the party. August 13th was also a failure. " We all went by water to see Strawberry Hill, the other Locks left before dinner. I fell into the river. Charles and Cecilia are still here. Very uncomfortable."

What the tiff was about we shall never know. The Charles Locks went on a trip to Southampton and Portsmouth and on their return to Norbury Cecilia fell ill. Lucy flew to her sister and found her " so kind to me that it made me quite happy." The charm of Norbury had restored harmony. Cecilia lay in bed and all the family went upstairs in turn to keep her company. When she was better : " we young people sit in the drawing room with all the windows open for *Cecilia* " (why, in August, should she have been the only one who needed fresh air ?) " and Mr. and Mrs. Lock sit in the Painted Room." William made drawings of Mimi and Cecilia, Augusta was " too comical, a most entertaining girl and an excellent mimic. . . . We have great fun in our rooms at night . . . we generally all go off after supper and sing *La Carmagnole* and *Le Reveil du Peuple*," she added somewhat startlingly, for it is difficult to imagine revolutionary sing-songs taking place under Mr. Lock's roof, even in the privacy of bedchambers in the dead of night.

For about a year Lucy visited Norbury Park constantly, coming and going as freely as if it had been her own home. She was recovering from her love affair with Mr. Wodehouse and except for an occasional squabble with her stepfather or Cecilia she was still carefree, for Irish politics had not yet taken entire possession of her heart and soul. When at Norbury she entered into all the quiet occupations of the Locks, and helped to manufacture pretty trifles to be sold at the Leatherhead Fair. The Fair had been a " gay scene," in spite of occasional showers ; they saw beasts and shows, bought presents for each other, and grave William actually gave her a ribbon, a positive triumph. Lucy brought her harp with her when she came to Norbury and they always had music in the evening, though sometimes they read Bruce's travels aloud.

In the autumn the house was full of Uptons : the eldest girls, whom Lucy thought quite beautiful, delighted the party by dancing the *Tarantella* and an *Allemande*. Faint echoes of politics reached them but did not ruffle the

calm surface of their days. " There had been a great disturbance at Paris. . . . Lord Templetown brought the news of the King having been insulted on his way to the House. . . . There is an account of a great defeat and slaughter of the French by the Austrians."

Lucy found the Dorking ball more exciting than these far away events. She had danced a great deal with Lord Leslie, Lord Templetown and his younger brothers, also with William Lock. On another cold autumn night they had gone to a dance at Sir F. Evelyn's which was " quite delightful." They did not get to bed till eight in the morning and therefore slept till two, spending the rest of the day talking over the party and the *retour du bal* which had been so funny, with Mimi in a great fur coat like *Princess Rastigusty*. By evening they had sufficiently rested to enjoy a great romp and putting dolls in each other's beds. When Lucy left in the chaise, taking with her little Frederick who was going to school, she went regretfully, for " nothing could be more comfortable or delightful than the time I spent there."

She visited the Byngs at Wrotham at the beginning of 1796, but found that life at Norbury had spoilt her for other country houses. The gentlemen were out hunting all day and she missed her harp. The Byngs were noisy, and when guests came for a ball in the house she found them " a precious set of quizzes." The other ladies *would* come into her room to talk, and she didn't like them. The only bright spot was when they drove over to Hatfield, which she described as a glorious old place, and Lord Salisbury received her with great civility. Lucy was glad to return to Harley Street where she found the house " very pretty, all new done, the parlour below still the same, the clock ticking as it did this time last year when I used to sit expecting *him* : in the same room in the spring passed a scene I shall never forget." The memory of Mr. Wodehouse still had the power to make her heart ache.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald's political activities now began to cause his family great anxiety. Gone were the days when his chief desire was to live in the wilds of America. At Frescati he had only wanted a quiet country life and spent his time pruning roses, planting jonquils, and digging the holes destined to contain thirteen laurel trees—an ominous number. When Frescati was sold and he settled in the lodge at Kildare, lent him by his uncle Conolly, he was quite contented and thought that life would be good there, even in winter. " When I am with Pam and the child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire and a pleasant book, coming in after seeing my poultry

shut up, my garden settled, flower beds and plants covered for fear of frost, the place looking comfortable and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible." But Edward could not live in Ireland, loving his country as passionately as he did, and not be drawn into the turmoil of politics. He was, we know, a member of the Irish Parliament, and as early as 1793 had made a violent speech against the Lord Lieutenant and the Castle party. In 1796 he joined the " United Irishmen," a revolutionary society founded in Belfast by Wolfe Tone, and from now on lived dangerously, suspected by the English authorities, liable to be arrested as a rebel any day. It was at this time that he became intimate with Arthur O'Connor, a popular Irishman of brilliant talents.

Edward had always been Lucy's favourite brother, and Cecilia Lock adored him too. Both girls were very much under his influence and one night they attended the opera in London with their hair tucked up—apparently a symbol of revolution—and were mobbed by the crowd. On the other hand, all the " good family " went to Court that year, which seems rather inconsequent. Between worrying over her brother's future and the unfaithful Mr. Wodehouses's conduct, Lucy's spirits sank to a low level. For some days she refused to go out and played the harp all day long, which must have been trying for the other inhabitants of the house. " I have known pleasanter times," she wrote gloomily. All the same, the names of various Locks are still sprinkled plentifully over the pages of her diary.

In April, 1796, the " United Irishmen " decided to send an agent to France to negotiate the terms on which its government would help them in their struggle for independence ; this assistance was to take the form of a French invasion of England. Edward Fitzgerald was chosen by the revolutionary society as its representative and he was to be accompanied by Arthur O'Connor. Pamela refused to be parted from her husband until it was absolutely necessary, so the three came over from Ireland together and stayed some days in London before proceeding on their journey. Either their plans were kept very secret or else the British Government was singularly tolerant, for the Irish rebels were not molested in any way and went about freely all over the town. Lucy took Pamela to the opera on 23rd April. " We had a number of men in the box and I felt more gay than I had done for a long time ; I saw at a distance that *form* I had loved : the soul was wanting, and it was the soul that so entirely attracted mine." Her passion for Mr. Wodehouse had died at last.

It is probable that during those days in London Edward confided to his sister his secret schemes for Ireland, and she became as passionate a rebel as himself. Years afterwards Gerald Campbell, grandson of Edward, wrote of her : " Lady Lucy was just Lord Edward dressed in women's clothes. She was to the full as patriotic as her brother—perhaps even more so—for she loved the cause because he loved it, whom she loved above all things. She was possessed like him of a strong sense of humour, so that she shared with him the family epithet of ' comical ' ; she had a warm, loving, susceptible Irish heart."

Edward brought his friend O'Connor to dine at Harley Street, and this meeting was the beginning of a fresh love affair for the impressionable Lucy. Next day " we "—one wonders whether the Irish rebels were also of the party—" went to see Lansdowne House," and Lucy was delighted with the beautiful marbles, pictures, and books. The Duchess of Leinster gave a great dinner, after which Edward and Lucy went to the opera by themselves and found the King and Queen had got their box, so they took places in the pit instead, where the mob eventually broke in " so we took refuge with Mamma." There was an atmosphere of *imprevu* at the opera in those days which now has totally vanished. Another night it was Cecilia Lock whom Edward escorted to the play while Lucy attended a ball at George Byng's where, though she danced with William Lock, she was not amused and felt " fast asleep " all the evening. At a party at the Duchess of Gordon's things were better. " It was a very pleasant assembly. The good family all sat on a couch and was much attended to."

Lucy does not mention in her diary either her brother's political plans or his departure from England ; no doubt she feared its falling into other hands. From Edward's first biographer, the poet and musician, Thomas Moore, we know that he and O'Connor left on their secret mission about the middle of May, and during that time Pamela stayed in Hamburg with her adopted mother Madame de Genlis. Lucy resumed her social round in London and though she notes that nothing was thought of but the elections her entries are all on purely frivolous matters. She was a great deal with the Locks, and in June she returned to Norbury on another long visit. One wonders whether the Locks, so deeply loyal to their King and their Country, could have known that they were harbouring in their peaceful home one whose fervent hope was to witness a French invasion of England. " At Norbury, ' dear Lady Lucy ' is the constant theme," wrote Cecilia during those days. And Lucy herself noted : " I felt so glad in every way

to go, the country is lovely and the company particularly to my taste, the dear Norbury people so glad to see me."

The Duchess of Leinster and Mr. Ogilvie had rented a house at Ealing for the summer. " We were quite happy to see the dear Locks here," she wrote in August, 1796 ; " you know how I love her, dear sweet woman, she is so affectionate to me. How kind it was of her to come so much out of her way, and in her truly obliging manner to try and make out that it was more convenient : that is so engaging. They all looked vastly well.

" Pray tell me if Charles has taken courage and offered to be employed to do any little business for my brother, being an idle man. I know it is a kind of thing to impress my brother and, that once done and his fancy taken, he would interest himself warmly and may have it in his power to serve him."

The Duchess, probably influenced by her husband, was very anxious to find some occupation for Charles Lock. For the moment the young people were at Lavant, a small country house lent them by the Duke of Richmond ; Cecilia was expecting her first baby and Lucy, on leaving Norbury, went to stay with them. The Duchess was very uneasy at not hearing from Edward and knowing nothing about his movements, but the brief entries in Lucy's diary are only about daily life at Lavant. Boating was their chief amusement. Charles and Lucy had planned to sail over to the Isle of Wight, and when the trip fell through Lucy thought it was just as well : " they might have been taken by some French ships which are so bold they come into Chichester Harbour."

One night they dined with the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood and " there was nothing talked of but the French invasion, which is expected." Lucy, who knew that her brother was in the plot for this invasion, must have kept her secret even in the family, and her diary gives no hint as to which side her sympathy leaned.

Edward Fitzgerald got back to Ireland safely after accomplishing his mission in France, and purposely did not stop on the way to see his family in London so as not to compromise them. Lucy, passionately anxious to be with her brother and hear his news, decided to go over and join him. Her mother accepted this plan with her usual placidity. Mr. Ogilvie was in Dublin on business ; he and Lucy had recently indulged in one of their periodical fights, and the Duchess was chiefly preoccupied by *how* they would mutually behave on meeting. On the other hand Lady Henry Fitzgerald was strongly opposed to the scheme ; as a sensible woman, she dreaded Lucy

getting mixed up in politics and knew that it was inevitable if she went to Ireland. She wrote energetically to Cecilia Lock on the subject. "How, you, Cecilia, who used to be a rational creature, could ever go and uphold Lucy in so extravagantly wild a scheme?" Cecilia termed Lady Henry's letter ridiculous. "She thinks I will be sufficiently punished by Charles being sent over to fetch you, which will keep him away from me for many months, but which is the only means she can see for you to be brought back."

Cecilia would not oppose Lucy's wish, but she found the loneliness of Lavant unbearable after her departure. In spite of their occasional tiffs, the two half-sisters adored each other. Lucy's empty room, the work-box that she had left behind, were intolerable sights. To make things worse their Aunt, the Duchess of Richmond, died, not a great grief for the younger generation, but the Duke "wished the family to mourn as deep and as long as possible. We are in black glove mourning for three months, they say, which seems a *vast* while." Cecilia thought it would be more cheerful at Norbury and returned there in a chaise with her sister-in-law Augusta Lock who had also been staying with her.

"The roads were wretchedly heavy . . . we arrived not without having been offered a dinner by Sir Charles Burrell and his brother officers as we drove through Haslemere: they were going to the Mess and pressed us very kindly to stay. Do you see us stopping our chay within twenty miles of Norbury to take our pleasure with the *Maylitia* officers? Sir Charles's voice was louder and more boatmanlike than usual. The day was so bad that we went all the way in the chaise, which made four able-bodied people besides the vastly numerous boxes. We were all so cramped when we came in we none of us could stand. We found them all in the hall, blessed people, transported with joy. My mother buried in "fair" work with William. Nothing ever was so pretty as the things now look and I was surprised at the show my drawings made."

The Duchess of Leinster, who was staying at Norbury, had brought a new member of the family with her. Edward Fitzgerald had made the strange promise to his mother that if his first child was a son he would give him to her as a permanent gift, and early in 1796 the infant "Eddy" was handed over to his grandmother. "*Je ne puis voir un enfant de l'âge de mon Eddy sans un battement de cœur, mais bien vite je pense à votre bonheur et je suis consolée*," wrote the young mother pathetically.

So the old Duchess had come to her kind friends, confident of a welcome

for the baby as well. "I mean to take Eddy ; don't you think I am right ? If I left him behind I should feel fidgetty, and I know dear Mrs. Lock will be rather glad to have him, she loves a little baby and is so motherly to everything young and helpless ! " And Edward wrote gratefully from Ireland : "I don't repent leaving Eddy as I am sure it is a comfort to my beloved Mother. How I like your account of Norbury ! Pray tell dear Ciss I was very sorry it was not in my power to see her, sweet love ! "

XII

LUCY FITZGERALD JOINS HER BROTHER IN IRELAND

1796

MEANWHILE Lucy had reached Ireland after a long and uncomfortable journey, inevitable in those days. Cecilia Lock wrote to her on 29th October, 1796: "So you are landed safe and sound in that good country and you were *not* sick! What a vain, idle boast! Do you expect us to believe you, *us* who saw you fainted before you were past the port at Portsmouth? Likely matter, indeed. How *devoured* you will be, how hurried and stunned with the novelty and joy of seeing so many relations! I do hate the idea of your growing an *Irish body* again and losing sight of you, but you won't be too long away from your Mummy and Cissy, will you? Don't fancy you can be *as much loved* as with me and at Norbury. I long to know how Papa received you and what he says to your being in Ireland. . . ." And she ends her letter with a malicious touch: "You would be amused at Mimi's *indignation* and *surprise* at William not making up to her, but going on with his book regardless of her charms. She wanted Amelia to find out *what* it could be, not understanding at all that he was not at her feet. I rather enjoyed it, I own, as that *mean adulation* provokes me, you know!"

But life at Norbury Park had faded into the far distance for Lucy, who was now back in the troubled land of her birth and an ardent Irish rebel. She was then twenty-five. "I saw from the boat the rocks of Bullock and all Cecilia's and my old rides and then went on to Dublin in a *Jingle*, a sort of sociable. Passed poor dear Frescati, *not* with a dry eye; I can't describe what I felt at seeing all these places! Arrived at Merrion Square and saw Sister Bellamont, the Edwards, Aunt Louisa, and Mr. Conolly, then went to Castletown and saw Aunt Sarah and all the Napiers." A grand family reunion, in fact.

The beautiful Lady Sarah now lived at Celbridge, ten miles from Dublin and close to Castletown, the seat of her brother-in-law Mr. Conolly, who was a member of the Irish Parliament. Her husband, Colonel Napier, was

in command of English troops ; his duty therefore was first to prevent and then to suppress the Irish Rebellion. They had five sons and three daughters, a splendid family, all beautiful and brave. Colonel Napier brought them up to fear nothing, and the neighbours called their home "The Eagle's Nest."

The five brothers became soldiers and took part in the Peninsular War. Charles, George, and William were knighted for their distinguished services and attained the rank of general. William had inherited his mother's startling beauty, and an officer who found him left for dead under a tree at Casal Noval, where he had been shot down by the French, thought him the handsomest man he had ever seen. All five were present at the battle of Corunna, when Sir John Moore the famous general—son of the Locks' old family doctor—was killed. Twice, on the evening of a hard fought battle, Wellington snatched a moment to let Lady Sarah know that two of her sons had been seriously wounded. William Napier had been a friend of Lady Hester Stanhope in the days when, as a girl, she kept house for her uncle Pitt, the Prime Minister. Long years after, when her name aroused nothing but sneers and derision, he was the only one of her old friends to take up her defence. He never forgot that the brilliant, spoilt young woman, the idol of London drawing rooms, had found time to exert her influence in order to obtain a pension for his mother. Two of the Napier girls died of consumption when barely grown up ; the third, Emily, was adopted by her childless aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly.

The Duchess of Leinster was more anxious to see peace between Mr. Ogilvie and Lucy than between England and Ireland.

London, 20th October, 1796

". . . . your dear Papa, for I will call him so as I know how truly he deserves the appellation from his heart and feelings for you, says : 'I have a room ready for the Edwards, and should have had one for *Lady* Lucy, but that I suppose she will choose to go to Mrs. Trench's. I shall receive her very kindly when we meet, though I am certain it is very indifferent to her whether I do or not.' Is not this, dear Lucy, more like a person hurt at imagined unkindness than like an angry one ? I hope, my love, you will have gone up kindly to him and that I may hope for the very great happiness it will be to see you again on a comfortable footing. He mentions in another letter that if your intention was only to make a short visit he would wait a fortnight beyond his own time to see you safe home again if you wished it, but I think they will not be easily prevailed upon in Ireland to

give you up so soon. If he proposes it and you refuse I hope you will do it in the kindest manner, for *manner*, my love ! is *everything* with him, and indeed with almost everybody. Don't be short and positive and decisive and refuse it *plump*, but enter into your inducements for staying longer with a little friendly love."

The Duchess's tactful letter had the desired effect, for on 23rd October Lucy makes the following brief entry in her tiny book : " Papa came ; he and I made it up." It must have been a very thorough peace making, for she no longer calls him " Mr. Ogilvie." Her mother's joy was touching. " No words, my sweet Lucy, can give you an idea of the heartfelt satisfaction I received on reading these lines in dear Papa's letter : ' dear Lucy and I have had an explanation which was followed by a reconciliation. It was impossible to see her with indifference, the situation was too painful, I could not stand it, so gave her an opening which I must do her the Justice to say she readily seized and all was made up.' Never, my dear Angel, did I feel more truly delighted, it left a pleasant, happy feel that I cannot describe and I carried it to my pillow, praying God to bless you both and thanking him for this happy change. How I do love you, my angel, for conquering any little feel that might have kept you back from showing your real affection. When I remember this time two years ago and see him, dear soul, breaking his heart about you, it is comfortable to me to think that you are again united : a thought that will help to soothe my last moments when they arrive."

A little later she wrote again on the same subject : " Keep it up, my angel ! He is an invaluable friend, believe me, and one who will stick to you through life, and in whose protection I shall feel so satisfied to leave you. Never let his little ways dishearten you : believe in his heart ! There you will ever find strong and warm affection. Ask dear Eddy if he has not ever found it so, and yet there is nobody that I have found him half as angry with as with that dearest of creatures. My love, let me recommend to you always to hear *all* he has to say before you answer, and not to interrupt him, as I know it is particularly disagreeable to him." And then, to end with a sugar-plum, the good Duchess added : " I hear of nothing in my letters but your pretty looks. They all admire your auburn hair so much, and think it such an improvement, which it certainly is." (For Lucy had given up powder.) " Your person and manner, Sarah tells me, are also thought delightful, and she says you will give all the young ones better *ton* than they had before."

Lucy began by staying a few days at Leinster House where, apparently, Mr. Ogilvie reigned as host, the Edward Fitzgeralds being also his guests. She was now completely under her brother's spell. These were peaceful days for both of them : sometimes they would sup happily in his room while his wife suckled little Pam, their second child " who is a beauty and a love." The Edwards and Lucy then went to stay with the Duke of Leinster and his wife at Carton, the family seat, where all the elder Fitzgeralds had been born, and they had a merry time till their gaieties were nipped in the bud by the news of the death of the Duchess of Richmond. They left for Castletown where Lucy had a " desperate " fall from her horse when riding with Lord Castlereagh, but soon they were all back again at Carton and Uncle Richmond not being near enough to enforce the " long and deep mourning " to which he had condemned poor Cecilia Lock, they enjoyed themselves once more. " We are a most delightful party, Lady Edward here the whole time and Edward backwards and forwards. We have had beautiful dancing and *such* a Ballet : called Dido ! Edward composed it mostly, I selected the music, Mary (the Duke of Leinster's daughter) played and Louis (Lord Edward's servant) and another fiddler accompanied her."

They went to Dublin for the day and Mr. Ogilvie gave them " a snack " at Leinster House, but when O'Connor called the old gentleman refused to let him come in. He felt he had to draw the line somewhere as far as Irish rebels were concerned, and Lord Edward was his limit. Lucy did not mind, she had many other opportunities of seeing the man who now interested her above all. On 27th November she went to stay with the Edwards at Kildare. Life there was Spartan, though Lucy declared " nothing could be more comfortable than this little habitation." The presence of Arthur O'Connor, the only other guest, made everything *couleur de rose*. The days were pleasant : O'Connor read aloud to them, chiefly Shakespeare's " Julius Cæsar " ; they went for ten-mile walks on the Curragh, they rode, Edward and Lucy keeping together, for Pamela and O'Connor *would* talk for hours about their mutual French friends. Sometimes the apothecary Cummings, " *a real democrat*," came to dinner, and in the evening they danced jigs, at which Edward was an expert. Once they had quite a ball by calling in men servants and maids and the butcher's daughter, making up seven couples in all. One rainy afternoon Pamela and O'Connor had great fun decorating a pocket-book for Lucy, in which they gummed a quantity of " emblems " of her varied temperament and political tendencies. The

faded red-leather wallet still survives, with its water-colour sketches of an owl, a butterfly and a print of Rousseau's grave.

" Dec. 2nd. Two men came from town, a Mr. McNevin and a Mr. Lenans, both great Democrats and very agreeable men. We spent a delightful afternoon between dancing and singing patriotic songs, and the most interesting conversation. We had the apothecary Cummins who we delight in and we sat up till two o'clock. . . . We had a conversation I *never* shall forget, I never heard anything of the kind before. I was very much amused and deeply interested, lost in admiration of such superior talents but not *convinced*, and grieved to tears at such a mind supposing itself perishable."

The cosy *partie carrée* at Kildare Lodge was abruptly interrupted by the arrival of Lord and Lady Castlereagh with a message for Lucy from Aunt Louisa Conolly, summoning her to return at once with the horses brought by the Castlereaghs and come and stay at Castletown. Probably Lady Louisa thought it advisable to detach her niece from the revolutionary hotbed in which she had settled herself. Lucy obeyed sadly. " The party broke up to our great regret. Edward was going before to take leave of Mr. Ogilvie but *the other* would have stayed with us : now Edward and *Arthur* have settled to go to town." Just as she was leaving Kildare the news arrived of Cecilia Lock " being brought to bed of a girl. The joy quite overcame me." This new addition to the Lock family was Emily, destined to marry in Italy and become Contessa de Viry.

The days of ballets and Irish jigs were now over. There was " an alarm " of the French being off the coast of Ireland : troops were marching and all were " in consternation." The French fleet had reached Bantry Bay and left it. A little later : " the *alarm* of the French seems over for the present." As usual, Lucy was extremely careful of what she wrote in her diary about political affairs and gave no clue to which side she was on, but no doubt she regretted the withdrawal of the French Fleet.

On 3rd February, 1797, Arthur O'Connor was arrested for his address to Co. Antrim, which was considered treasonable. Lady Sarah Napier, though devoted to her nephew Edward, did not share his extremist ideas, and wrote sensibly to Sophia Fitzgerald on hearing of O'Connor's imprisonment : " Granting we have no advantages from the English Government (which is *not* granted, because not true) the overturning it and becoming an Independent people is not practicable without horrors worse a million times than the English Government, nor can it be done without the French whose

alliance is sure to be usurpation, despotism and complete poverty if they succeeded : but who can believe the English would let Ireland go without fighting for her ? And the consequences must be that poor Ireland would remain the Stage of War for years to come. I really do think that to try to promote our shaking off the yoke of England by means of the French, is cruel to poor Ireland in a most barbarous degree, for it is egging on the poor deluded people of Ireland to dash into certain misery and destruction. Upon all these considerations I do most sincerely from my heart condemn O'Connor. His friends say he is an honest man—I own I doubt it."

Lucy was horrified at the news of O'Connor's arrest and she and her brother lamented together all day. A week later she was able to get a glimpse of the prisoner from the window of his cell ; he looked very melancholy, and they kissed their hands to each other. O'Connor scribbled messages for the Fitzgeralds on the margins of books that his servant carried to and fro, in one he mentioned having seen from his barred window his dear, beloved friend Lucy, and that the sight of her pallor had brought torrents from his eyes. " The dear song, the old dance, the conversation, the humble meal and the jug of native punch accompanied with social friendship, shall we ever pass those days again ? "

Far away in England, the old Duchess of Leinster, worried about Irish affairs, usually got hold of the wrong end of the stick. " Think of that tiresome Prince of Wales inviting himself to dine here with Louisa to talk over Irish politics ! " she wrote peevishly in February, when Lady Louisa Conolly was staying with her on a flying visit—" what a fuss and trouble it will make in the good family ! He professes himself most warmly interested about Ireland which he says is mismanaged. He blames the conduct of Ministers in particular and I see is very anxious to have these sentiments known in that country, for which purpose he butters up Louisa finely." It seems unfair of the Duchess to be so cross with her future King for making even a faint attempt to redress Ireland's wrongs, but anything that threatened the placid comfort of her life was unbearable to her and her family was all she cared about. " Tell my Eddy his pretty Babe is well, merry and happy. I told him something he was eating was *enough* and that more was *too much.* ' But Eddy don't like *enough :* Eddy like *too much.*' Was not that like his Papa's comical answers ? It diverted Charles Fox and Lord Holland of all things : they heard him ! "

The imprisonment of O'Connor did not prevent Lucy and the Edwards going to Lady Carhampton's ball, but a few days later Lucy refused to

attend a party at the Castle. Presumably the Edwards were not invited. Her niece Mary had made her laugh with an account of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Camden, sitting in a bower of roses. Soon after this the Edwards and Lucy returned to Kildare and spent their time entertaining rebels. Lucy gave green cravats to two " democrat " gentlemen who came to call on Lady Edward and made them wear them on the ride home, for " a green cravat is a sign of good principles." Conolly, a Catholic priest, dined with them ; Lucy found him clever and comical and a *good Irishman*, while Pamela declared that he looked like Voltaire. Cecilia Lock was very anxious when she heard of all this.

March, 28th

" My darling Lucia,

" I enclose you a letter for Eddy which pray give him and do, my love, write to me and let me know your private opinion about him. Brother Leinster has alarmed Mamma dreadfully and I own I am not easy, but trust in his affection for the tenderest and best of Mothers, for being prudent. For God's sake do all you can to make him aware how miserable he makes one whose life he ought in gratitude and duty to make happy. Pray, *pray* write to me honestly : Mamma shan't see your letter.

" Ever yours,

" Ciss."

It was not likely that the reckless Lucy would preach prudence to her brother, but she returned to Dublin. At a ball at Lady Clare's she wore her " hair turned close up, was reckoned democratic and was not danced with." Yet, surprisingly enough, she went two days later to a ball at the Castle, about which she comments briefly that it was extremely pleasant and that she had danced with several men, " all smart beaux." The old Duchess was pleased to hear of her social activities. " Your sister Bellamont told me you were lovely when dressed for the Ball. I am glad your nakedness extended no further than your pretty white *poll*, as it might have given you cold to have bared your dear bosom : the idea of the indecency of showing the back of one's neck is beyond me." These frivolities were only an interlude, for in May Lucy was back at Kildare once more with her brother and his wife.

At this time a clash occurred between the Duke of Leinster and the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke was certainly not a rebel, but he was aware of the wrongs that oppressed Ireland. Lord Camden was violently against the

Irish Catholics and refused to see any point of view but the English one. Lady Charlotte Strutt wrote to her sister Lady Sophia Fitzgerald an account of what had occurred.

April 28th, 1797

"The news and talk of England and Ireland is our brother Leinster's conduct. He wrote to the Lord Lieutenant to acquaint him with his intention of calling a meeting of the County of Kildare, for the purpose of petitioning the King to dismiss his present Ministers, as the only means to save the Kingdom, etc. The Lord Lieutenant in answer, begged to see him. My brother went to him at the Castle, repeated what he had said in his letter, with a declaration that he had taken his resolution and that nothing could alter his determination. The Lord Lieutenant said he supposed he meant then to give up his office. My brother said 'Yes, but since you think me unworthy of a Civil Employment, I am equally so of a Military one,' and therefore desired to resign the Kildare militia and to have his name struck out of the Privy Council. These are the Facts."

On 10th May there was an alarm that both Edward and Leinster were to be arrested. The Duke had had a violent scene with Lord Carhampton whom Lucy qualified as a *Wicked Madman*. "He scolded and stormed, said Brother Leinster was at the head of that gang of Assassins the United Irish. He did him too much honour, for he is not one," added Lucy proudly.

England was now perturbed by grave mutinies in the navy, first at Spithead and then at Sheerness. The second, which was much more serious, is known as the Mutiny at the Nore, and had a political character, for besides the resentment caused by legitimate grievances over short rations and bad quarters, the men refused to fight against the French Jacobins. In those days Cecilia Lock was also an ardent rebel, however much she and Charles were to deny it later on, and she wrote frantically to Lucy.

May 13th, 1797

". . . good God, how sad the times are! This business of the Fleet is beyond anything within the memory of man. . . . Oh, Mr. Pitt, how you will answer for all this hereafter! On earth he has not yet met his punishment, but surely the time *will* come. Mimi threatens to turn Charlotte Corday; I would myself but for leaving Baby were I hanged. But we need not fear: some more powerful hand will one day revenge the death of the millions he has caused to perish. As for Ireland, I trust its Emancipation will not cost too much blood; they seem so unanimous and

their cause is so just that the business will be an easy one, I fancy. I am so happy about Brother Leinster : we feel quite proud of him. Charles's love to you. . . ."

Edward felt the responsibility of keeping his sister with him in Ireland, with the political horizon growing ever darker and danger surrounding him on all sides, so he suggested taking her back to England. Lucy consented with a heavy heart : " I long to see Mamma, but don't like leaving Ireland just now." She also did not like leaving Arthur O'Connor.

Pamela and " Baby Pam " were to stay behind. Duignan—" poor fellow, there is not a better heart nor a better Patriot "—dined with them the night before they sailed and was arrested a few hours later. Lucy was " miserably low " as she " looked on this Dear but as yet Unfortunate little island " for the last time. She sat on deck with her brother till four in the morning, and watched Ireland vanishing in the grey dawn. However, the journey from Holyhead to London proved so delightful that Lucy's buoyant spirits rose at once. Weather and country alike were heavenly, so brother and sister walked whenever they could, the only cloud being that they were soon to part and Edward should really not be in England. When they got to Hounslow, they could scarcely secure beds in which to sleep for all the road to London was crowded with folks who had been at Windsor to see the Prince of Wurtemberg. " It appeared to us *such* folly ! " wrote the pretty democrat scornfully. In Harley Street they found only Mr. Ogilvie and Mimi so they hurried on to Boyle Farm, where all the rest of the good family were staying, and had a happy meeting. Edward paid a flying visit to Norbury to see Charles and Cecilia Lock.

Lucy was more careful than ever about what she wrote in her diary at this time, and many pages relating to these days are cut out of the book, doubtless because either she or someone else feared that they might prove compromising. " We expect a Person from Ireland who is to give us some information " is the nearest allusion she makes to politics. She was happy in her brother's society, returning from a party arm-in-arm with him, and another evening going to Viganoni's benefit, where they were " very snug," for hardly anybody was there and Edward sat between her and Ciss, while Sir Francis Burdett and the Duke of Manchester occupied the outer seats.

" June the 9th. I drove about with Edward all the morning and he set out after dinner in the Mail for Ireland. I never felt so miserable at parting with any person before." All the same, she went to the opera the next night with Cecilia Lock, struggling not to give way to low spirits as

she had promised Edward to be brave, but though they had a great many people in the box she hated her evening. On 15th June Lord and Lady Henry Fitzgerald attended the Drawing room ; the old Duchess and Mimi were to have gone too, but " after all did not." Lucy gives no explanation of this change of plans, and it seems incredible that they should have contemplated going at all.

During all these troubled months the peaceful days at Norbury Park drifted along unchanged. The Charles Locks were there towards the end of June, together with Lucy and Mimi. The young folks resumed their long walks morning and evening. Lucy's thoughts were divided between her brother and Arthur O'Connor who still languished in prison, and she could feel no pleasure in anything, besides which it rained a good deal, Mrs. Lock kept to her bed with the rheumatism, and " poor Augusta was confined with weak eyes." All the same Lucy wrote : " I found these dear people pleasant and kind as ever."

It was only on August 5th, when back in London, that a ray of sunshine broke forth. The first thing Lucy saw on waking was a letter from Pamela telling her that Arthur had been released. Next morning she heard from him personally. She spent the day at home without company, which was a great satisfaction as she wanted to be alone, having much to think about. Her spirits soared ; she went to Boyle Farm to stay with the Henry Fitzgeralds, and all the Locks came over from Norbury on a ten days' visit. Lucy was now gay enough to enjoy " a pleasant little dance and *romp ;* William made us die with laughing, towzling and tumbling Caroline Conyers who submitted perfectly unmoved." The whole visit was a merry one, with constant dancing and William actually gave her a ring : he had fallen in love with Lucy, but she paid no heed to his attentions. In their quieter hours they all worked busily at manufacturing little articles for the Leatherhead Fair.

During these days Lucy made the acquaintance of the Coutts and their daughter who came to spend a few days at Boyle Farm. " Mr. Coutts is a second old Mr. Lock, and she a good, excellent creature—*sans pretention*—we like her of all things." It would have been difficult for the wife of the great banker Thomas Coutts to have any pretensions, for she had started her career as Susan Starkie, his brother's servant. After Mrs. Coutts's death the banker married Harriet Mellon, a young actress who had been his mistress for some years and made him an excellent wife. When she was left a widow she married the Duke of St. Albans, who was twenty years younger than herself, and her young husband was just as happy as her old one had been. Fanny Coutts became friends at once with Lucy, who described her as

charming and an excellent patriot, which leaves us musing on what Fanny's political views were. She eventually married John, eldest son of the Marquess of Bute. The Coutts had an elder daughter called Sophia, who married Sir Francis Burdett, and they were known by the name of Burdett Coutts. They eventually inherited the large house at the corner of Piccadilly and Stratton Street in which their daughter, the well-known Baroness Burdett Coutts, lived until recent times.

For some mysterious reason Edward Fitzgerald paid another flying visit to England that autumn. He went to Cheltenham to join Cecilia Lock and Lucy who were staying there together, and all three returned to London in a hack-shay, stopping at Oxford on the way. They spent their first evening at home, when Edward made Lucy and Cecilia dance the *Menuet de la Court* that they had been practising at Cheltenham, a truly unexpected diversion for rebels, but characteristic of the Fitzgeralds. Next day they strolled about town and called on " Hoppner the painter " and also on Romney, to see his pictures of Pamela. Edward was preoccupied and Lucy very nervous. Later on brother and sister went for " too heavenly a walk, and my angel was in great spirits after the play but it was only a momentary flash." Edward received many friends in his room and then left suddenly for Ireland by stage : " He was to have gone half way with me to Cheltenham but he was hurried away by an idea he had : I don't know when I felt so miserable." The crisis was rapidly approaching.

XIII

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND THE IRISH REBELLION

1798

IT was the lull before the storm. The old Duchess of Leinster, comfortably settled in Harley Street, was chiefly engrossed in the beauty of the Locks' baby : " My dearest Cecilia and her precious little girl, Emily, now about thirteen months old, arrived in the evening. This was a delightful sight to me. She is in perfect health, looks and spirits, and the child one of the finest I ever saw ; handsome, strong, thriving, intelligent and good tempered. We expect dear Charles back to-day : he went to Norbury to see his father."

When Charles joined them, they made a trip to the country and the coach overturned on the way home. No one was hurt, and these incidents occurred so frequently that the Duchess did not think it worth while to add any details. "It has been a happy fortnight," she wrote a few days later ; " I have the comfort of seeing Cecilia leave in high health and very happy with her dear husband and child." Charles Lock was in favour with his mother-in-law just then : later on she did not always see him in so becoming a light.

Arthur O'Connor arrived in London and Lucy was enchanted : she was obviously in love with the fiery Irishman. " . . . it is a treat to be alone, my thoughts are so delightful and I am so happy. . . ." But the Duchess, influenced by Mr. Ogilvie, refused to receive O'Connor. Lucy, defying the family, went with him to the play in Mr. Coutts's box " which was very pleasant but made a sad rumpus," and when the Duchess gave an assembly Lucy voted it " *not* pleasant ; we were cross at not having A. and having all those other puppies." Mr. Ogilvie's severity was quite justified ; a marriage between the Duke of Leinster's sister and the penniless rebel—in daily danger of arrest—was unthinkable. So Lucy showed her spirit by walking in the Park wearing a green cravat, and when someone in the crowd called her " a pretty Jacobin " she was frankly delighted. All the same, she sent a sympathetic message to her sister-in-law Lady Henry : " Assure her that I pity

her sincerely for being drawn into a fatal connection with such a nest of Jacobins."

On the 2nd of March O'Connor was arrested at Margate when attempting to leave for France. " There never was anything so grievous, because it was foolish of him not to manage it better," wrote Lucy, frightened and exasperated. Six days later her mother gave a ball, which she could not avoid attending. But when the rest of the family went to the opera, and another night when they went to Court, she stayed at home. She heard that O'Connor's trial was to come on in April and was very uneasy about it.

Cecilia Lock was at Boyle Farm and Lucy joined her there. " We had not met since our anxiety about Edward. She and I sat up talking half the night." They went on to Norbury taking pretty Mimi with them. The fact of the Locks' friendship for Lucy not being affected by her revolutionary ideas, which by now were glaringly obvious, is a testimonial of their loyalty to their friends and lack of prejudice. To the end she was always " dear Lady Lucy " for them.

In the early summer of 1798 the situation became very serious for the Irish rebels. A man called Reynolds, a member of the " United Irishmen," had turned traitor and informed the authorities of an intended meeting of the League. All the leaders save Lord Edward Fitzgerald were arrested and he, daringly, hid in Dublin itself. Leinster House was searched by the soldiery and only Pamela was found there, ill and in bed, having lately given birth to her third child. They made her rise and hand over all her husband's papers. A Major Boyle, in command of the men, was so touched at the sight of beauty in distress that he returned to whisper to her : " Your husband has not been taken."

Mr. Ogilvie, who could generally be relied on in an emergency, went over to Ireland on the pretence of business, but really to see if he could save Lord Edward. He called on Lord Clare, Chancellor of Ireland, who said : " For God's sake get this young man out of the country : the ports shall be thrown open to you and no hindrance whatever offered." Pamela mistrusted the offer when Mr. Ogilvie transmitted it to her, and would not reveal her husband's address. She assured him that Edward was quite safe and seemed herself in " excellent spirits " ; either very brave or, what was more likely, unconscious of the gravity of the situation, for a reward of £1,000 was out for her husband's capture, martial law had been proclaimed and barbaric cruelties were being perpetuated every day.

Mr. Ogilvie learned from Pamela's maid where Edward could be found,

and went to a house where he was holding a meeting of insurgents. Edward came out to speak to his stepfather and told him he was too deeply pledged to be able to withdraw with honour. He gave him a ring as remembrance ; Mr. Ogilvie left in tears and returned to England. They never saw each other again.

Lucy was now living quietly in London, racked with anxiety. On the 21st of May, when O'Connor's trial at Maidstone was taking place, Mimi Ogilvie attended a masquerade dressed as Night. There had never been as much intimacy between Lucy and her youngest step-sister as with Cecilia Lock. Mimi, the youngest of the "good family," was absorbed by her own beauty and many admirers, and took not the faintest interest in Irish politics. "I was gone to bed," wrote Lucy, "and as she came to show herself to me in her sable garments a kind of melancholy feel came over me which I never had before experienced anything like : it communicated itself to her. She hugged me and cried : she hated going out, she said. She looked very pale and more lovely than ever I saw her."

Destiny made Lucy experience on the same day the two extremes of joy and grief. On May 24th she heard that Arthur O'Connor was acquitted, and while she was still dazed with relief and thankfulness a letter arrived from the Duke of Portland for Mr. Ogilvie, giving the news that Edward had been arrested in Dublin. At once all was turmoil and confusion. Lucy rushed round to her brother Henry and there learned that Edward had also been wounded. She fainted, and was carried back to Harley Street still unconscious. Henry Fitzgerald decided to leave immediately for Ireland to see what he could do in the matter ; always full of common-sense, he absolutely refused to let Lucy accompany him. He found the right words with which to soothe the frantic girl.

"I was reconciled to his not taking me, as I see I might bring suspicion upon him, which at present does not exist, and so prevent his doing much good. . . . I trust to going with Mamma in a few days."

But the family did not wish the old Duchess, either, to go to Dublin. They thought she could be more useful to Edward in London, as his trial was fixed for the 11th of June and it was imperative to get it put off till a later date, when he would be strong enough to defend himself and gain time to prepare his case. So she stayed in town, pulling every conceivable string, while the house was crowded from morning till night with relations and friends : the Duke of Richmond, Charles James Fox, Lord Holland, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Gray, Mr. Byng and numberless others, all coming to give

sympathy and advice ; several professing themselves ready to go over to Ireland if they could be of any use.

" I am sure you will not suspect me of a wish to save myself on such an occasion," Charles Fox wrote to Lord Henry, " and therefore I have no difficulty in saying that my going is far more likely to be hurtful than serviceable to him, but if you and Mr. Ponsonby think otherwise, I will set out whenever you think necessary. Ill as I think of the Irish Government I cannot help hoping that the trials will be put off for some time at least, from a consideration of their own reputation. At any rate, the time between the arraignment and the trial will, I suppose, be sufficient to send for such of us as you wish. If you see my dear, dear Edward, I need not desire you to tell him that I love him with the warmest affection. When I hear of the fortitude with which he has borne his sufferings, I hear no more than what I had expected from *him.*"

There was never silence at any hour in the Harley Street house. Confusion was further increased by the arrival of Pamela Fitzgerald and her two babies who had been expelled from Ireland. She was still incredibly optimistic. " Her spirits surprised us, she assured us there was nothing against him and that she was easy." The object of Edward's journey to France could scarcely be unknown, but for the moment his greatest danger came from the insanitary conditions of the times and the ignorance of doctors. Lucy's instinct told her all along that her brother's condition was very grave, and as the days passed she became more and more desperate at not being allowed to join him.

" . . . Mamma still patient and waiting instead of flying." " We are losing in deliberation the precious, few, remaining days." " . . . Edward dying and alone. . . ." " My senses nearly forsook me . . . trying to recall his injunction and my promises to *Him* to be stout when *the time came*. . . ." Her diary is dotted with such entries.

At last the old Duchess left for Ireland, and Lucy followed in another coach with Mr. Ogilvie and Sophia. Fate, by one of her cruel tricks, allowed her one fleeting instant of relief when she started finally on the longed for journey, but they had travelled no further than Towcester when a messenger overtook them. " On seeing him I guessed my misfortune." Lucy still had the strength to trace these words that night before collapsing, and then her diary ceases for a time, with tragic abruptness. The news of her brother's death nearly killed her, and for some weeks she was dangerously ill.

What happened to Lord Edward Fitzgerald now belongs to Irish history. Hunted like a wild animal, he had taken refuge on the night of May the 19th with a certain Nicholas Murphy. He was already in bed when the house was broken into by a guard of soldiers commanded by two officers. Edward sprang up defending himself with fierce courage : one man against many. It was inevitable that he should have been overpowered and arrested, but he was also badly wounded by a pistol shot in the shoulder.

No doubt if he had been properly cared for Edward Fitzgerald might have recovered. Though he was attended by two surgeons, no attempt was made to extract the bullet from his wound. He rapidly became feverish and had bouts of delirium, during which he shouted with a strong voice : " Come on, damn you, come on ! " so that all the other prisoners heard him, and those who were at liberty to walk about the passages huddled outside his door in dismay. " Dear Ireland, I die for you ! " he raved, and then again " My country, you will be free. . . ."

Infection had started in his neglected wound, and he now had convulsions and spasms that denoted lockjaw. All the same he recovered consciousness, and fretted over the miserable poverty of the Irish people. He said very earnestly : " Would to God I had thirty-thousand guineas this morning ! they would make thirty-thousand happy men : a guinea would do a great deal with a poor man."

From the Duke of Leinster's country seat, Carton, they sent the prisoner strawberries and cherries that he tasted with pleasure. One of the surgeons, though hopelessly inefficient at his job, seems to have treated him kindly, at least he sat by his bedside when no one else was admitted and listened to him patiently as he rambled on : " I have a brother Henry that I dote on ; I wish greatly to see him but I suppose it cannot be allowed." Edward paused, evidently reviewing all the " good family " in his mind, and continued dreamily : " I have a brother Leinster for whom I have a high respect." And a little later he added : " I have a brother Robert * also, he is a very worthy and respectable young man, but it was he who wrote that foolish manifesto of the Swiss : Lord, how I laughed at it ! " Of Lucy he did not speak. The name of his sister could not be mentioned to a stranger and in such a place.

The fever returned and he became violent. A man called Stone, who

* Lord Robert Fitzgerald was in diplomacy. He had been Chargé d'Affaires in Paris in 1789 when he was twenty-three ; he afterwards was British Minister at Berne and Lisbon. In later years he settled in Paris with his family.

had been looking after him and whom he seemed to like, was now removed and the attendant of a mad-house put in his place. The roughness with which lunatics were treated in those days is well known. Later on, Lord Henry, in his furious letter to the Lord Lieutenant, accused him of having murdered his brother by his ill-treatment, as much as if he put a pistol to his head.

It is generally stated that Lord Camden relented at the eleventh hour and gave permission to Lord Henry Fitzgerald and Lady Louisa Conolly to be admitted to the dying man's cell. Among the Lock papers in the author's possession is an old copy of a hitherto unpublished document, written by Emily Napier, giving a full account of what exactly occurred, and revealing that the Lord Lieutenant had nothing to do with this act of mercy. The copy is endorsed : " the original letter was at Carton."

" On the morning of the 3rd of June my dear Aunt " (Lady Louisa Conolly, who had adopted Emily Napier) " received a letter from Dr. Linsay, telling her that my poor cousin's wound had assumed an unfavourable appearance and that he feared the worst. Overwhelmed with grief at this sad intelligence, she however determined to make a last effort to obtain permission to see him and try an appeal to the humanity of the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Camden. She immediately set off from Castletown to the Phœnix Park, accompanied only by me, and upon sending in her name was directly admitted. I remained in the carriage and in less than half an hour she returned in the most dreadful state of agitation, saying as she learned back in the carriage : ' Order them to drive home. I have knelt at his feet and the Brute has refused to let me see my dying Edward ! ' My first emotions were grief and indignation, but while trying, almost vainly, to soothe her agony of distress, the thought suddenly flashed across me that as Lord Camden had said in excuse of his own hard-heartedness that he did not *dare* grant a request which the Lord Chancellor (Lord Clare) and the Speaker (Mr. Foster) would so entirely disapprove, that Lord Clare who with all his political violence had always professed the warmest friendship towards my Aunt, might be prevailed upon to grant her what had been refused by others. Mr. Foster, I knew, was bitterly vindictive. I immediately suggested that instead of returning home we should go on to Dublin and try this last chance. She assented almost hopelessly and we drove to Ely Place where Lord Clare resided. It was by this time growing late, but fortunately he was dining at home and she was instantly admitted. In less than ten minutes she returned to me, saying : ' It was a blessed thought of

yours, my child, for he has not hesitated a moment, I must only wait till his carriage can be got ready that he may take me into the prison himself.' During the very short time we waited she told me that immediately upon seeing him and repeating her almost distracted entreaties he had taken both her hands and said : ' Surely, surely, my dear Lady Louisa, you shall see him directly : I will go with you instantly.' She then repeated to him what Lord Camden had said, to which he answered : ' No matter, no matter, if there is responsibility I take it willingly on myself, and only grieve that you did not come to me first, and poor Henry, too, must go with you.' As soon as Lord Clare's carriage was ready he accompanied us to Leinster House to call for Lord Henry who went in Lord Clare's carriage with my dear Aunt, and I followed in hers. I need not describe the feelings with which she entered the dismal gates of the prison, or my own at parting with her there (for Lord Clare said he must restrict his permission to her and Lord Henry) ; and knowing the sad scene she had to go through. I returned by her desire to Leinster House and waited there, in sad expectation of the inevitable event, till between one and two in the morning, when she returned accompanied by Lord Clare who said to me : ' it is just over, but he knew her, and that, I hope, will be a comfort hereafter.' She was quite calm, but too much exhausted to speak, and I got her to bed as soon as I could ; after a little time I had the satisfaction of seeing sleep suspend for a time the bitterness of her sufferings. The next day we returned home and during our journey she related to me all the particulars of her interview, exactly as they appeared in her letter to Mr. Ogilvie written before she left Dublin, adding that nothing could exceed Lord Clare's kindness. He had allowed nobody to remain in the room but himself, and had walked away from the bed on which the poor sufferer lay so as not to hear anything that passed between them ; in short he had shown her the tenderness of a brother rather than a friend, and with all his apparent sternness of manner had cried like a woman when he saw Edward dying. As I was the sole witness of this melancholy transaction and that it is not generally known how entirely it was owing to Lord Clare's better feelings that the last interview between my poor cousin and his Aunt and brother was permitted, I have felt that it is but justice to his memory to record it."

Thus in the early hours of June 4th, 1798, little more than a fortnight after his arrest, Edward Fitzgerald died, uncomplaining and serene, praying to the Supreme Power he believed in and trusted. Shortly before the end, he muttered that he hoped God would forgive him for having served in the

American War. A man called Francis Higgins received the £1,000 reward offered by the British Government for his betrayal.

It was Lady Louisa, in a letter she wrote to Mr. Ogilvie, who first sent the news of Edward's death to London. By the time it reached Harley Street the old Duchess of Leinster, Lucy, Sophia, and Mr. Ogilvie had, as we know, already started on the first stages of their journey to Ireland. Charles Lock, who with Cecilia had remained in London, was authorised to open any letter that came, and it was his messenger who overtook the travellers and brought them back to town.

The Duke of Richmond revealed himself full of heart and common-sense in those tragic days. The members of the family who refused to receive Lady Edward with open arms cannot altogether be blamed: however glaring was the injustice shown towards Ireland by the British Government, and however great Lord Edward's personal charm, it could not be forgotten that he was guilty of treason towards England. The Duke of Richmond undertook to protect his nephew's wife himself.

". . . We have been much embarrassed at what to do about poor Lady Edward," he wrote to Lady Louisa Conolly. "Intimations were given that it was wished she should go to Hamburg, but she was really ill with a violent nervous cough, and you may imagine most anxious to remain here, to be so much nearer to receive accounts of Edward and his health. . . . My sister gone with all her daughters except Mrs. Lock who is daily expected to lie in, and Lady Charlotte Strutt, who would not receive her, she was, poor soul, left without any protection, for the Duchess of Leinster is too ill to receive her and Lady Henry did not seem inclined to it. To stay by herself was impossible and it seemed cruel to attempt to force her away. I therefore agreed to take her to my house where, to be sure, Henrietta from her age could not give her much protection, but my house was some. This was settled last night with the Duke of Portland's approbation. You may imagine the melancholy news of this morning did not make me alter my plan, and accordingly I fetched her here and her children soon followed. We have endeavoured to break the sad disaster to her by degrees. . . . She has had violent hystericks: took the Duke of Leinster for Edward and in her bewildered mind hung on to him as such for a time. . . . Amidst her own grief she is forever dwelling on that of my sister, Lady Lucy, and Cecilia. . . . Charles Lock and his father with their physician, have determined that it is best to keep Cecilia in Town where she can have immediate assistance: she has only been told that there is no hope. She has cried

much and had hystericks, but her doctor says he apprehends no danger and that it is better for her now to bear the shock than when debilitated by lying in. . . . I shall stay in town to be what comfort I can till my sister returns, and after I find her a little recovered will propose to them all to go to Goodwood, where quiet and good air, in perfect retirement, may do some good." The Duke then summed up his late nephew's character in a few apt words, a " more generous, goodhearted soul never existed than poor Edward. His faults were errors of imagination, but I am sure no man acted more from principle (mistaken as it was) than he did. . . ." He was of the opinion that the best friends to poor Edward's memory must wish to have as little said of the past as possible. He did not approve of his nephew Henry's violent letter to the Lord Lieutenant. " No doubt some things might have been better, more humanity and attention to him might have been shown, but some allowances are to be made for the critical times."

Over in Ireland, Lord Edward's two Aunts, Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Conolly, were prostrate with grief in the unrestrained manner of the eighteenth century. Colonel Napier wrote that he had feared their violent hysterics would have ended fatally for both of them ! Cecilia Lock was also overcome. Charles wrote at once to his father-in-law, who was on his way back to London, escorting the broken-hearted old Duchess and her daughters.

To Mr. Ogilvie,

(at the Inn at Coleshill, Warwickshire)

Harley St., 9th June, 1798

" Dear Sir,

" You will be glad to know that the intelligence of this misfortune has not had the violent effect we feared upon Cecilia. On Thursday we prepared her for it by informing her that Ld. Ed. was in extreme danger ; she cried very much during the course of the day and being tired with the agitation and perhaps soothing herself with a ray of hope, slept tolerably well. Yesterday I was under the painful necessity of disclosing to her the truth. She had two hysteric fits & suffered dreadfully all the day, but towards evening became more composed & was perfectly calm at bedtime. She slept several hours & is this morning, though extremely low, collected & seems resigned. Her grief will be lasting, but I no longer dread any premature effects from its violence. What you write of Lady Sophia &

Lucy is very comfortable. If Lady Lucy feared when her brother was arrested that events would be fatal, from knowing more of the matter than ourselves, it will account for the alarming state of mind she was in previous to her leaving London, and I trust she will be less affected now. I think there is every reason to hope from the Religious temper of mind the dear Duchess possesses that she will support herself under this heavy dispensation with fortitude. My mother has been here constantly, and so has Lady Charlotte who desires her love to you and says she does not write as I am writing. She has been of the greatest assistance and comfort to Cecilia, from the composure she has shown from the beginning, and will be so to her mother and sisters when they arrive. Lord Henry came to town last night. The Dukes of Richmond and Leinster have been to Stratford Place, but it was thought prudent he should not see anyone yet, as he is much agitated and fatigued with all he has undergone. I shall probably hear from you to-morrow and I hope you will send good news.

" Believe me very sincerely yours,

" Chas. Lock."

Soon after this, a second daughter was born to the Charles Locks and christened Cecilia. The young couple, with their babies, went to stay at Lavant, lent them once again by their kind uncle the Duke of Richmond, who meanwhile continued to shelter Edward's widow at Goodwood. But Pamela, however lovely and charming, could not stay there for ever, so it was decided that she should go to Hamburg where she had some good friends and living was cheap. Lucy would have wished to accompany her, but she was too ill. Therefore Lord Henry took her to Yarmouth at the beginning of August and put her on board, together with little Pam. The baby Lucy, born during the dark days of the Irish Rebellion, was adopted by Lady Sophia who now lived alone in her cottage, while the old Duchess continued to keep the eldest, Eddy. " *Ce fils que j'adore et le seul que j'ai, Maman, il est à vous. Je vous l'ai confié dans le temps de mon bonheur, je vous le confie maintenant comme mon plus grand trésor. Qu'il ressemble à son Père, oh, mais qu'il soit plus heureux ! C'est le seul souhait de sa malheureuse mère. . . .*" The Duchess wrote on the outer sheet of this sad little letter : " Dear Lady Edward, giving me her treasure." She had a miniature painted of Eddy by a certain Mrs. Mees and sent it to Pamela in Hamburg.

All Lord Edward's family joined forces in the struggle to save his property for his widow and orphans. The Bill of Attainder had been passed

which branded Lord Edward as guilty of high treason and confiscated his estate. Legally this was unfair, as he had died before being convicted, or even tried. On this ground the bill was fought and a petition, signed by the old Duchess and all the nearest relations, was presented to the King. Meanwhile the Dukes of Leinster and Richmond, Lord Holland, Charles James Fox, the three Fitzgerald brothers—Henry, Charles, and Robert—their three sisters—Lucy, Sophia, and Charlotte—Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Conolly all clubbed together to contribute an income on which Lady Edward and her little girl could live. It amounted to £200 a year, a very slender sum even for those days. One cannot help feeling that such a large group of relations, several of whom were extremely wealthy, might have produced more. All the same, Pamela seemed suitably grateful, and wrote affectionately to all except Mr. Ogilvie, against whom she had a grudge. In justice to him it must be said that he continued to work in her interests all the same, though she was distinctly unappreciative. "I should prefer Mr. Ogilvie to have nothing to do with my affairs, *il me porterait malheur.* I do not believe in the interest which he wishes to show me just now."

In 1800 Lady Edward announced her marriage to Mr. Pitcairn the American Consul at Hamburg, and the "good family" professed pleasure at her having found a protector. But they also considered that he could support his wife and stopped her pension. Pamela wrote, first plaintively and then acrimoniously, asking that at least £60 a year should still be given her to feed and educate Lord Edward's daughter. "If Mr. Ogilvie is afraid of my keeping the money to make a *dot* for Mr. Pitcairn's children, I can send in my accounts every year. I only ask money for *her.* I have not received a farthing since my marriage to Mr. Pitcairn." She made a list of those to whom she had written and how often: five times to Lucy, twice to the Duke of Richmond, once each to Lady Bellamont, the Duke of Leinster and the two Aunts. *Pas une seule lettre de toutes ces personnes.* Kind little Sophia, who mothered her baby Lucy, was the only one who still wrote to her, "not even Lucy, that tender, loving friend! . . . but tell her I shall love her to my last breath. . . ."

Poor pretty Pamela, who so enjoyed laughing and dancing, was born under an unlucky star. Her marriage with Mr. Pitcairn proved stormy and she soon left him. She drifted to Vienna and then to France, where she had not been since the days of the Terror. Extravagant, perpetually in debt—indeed it must have been hard for her not to be—always fond of admiration, or, as she put it, *longing to be loved*, she lived precariously from

day to day, preserving her exceptional beauty to the last. The Duke de la Force became her lover and gave her a house at Montaubon that was near his chateau. The *liaison* proved more lasting than her marriages ; no doubt she felt more at home with a man of her own nationality than she had with either the Irishman or the American. She died in Paris and the Duke had a stone placed on her grave in Montmartre cemetery :

PAMELA

Lady Edward Fitzgerald

par son ami le plus devoué

L. L.

" Poor Pamela, she was better, after all, than most of her accusers, and she has gone to that place where the truth of hearts is revealed, and where all deceit is for ever swept away," wrote Lucy, on hearing of her death and remembering the past happy days in Ireland.

Lucy thought it her duty to keep Edward's banner flying and composed an address to the Irish, reminding them of what her late brother had done and urging them to throw off the yoke of England and attain happiness, freedom and glory. This was not published, however : probably her family interposed. To Thomas Payne she sent a portrait of Edward with a proud note : " Citizen, although he was unsuccessful in the glorious attempt of liberating his country from slavery, still he was not unworthy of the lessons you taught him."

Lady Sarah Napier sent her the waistcoat her brother had worn on the night of his arrest, now all darkly stained with his blood. By now Lucy had begun writing her diary once more. " August 23rd, 1798. The blue and white striped waistcoat ! He had it on when he received his death wound. I find from Fanny Coutts that this treasure was very nearly lost to me, for Mary (Fitzgerald) to whom Aunt Sarah entrusted it let it be seen by all the family at Boyle Farm and they were for *burning it !* "

A few days later she noted that Charles Lock had been to a review at Windsor " where the King had made many inquiries about us all " ; a magnaminous gesture that does not seem to have aroused either surprise or gratitude in Lucy. Yet George III, together with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York had revealed themselves remarkably tolerant to Edward Fitzgerald and shown real sympathy for his mother at the time of his arrest and death. The news that the French had landed in Ireland thrilled Lucy.

" Had they done it twelve months or even two months sooner it might have helped my country to independence ! "

The French troops were advancing in Galway but it was all too late, Lord Cornwallis had gone against them and on September 13th she heard they had surrendered. " That wretch Hughes with whom I have dined in company has given *names* without end. The fate of the Brest Fleet will decide that of Ireland, and although all individual interest is dead to me, yet the interests of dear Erin are still foremost in my heart." Lucy pinned her hopes on Buonaparte's successes ; and curiously enough made no allusion to the Battle of the Nile in which he was defeated by Nelson on the 1st of August, 1798, which fact she could scarcely have ignored. " The accounts of Buonaparte are the most favourable possible ; his army is in good health." " 13th November. A revolt in Belgium ; good accounts of Buonaparte. It appears that the Brest and Rochefort squadrons were ready to sail together ; the same wind would have taken them both out, but the Brest fleet was detained by want of money. Had they arrived off the coast of Ireland at the same time there can be little doubt of the issue."

" 1st December 1798. Accounts of Buonaparte in Egypt where he is settling himself, making very useful establishments, conciliating and improving the nation. He will no doubt maintain the ground he has gained against any attempts to dispossess him. His army is not sickly and the worst season is over.

" 5th December. Mr. Pitt's tax upon income is announced. To be thus plundered and bereaved of liberty is too much.

" 9th December. The Union between England and Ireland is certainly to take place. The tyranny *as yet* always practised by the former on the latter does not promise much happiness in this alliance of bitter enemies."

Lucy's diary ends with the year 1798. She seemed to lose all interest in Arthur O'Connor after her brother's death, and assured her uncle the Duke of Richmond that she was not in love with him. We shall hear of her again, married to Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, childless, ever excitable and growing more original as the years passed : her nieces considered her rather a joke. She remained on friendly terms with her stepfather, who was to live another thirty-four years after the Irish Rebellion. They had the same qualities of loyalty, energy, and determination and, in spite of the frequent quarrels, when all was said and done they liked each other.

XIV

THE CHARLES LOCKS LEAVE FOR NAPLES
1798

CHARLES LOCK had his father's warm heart full of generous impulses, but he totally lacked his sober judgment. An attractive anecdote of his youth is told by his mother in one of her unpublished letters to Fanny Burney. In July, 1789, he turned up unexpectedly at Norbury to beg his father to advance him some money on his allowance. His landlady in London, who had been very kind to him, had got into serious financial difficulties and he wanted £60 with which to help her. On reflecting that this sum did not cover the whole of the woman's debts he said it was no good doing things by halves and induced his father to lend him £130. Apparently Mr. Lock did this without reluctance and Mrs. Lock approved highly. "How I blessed him, dearest child, how like his father! All the family imagined his coming entirely due to the desire of spending a day with them, they little knew the true reason nor would he have betrayed it. At night when I took leave of him I shook hands with him and wished him success *a sotto voce*, but I saw by his face the fear of detection."

Charles Lock lived in idleness for a couple of years after his marriage to Cecilia Ogilvie, for the attempt to induce the Duke of Richmond to give him something to do produced no results. In September, 1797, probably with the help of his powerful relations, he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen. He wrote, somewhat triumphantly, to his mother in-law, informing her of this and that he and his wife would leave immediately. But there was an unaccountable delay and a year later Lucy Fitzgerald noted in her diary that Charles was in a hurry to get off to Denmark *but Mr. Ogilvie had not got him his passport yet.* The whole family always relied on Mr. Ogilvie's untiring energy to do all their tiresome jobs.

Pamela Fitzgerald was hoping to see the Locks on their way through Hamburg. Why Charles never went to Copenhagen is not known, but, through the good offices of his diplomatist brother-in-law Lord Robert Fitzgerald, he was appointed instead Consul General to the Kingdom of

Charles Lock

From a copy of the oil-painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Naples, which was considered a far more advantageous post as it probably entailed the revictualling of British warships. It was with rosy hopes that the young couple decided to leave England together with their babies, two nurses, and Tiger, the dog, to follow the mirage of gold to be picked up in the blue bay of Naples.

" Augusta, I conclude, has given you every information respecting Charles's appointment to the Consulship of Naples," wrote Mr. Lock to Amelia who was away from home. " He is very happy, and I endeavour to be so too. His friend Ld. Craven continues unremittingly kind, and I hope will leave him at such a distance no longer than nothing offers at home or nearer to it. In the meantime his situation will, by the victualling etc. of our fleet in the Mediterranean, be more productive than the Consulship was expected to be when first recommended to him by Frank. This will be useful to our Charles, who is on the point of leaving us, having promised Lord Grenville to be ready for the day after to-morrow. Had it been possible to bring you here in time enough to see him before he goes, you may be sure that your Mother knows enough of your feelings to have made every exertion to spare you the vexation that it will give you."

England was at war with France and the seas consequently dangerous, so the Charles Locks secured passages on the frigate *Minerva* which was sailing from Portsmouth, with a convoy, to the Mediterranean. Fanny Coutts gave Lucy Fitzgerald an account of their departure from London.

" Oct. 30th, 1798. Stratton Street. I was the last face Cecilia saw, and I believe our hearts are joined together for ever. They had forgotten something of consequence in Harley Street and coming along they thought of it and stopped at the corner of Stratton Street and sent to me for it—fortunate to have it ! Mamma packed up a Chicken Pie, a Bottle of Wine, and a Pheasant with a Loaf of Bread for them to eat, for they had not dined and it was nine o'clock past. I embraced them and with a thousand blessings saw the last of them. Oh, my friends, do think of their good, and in this let every selfish feeling be lost. *She* is quite well and the Loves too ; she is young and strong and will do vastly well. It was a comical thing in our most excessive hurry (for he was terribly fearful he might miss the ship) to see me running into the kitchen for a Cold Fowl and Mamma tying up the basket whilst Papa endeavoured to speak to Charles. Then Charles taking up the basket and saying : ' I must go ! ' and running into the street : oh Heaven, what a scene ! . . ."

There was no danger of the Locks missing their boat. In the days of

sailing ships one of the chief difficulties of a voyage was getting started. When they reached Portsmouth they found the weather so stormy that the *Minerva* could not leave, and on hearing this news the impetuous Lucy set off for Portsmouth, dragging Mr. Ogilvie and Mimi in her wake, so as to see her Ciss just once more. In spite of their past tiffs, she was the relation she loved best in the world, now that Edward was gone. Lord Henry Fitzgerald and kind, fat little Sophia were already there, having come to see the last of the Locks, and as the wind continued unfavourable they all decided to go and stay at Itchenor * and there await the summons of the *Minerva's* captain. Lucy drove in a coach with Charles. The night was dark and wild, and within a mile of Chichester they collided with a cart and were overturned. Lucy was knocked on the head, fell insensible on the road and had to be put to bed for twenty-four hours when she reached Chichester, where she lay " covered with bruises, my head especially, and quite confused. I was blooded, however, and at two o'clock I was well enough to go on."

The family party stayed at Itchenor for several days till " the wind came fair " and they realised the moment of parting had finally arrived. Cecilia sat up late at night talking to Lucy and a great wave of sadness swept over the sisters.

On the 15th of November the *Minerva*, with our travellers on board, had got no further than Spithead, the wind not having proved favourable after all. Four days later they were at Falmouth, driven in there by a violent storm ; Cecilia had been the only person not sick on board except the sailors. On the 22nd Lucy noted in her diary : " Parliament is opened and a continental war declared . . . we are to fight with the Turks and Russians as allies—*not* the King of Prussia." She added no comments and was apparently indifferent to what nowadays would be a staggering piece of news. She was only uneasy about the Charles Locks as they were now on the high seas.

On the 20th of December the *Minerva* was no further than " off the Rock of Lisbon," the wind having been constantly against her. All our information now comes from Charles's letters to his father at Norbury. Cecilia, the children and he were in perfect health and the voyage had not disagreed with them for a moment. All the same, judged by modern standards of comfort, it must have been pure misery.

" We know of one and we fear several of our convoy were lost on a lee shore. Of eighty odd ships which sailed from England with us we had

* A small manor house on the Duke of Richmond's Goodwood estate, near Portsmouth ; he had lent it to his sister, the Duchess of Leinster, for the autumn of 1798.

only forty-seven when the Oporto and Lisbon fleets separated. We were so fortunate as to save the English crew of a Spanish Polacca (prize to the *Thalia*) which was on the point of sinking when she fell in with us. The day after we took in tow an English Sloop, dismasted, going to the West Indies, and which had been bandied about for a fortnight before in that condition. It blew a tremendous gale in the night and the hawser parted by which we had her in tow : we fear she went down. We have not suffered any one of the inconveniences which the wretched merchantmen have endured from the Tempestuous weather. We have pitched and rolled in a way I could not have conceived possible in such a large ship and our greatest difficulty has been to spare a hand to put our victuals into our mouths. Poor Cecilia met with two accidents which luckily have not proved serious. She fell first with her head against the Quarter Galley door with Cecilia in her arms and gave herself so severe a blow that she was insensible for about ten minutes. And a few days ago she fell with her face against a chest and cut and bruised it severely. We have experienced every possible attention and kindness from Captain Cockburn. We have had one death on board : a Mr. Milne, a young officer who lived with us in the Cabin. He was in a deep decline when he came to us. I fear we shall not go ashore at Lisbon. I shall write from Gibraltar where we hope to anchor in three or four days. Tiger is recovering from the condition of a skeleton : the extraordinary motion, bustle, clamour, repeated firing on board the ship has so agitated him that many thought him going mad, and I was apprehensive someone would knock him on the head, from precaution. Emmy is the pet of every sailor on board, and their kindnesses have imparted to her more than one colony of lice, poor little thing, which has cost us much trouble and her many tears before we could eradicate them. Think of lice in her scanty floss !

" I can truly say you have seldom been out of my thoughts. The scene of Norbury presents itself to my imagination continually, and with a degree of clearness my recollection did not use to supply me with : I see the images of you all and of everything about you. Is William painting or drawing ? Pray let me have letters and minute ones, my dear Mother and sisters."

Gibraltar 29th Dec., 1798

" My dear Sir,

" We arrived here the day before yesterday by the greatest good luck, having in the night of the 26th entered the Straits with a Westerly Wind

which increased in violence, bringing with it so thick a fog that we could not attempt to make the land, but were obliged to lay to, and were carried by the current and wind past the Rock into the Mediterranean and found ourselves, when the day cleared, in the situation of being forced eastward of Gibraltar, on which occasion ships are often six weeks struggling to get round. By great chance our convoy was to windward of us and got in easily, and our ship sailing and holding her wind remarkably well, after making a great many boards worked in."

Owing to the danger of being attacked by gunboats from Algeciras—for England was at war with Spain as well as France—the ship was cleared for action and they had to sit up all night. Little Emmy chose this moment to fall ill and her fever was so high she wandered in her talk : they moved her into the surgeon's cabin " between decks " and her mother sat beside her in darkness, both suffocating in a " West Indian " temperature. " The thickness of the night prevented the gunboats from seeing us, though they took three of our convoy the next morning off Europe Point, which we were unable to prevent. I came ashore yesterday and waited upon the Governor, General O'Hara,* who has loaded us with kindness. He said he should lodge us, and desired I would fetch Cecilia, who is an old friend of his. I went on board but Emmy's fever was so high Cecilia could not leave her. I went back to dine at the Governor's to meet Lord St. Vincent,† Lord Keith,‡ and some other naval and military characters, also to let the Governor know the reason my wife could not come. I slept on board, we were to have brought Emmy on shore to-day but, though her fever is nearly gone she is too weak to be moved. Cecilia and I and Cissy came ashore at 12 to-day. The Governor took me over part of the Rock, which is a most wonderful specimen of art and nature. We were invited to dine at the Earl of St. Vincent and are just returned from thence. He received us with the Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean, Lord Keith ; it is

* *Charles O'Hara*, b. 1740, d. 1802, was appointed Captain in the Coldstream Guards in 1756, became Major General in 1797. Fought in the American War of Independence and was severely wounded, and was again wounded at Toulon, France, in 1793. Was made Governor of Gibraltar in 1797. Cecilia's half-brother, Edward Fitzgerald, had served under him.

† *John Jervis, 1st Viscount and Earl St. Vincent*, b. Meaford, 19 January, 1734. Entered R.N. in his 10th year. Became Admiral 1799 and First Lord of the Admiralty 1801. In November, 1795, took command of the Mediterranean, but resigned owing to ill-health in June, 1799. Lord St. Vincent was elevated to the peerage in 1797 in recognition of his victory over the Spanish Fleet that year off Cape St. Vincent. Died 1823.

‡ *George, Viscount Keith, G.C.B.* (1746–1823). Admiral of the Blue and an officer of very high reputation ; second-in-command of the Mediterranean under Lord St. Vincent. Eventually succeeded him.

in his power to be of great assistance to me, in appointing me to victual the fleet when they repair to Naples. General O'Hara has promised me his letter to Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson, also to get me Lord St. Vincent's ; he assured me that from the friendship subsisting between the Earl and himself he will give me every assistance in his power. I understand that should Naples be appointed for the *rendez-vous* of the fleet, and I obtain leave to supply it, I may realise a considerable sum by contracting for Black Cattle in the Crimea, which the Government will furnish ships to bring away. I had this from the Secretary of the Fleet, Lord St. Vincent's right-hand man. He said it would be necessary to take a journey there myself to establish the commerce. He added that a Capital was by no means required if I could but obtain credit. *Will Ogilvie ever come forward to assist his child ?* I hope to obtain more light to-morrow and to talk to Lord St. Vincent upon the subject. He is a Bachelor and keeps up the *manières de garçon* with women. We are to sail on Monday or Tuesday at latest, under the orders of Captain Darby of the *Bellerophon ;* we touch at Minorca and Leghorn. The King of Naples has taken possession of Rome. General Mack is with him and an Austrian Army is expected to concur with the operations of the Neapolitans who, I am told, are a very fine body of men, badly officered. The King of Sardegna is likewise at war with the French. We hear that Lord Nelson is off Civitavecchia, to assist the King of Naples. We shall probably fall in with him in running down the Italian Coast. . . .

" This place is the Tower of Babel, inhabited by a great variety of people who speak only their own language. I have seen Jews, Genoese, Minorquines, Turks ; Spaniards in abundance who smuggle goods over from Algeciras ; Moors, Portuguese, and French *émigrés.* The Town is a dirty hole, full of wine houses which emit a smell arising from the quantity of spew—saving your presence ! It is by far the most drunken spot in Christendom.

" I did not tell you there was a ball last night at the Governor's ; there is one every Friday. I saw only one pretty woman, she was a Spaniard married two days before. Tiger introduced himself, to my great dismay, at Lord St. Vincent's, just as we were going to sit down to dinner. He was plastered with pitch and looked most discreditable, but was, however, kindly received and well fed. . . .

" I cannot tell you how uneasy we have been about this poor little thing (Emmy). It was a most moving sight to behold her borne down by the fever, as hot as a coal and her skin so parched. She thought we could relieve

her if we would, and called : ' no move—sicky.' I trust she will now do very well. If I could but send you a little sun from this delightful climate, where except to-day that the wind has blown from the Mountains on which there is snow, the Air has felt as warm as the month of April ! Objects five miles off appear hardly two from the clearness of the atmosphere. It is very late and Cecilia wants to say a word or two to you. God bless you, dearest Sir.

" Chas. Lock."

" Charles has left me nothing to say, my dearest Sir, and yet I can't resist putting in a line when I see a bit of blank paper going to you. Do tell my dear Mother and sisters that if I had time I would write to them, but most certainly shall the moment I get to Naples. Our poor Emmy is better, having had ague, poor little dear. Cissy is as fat as a pig and has four teeth which much improve the little bit of a mouth. . . . God bless you and *all*. . . . Ever your affectionate child.

" C. Lock."

Charles Lock had not yet realised the situation in the Kingdom of Naples. Ferdinand IV (he was later to be called Ferdinand I), nicknamed Pulcinella or Nasone—Big Nose—by his subjects, was unintelligent to imbecility, narrow minded, fairly good tempered if nothing occurred to thwart him, and totally indifferent to what happened to others as long as he could eat and drink and indulge in his sensual pleasures to the full. He had married Maria Carolina, elder sister of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. She was a cruel, vindicative woman who lashed the King with her biting tongue, so that he was thankful to leave all affairs in her hands for the sake of peace. " My wife knows everything," he would say with a certain pride. The French revolution made Maria Carolina the enemy of modern reforms ; her one idea was to crush the liberal tendencies that were springing up on all sides in Naples, chiefly among the aristocracy and in the literary and scientific sets. The Queen and her favourite, Sir John Acton—an English Baronet born in France and settled in Naples—ruled the kingdom between them ; he had been chief of the King's Ministers for twenty years, and was feared and hated by all classes.

At the time of Charles Lock's appointment as Consul the British Ambassador in Naples was Sir William Hamilton, the elderly art connoisseur who had married his nephew Greville's mistress. Emma's story is well

known. Born about 1761, the daughter of a common workman, she began life by being alternately nursemaid and shopgirl, had a child by an unknown sailor, and was picked up when nineteen years old by a drunken profligate, Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, who installed her in his country place, Up Park. After a few months he turned her out of the house in a drunken brawl and she was on the verge of starvation when Charles Greville, who had been a visitor at Up Park, decided that such lovely leavings were worth having and kept her in a tiny house in London, with her mother acting as cook and general servant. It was during this period that Romney painted his many portraits of Emma, so that all the world will ever know her peach-like complexion, thick auburn hair, and infinite variety of expressions.

In 1784 Greville got into money difficulties and literally sold the girl to his old uncle, handing her over in return for a promise to be remembered in his will. To give Emma her due she wept a great deal and would have preferred remaining faithful to her lover. Her piteous appeals to be taken back had no effect on the practical Charles and she eventually resigned herself to her fate which, after all, was not a very painful one. Sir "Willum," as she called him, paid for the keep of her daughter "little Emma" in some obscure English village until the poor mite conveniently died. He became more and more captivated by the beautiful young woman, and ended by marrying her, which was more than his nephew Charles had bargained for. The wedding took place in Marylebone Church, where William Lock and his "sweet Freddy" had been married many years before, and where Charles Lock's marriage was to take place four years later.

Lady Hamilton was not received by her own Queen before she left England with her old husband, but in Naples she took up her official position in the beautiful British Embassy, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, and in spite of her equivocal position achieved quite a social success. Her mother, who had assumed the high-sounding name of Mrs. Cadogan, lived with her. Emma's lack of education and appalling accent were probably less noticeable abroad. She became a close friend of Queen Maria Carolina; this intimacy has been looked upon with a doubtful eye, which seems to me unfair. Men had always taken too great a part in Emma's life for the vice of sexual aberration to interest her. As for the Queen, she was Acton's mistress; when Emma was British Ambassadress she made up to her violently, but in later years when she could be of no

further use, Maria Carolina dropped her altogether. Loyalty and gratitude were lacking in her character.

While Charles Lock and his family were on their endless voyage to Naples, the romance between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton had not only budded but was in full bloom. On 1st August, 1798, the Admiral, after destroying the French Fleet at the Battle of the Nile, was received with banners flying and a pageant of boats as he sailed into the Bay of Naples in the *Vanguard*. The Hamiltons in a decorated barge were a prominent feature, Emma, wild with excitement, after shouting directions all the way, flew up the steps of the ship and fainted in Nelson's arms. The King called him : " Our deliverer and preserver " ; the populace cheered deliriously ; yet Nelson was then entering the least glorious period of his life. Smothered under Lady Hamilton's fulsome adulation, he lost all sense of proportion. No flattery seemed excessive to him, no honour too great. His hatred of the French was beyond everything, and he spurred the King of Naples on to declaring war on France. King Pulcinella would have preferred employing the long summer days in a less strenuous manner but his Queen, haunted by the ghost of her guillotined sister, was all for following Nelson's advice. Rome was at that time in the hands of the French, and the Neapolitan troops achieved an apparent success when they occupied the Eternal City without encountering any resistance. This was the news that Charles Lock sent his father from Gibraltar. The King thought himself quite a conqueror as he sat in Rome for three weeks, pillaging artistic treasures and having inoffensive citizens put to death on the merest suspicion of their being Atheists or Republicans.

But the Neapolitan Army was discontented, the war was not popular and when it came to fighting the troops melted away. The King realised he was abandoned and, sweating with fright, drove back to Naples as fast as he could, having obliged his Chamberlain to change clothes with him, on the principle of " safety first." Once home, the Queen increased his fear by her own terror of anything in the shape of a revolution. The news of the advance of the French towards Naples filled them with panic. The common people—*i lazzaroni*—shouted for arms, but the educated classes remained disdainfully quiet, secretly hoping for the arrival of the French that would put an end to the narrow-minded tyranny and all the hopeless incapacity of an inglorious reign.

Nelson was now totally under the influence of his Emma, who in turn believed all the Queen told her. Maria Carolina considered the situation

in Naples desperate and was determined to flee to Palermo for safety, Sicily forming part of the Kingdom of Naples. We have a plain demonstration of how, under the stress of physical passion, a man can be tempted from his obvious duty. Sooner than be separated from his mistress—for the Hamiltons were to accompany the Court—Nelson preferred to leave Naples and make use of the British Fleet to bring the Royal Family to Sicily, thereby assisting a couple of cowards to desert their posts. For twelve days, Lady Hamilton frantically supervised the packing up of all valuables in the British Embassy, never relaxing even to the extent of taking off her clothes at night. The Queen was doing the same thing in the Royal Palace. Jewels, pictures, tapestries, furs, and plate were bundled into boxes labelled "Salted Pork" and "Biscuits" and carried down to the Port. Sir John Acton was also engaged in arranging to remove the plunder of a lifetime to a safer country ; none of them had ever worked so hard in their lives.

Proud and disdainful, Admiral Francesco Caracciolo watched these flurried preparations. He was a first-class sailor, and in command of the small Neapolitan fleet. Some of his ships were to form part of the convoy escorting the Sovereigns to Palermo, and he was bitterly wounded at their refusal to embark on his frigate the *Sannita*. This deliberate affront from his King and Queen sank into his soul like iron. It is usually said that the Royal treasure was put on board a British ship, but we shall see further on that the author's grandfather, Luigi Caracciolo di San Teodoro, maintained that this, at least, was conveyed on his ancestor's frigate.

It was a strange party that embarked on the *Vanguard* in the dead of night on 21st December, 1798 : the King of Naples, Queen Maria Carolina, and her English lover Sir John Acton, the Crown Prince and his ailing wife, all the Royal children, the British Ambassador, Lady Hamilton with her lover Lord Nelson. The last-named led the way from the Royal Palace through an underground passage, cloaked as a conspirator and swinging a lantern. It was altogether a ridiculous proceeding, and as far as the Sovereigns were concerned, a disgraceful one. They were fleeing from their capital, taking all their valuables with them and leaving the defenceless population of Naples—most of whom were loyal to the King—at the mercy of the advancing French army. Prince Francesco Pignatelli was appointed Regent.

A terrific gale raged and the voyage took place under incredible difficulties. Everyone on board was prostrate with seasickness except Lady Hamilton : one understands how Nelson's passion must have increased a

thousandfold under the circumstances, with all the others pea-green, helpless, disgusting, and Emma striding about like a goddess, soaked in foam and spray, her cheeks glowing with health and her auburn hair tossing like a glory round her lovely head. She was invaluable in her activity, nursing the Queen, making up beds and handing out the linen. Sir William lying in his cabin with a pistol in hand, decided to shoot himself if the ship went down, sooner than hear the guggle-guggle of salt water in his throat. As for the Ambassador of the Austrian Emperor who was also on board, he threw his snuffbox into the raging sea, as a tactful precaution before a probable meeting with his Creator, for it was adorned with the nude portrait of his lady-love. On the last night on board one of the Royal children was seized with convulsions and died in Lady Hamilton's arms.

Admiral Caracciolo managed the *Sannita* with superb skill and arrived at Palermo some time ahead of the British ships, entering the harbour, unassisted, in the teeth of the storm. After untold misery the Royal party disembarked and took up their abode at the Palazzo Reale of Palermo, which was cold, damp, and practically unfurnished. The Queen was full of complaints, especially against the King. " He has already taken a little house in the country. He goes every evening to the theatre or masked ball and is gay and content ; if anyone talks to him of Naples he is irritated, will not give any audiences, will not show himself officially in any public places. He grumbles at anyone who mentions business to him and speaks as if nothing had happened, therefore they all despise him and do as they please. I am quite sure I shall perish here." The British Ambassador and Lady Hamilton rented a house and immediately began to entertain lavishly, while Nelson took up what promised to be his permanent residence with them.

When Charles Lock reached Minorca he learned the news of the Royal flight to Palermo, which perplexed him as to his future.

Port Mahon, Minorca,
January 24th, 1799

To William Lock, Esq.
Norbury Park.

" We arrived here, my dear Sir, yesterday evening, after a tedious passage of seventeen days from Gibraltar. We sailed in company with the *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby and a gun brig, as convoy to some store ships for the service of the forces. I went ashore to-day and heard a piece of news which makes an essential alteration in my prospects.

" The King of Naples, in consequence of a defection in his army who to the number of 18,000 men went over to the French on the field, was obliged to abandon the Roman territory, and returned to Naples which he found in so seditious a state that he judged it unsafe to remain there, and embarked with his family, accompanied by Sir William Hamilton, on board Admiral Nelson's ship which conveyed them to Palermo, where they still are by the last accounts. The English of every description have left Naples, even the master of the Hotel de Bretagne, who has fled hither. . . . We proceed to-morrow to Palermo, where, after I have seen Sir William Hamilton, I hope to be enabled to *voir jour* a little as to my future conduct. The Island is safe from external assault while our fleet is mistress of the sea, but the Treason must have been deeply laid as well as very generally sown, to have only made its appearance at the critical moment of action. To ensure the safety of my family will be my first care, and unless I am thoroughly satisfied of their being out of danger in Sicily, shall either send them back to England or to some place far enough removed from the scene of trouble. Emmy, who was recovering when I last wrote from Gibraltar, relapsed a day or two after and till within these few days has continued so ill that I was under considerable apprehension we should lose her. Her disorder was an eruptive fever, which principally affected her mouth and throat, deprived her of all rest except what was procured her by Laudanum, and though she is now, thank God, free from distemper, has left her a skeleton. Cecilia has a violent cold, with a Rheumatic pain in her head from which she suffers a great deal. Cissy has a bad cough. I write this without knowing of any certain means of conveyance and have not time to write to Ogilvie, who I beg you would have the goodness to apprise of our situation."

On 29th January, 1799, three months after having left London, the Charles Locks and their babies landed at Palermo.

As soon as he arrived, the new British Consul sized up the situation. " . . . I do not find that any measures have been adopted by the King for the recovery of his authority. He seems thoroughly satisfied with his Kingdom of Sicily, which affords him excellent shooting. I saw himself and his Nobility at a masqued ball in the Theatre after the receipt of this news " (massacre and pillage that had taken place in Naples) " enjoying the amusement with as much unconcern as if he had not lost his crown and the rest their estates. It is the opinion of Sir William Hamilton and of Lord Nelson that this Island will soon follow the fate of the other Kingdom. Do not be anxious respecting us, we have always a safe retreat on board the

fleet. The Sicilians hate the French, and unless they find their way over from Calabria I think we are not likely to be disturbed. Sir William Hamilton has received me in the kindest manner. Cecilia has already seen their Majesties in private and I am to be introduced this evening. Sir William has given me hopes that when he goes he will leave me in a situation to be enabled to correspond with our Court. We are lodged in one half of the Porta Felice, one of the Gates of the Town, which looks upon the sea. It is on the Quay, we should have been on *le pavé* but for the Ambassador's exertions, for a lodging is not to be had in the crowded state of the town. Our situation is delicious, though we are in want of household conveniences of all sorts as yet. The cutter for Gibraltar is getting under way : adieu, dear Sir."

The new British Consul was at his post.

XV

LIFE IN PALERMO AND DEATH IN NAPLES
1799

CHARLES LOCK never refers to Lady Hamilton's looks in any of his letters. Yet, only a few years before, his brother William had been dazzled by her loveliness and enchanted with her famous parlour trick of "attitudes." "I had first heard of her talents from Mr. William Lock, who said that all the pictures and statues he had seen were in grace so inferior to her as scarce to deserve a look," wrote Mrs. Preston to Mary Hamilton from Bath in 1791. By now the British Ambassadress was forty and her beauty too full blown. Rich food and good wine had thickened her lovely figure and reddened her cheeks, but Lord Nelson was completely enslaved by her and old Sir William Hamilton, "that walking piece of *vert antique*," as Lady Webster scornfully called him, proved himself the perfect type of *mari complaisant*. The triangle formed by the Hamiltons and the Admiral, that flouted public opinion in so shameless a manner, could not have failed to shock the Locks, but Charles was careful never to allude in his correspondence to the extraordinary state of things he had found at the British Embassy.

It was obvious that Emma Hamilton and Cecilia Lock could never be friends. By now, owing to her intimacy with the Queen and Nelson's infatuation, Emma had developed a totally exaggerated idea of her own importance. If the Consul's wife had been disposed to dance attendance upon her, the Ambassadress no doubt would have made herself pleasant, for she liked admiration, even from her own sex. But Cecilia despised Emma's past life and was scandalised by her present one. Moreover, she was much younger than Lady Hamilton, quite pretty, and intended to be perfectly independent. Lady Hamilton speedily revenged herself by spreading the rumour that Mrs. Charles Lock, sister of the notorious Irish rebel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was a Jacobin.

At the time of Charles Lock's arrival at Palermo the King and Queen had settled down in the Royal Palace after a first period of acute discomfort.

The British Ambassador's handsome Palazzo contained a suite of large, frescoed halls, which Nelson now openly shared, paying for most of the household expenses with the largesse awarded to him by a grateful nation.

The cold of winter soon passed and Emma, glad to be comfortable again and to hear fewer complaints from the Queen, gave herself up to the enjoyment of the present moment. She kept open house, with a large banquet every night, music and dancing followed by high gambling that continued till the grey dawn crept in at the windows. Dipping into Nelson's purse, Emma poured gold in a steady stream on the green baize tables, while Sir William pretended not to notice where all this money came from, and Nelson dozed, tired to death by the late hours, yet drunk with delight at possessing what he considered the most beautiful and remarkable woman in the world.

Far away in England, poor Lady Nelson wept in the solitude of her father's parsonage, and the Admiralty began to think that Lord Nelson might be better employed. The same idea also occurred to the Foreign Office concerning his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to Naples, but somehow no one did anything about it. In Palermo the scandal grew ever greater. Lord Elgin, Ambassador to Constantinople, was shocked at the situation he found when passing through Sicily, and reported : " the necessity of a change in our representative at Naples and in our conduct there." Captain Trowbridge, who had been left as Commander of the Mediterranean Squadron, and was sincerely attached to Nelson, ventured to remonstrate with him.

" Pardon me, my Lord," he wrote pluckily. " It is my sincere esteem for you that makes me mention it. I know you can have no pleasure in sitting up all night at the cards, why then sacrifice your health, purse, everything ? If you knew what your friends feel for you I am sure you will cut out all nocturnal parties. The gambling of the people at Palermo is publicly talked of everywhere."

Trowbridge's warning had no effect and the situation continued unchanged. The Sicilians looked on with amused contempt. Charles Lock, writing regularly to his father, preferred to speak only of the political situation and family matters. " We are still in the same unpleasant situation, and what renders it more so is the almost total darkness we remain in respecting every other part of Europe." Rumour had reached them through Mr. Wyndham, British Minister in Florence, to the effect that 60,000 Russians were advancing and that part of this force, that was coming

by sea, had passed the Dardanelles ; 25,000 of them had already entered the Tyrol. It was said that the Emperor of Austria had above 80,000 men in Venetian territory. News from Southern Italy was bad. The peasants were not inclined to oppose the progress of the French and their Barons had advised them to submit, so as to save their estates from pillage. Cardinal Ruffo, who had been sent to Calabria by the King as commander of his military forces, had retired in despair, declaring that the game was up. " Although when the French entered Naples a Vesuvian Republic was constituted and a Civic Guard organised, the people by no means acquiesced generally in the new Government and there has been a great deal of blood shed in the conflict between the Jacobins (assisted by the French) and the populace. The Sicilians, it is thought, are as desirous to be rid of the Neapolitans as they are averse to the French. The King has adopted the politic measure of dismissing his Neapolitan Ministers and of choosing Sicilians."

Most of Charles Lock's information was correct. After the flight of the King and Queen, the populace of Naples, who were royalists, murdered many of those suspected of being Jacobins and revolutionaries, and when the French troops entered the town they were met by desperate resistance from the *lazzaroni*, while the intellectuals sided with the French, hoping to get freedom from the Bourbon tyranny. The Parthenopean Republic was proclaimed under a Provisional Government on 27th January, 1799.

But Cardinal Ruffo by no means despaired of the situation, and was still in the south raising hordes of wild Calabrians with which to invade Naples eventually and reconquer it for the King.

The Charles Locks kept out of the fast set reigned over by Lady Hamilton. Cecilia, having stood the long, rough voyage with such fortitude, developed a bad cough and was tormented by a succession of ulcers which made her suffer a good deal. The two children were covered with eruptions, and poor Emmy, who had already been so ill at sea, was a deplorable object. " She is a Lazarus, one can hardly touch her in any part free from large boils which discharge a quantity of matter. I think you would none of you know her. We are advised to apply one large blister, which by drawing the humour copiously from one part, may heal the other sores." Little Emily's constitution was a strong one for she survived both her illness and the doctor's remedies.

The only bright spot in Charles Lock's life for the moment was the Ambassador's desire to give up his post and retire to England. " Sir

William Hamilton complains of his ill health, and says he only awaits the arrival of the *Goliath* from Alexandria to go home. I shall then, as I informed you, be left in the charge of corresponding with ministers in England."

It was in April, 1799, that Charles Lock at last received his first letters from England. To have news from the inhabitants of beloved Norbury delighted him, but he was worried over money matters. "I trust my situation will not continue long as it is at present: living is expensive, and I am under the necessity of keeping a carriage for Cecilia. However I am in hopes of removing out of town in a few days and shall then only hire horses occasionally."

With the coming of spring the health of his wife and children had improved, and Charles went on a tour in Sicily with an artist, Mr. Head, who was a friend of William's. They travelled partly by boat and partly on horseback, following the shore, and visited all the beauty spots that are now household words with tourists, but which in those days few foreigners knew: Messina, Taormina, Catania, Siracusa, and Girgenti. Charles had a passion for seeing new places. "We were overwhelmed with civilities wherever we went, lodged either in the convents or in the houses of the nobility. For this I must thank my dignity of Consul General, though I must say that I found without exception, through all ranks of people, but one sentiment—that of gratitude to the English, who they call their deliverers, and of detestation of the French. The massacre of the wretched French at Augusta fully evinces the latter. Figure to yourself, my dear Sir, 120 fugitives from Alexandria, ignorant of the state of warfare between the two countries, arrived at Augusta. Amongst them was General Souçi, a young man of considerable talents. They were immediately secured, and coming from an infected place were lodged in quarantine in a house on the sea shore without the walls. The sight of all these men was more or less affected by the reflection of the sun upon the burning sands of Egypt, and between forty and fifty of them were nearly blind. They were looked upon with an evil eye by the people from the moment of their arrival, and as it was soon after the flight of the King from Naples, they could the less bear the jokes and reflections these Frenchmen imprudently threw out upon that sore subject. Their contempt for their religion which some of them did not attempt to conceal was a heavy aggravation in the minds of superstitious men, and the display of gold with which they played at chuck farthing was a further incitement to the tragedy which followed. On the 20th day

of their confinement and the day before they were to be removed to a house within the walls, some of them were playing at bowls, and the boys of the town who were standing round proving troublesome, one of them said : ' Get you gone, or I will make bowls of your heads ! ' This is the only immediate cause of provocation I ever heard assigned. A report was spread that they had threatened to murder the boys, the people assembled round the house, and the officer commanding the guard growing apprehensive that they might commit some violence upon the prisoners, sent to the Governor asking for a reinforcement of regulars as he had no dependence upon the militia of which his guard was composed. His request was slighted and he sent again and again, saying it was no longer in his power to restrain the people from laying their hands upon the prisoners as his soldiers sided with the populace ; a few men were at last sent, but too late, as the Governor was in danger of being sacrificed himself for attempting to protect them. The Captain of the Vessel who brought them, coming out of his house with a sword and pistol in his hands, was instantly shot dead by a sentinel, and as others ran out endeavouring to escape they were butchered by the militia and mob together. As the French upon this shut and barricaded their doors, the people got upon the roof, removed the tiling, and from thence fired among them. Finding they were thus exposed they again opened the doors and about thirty of them who could best see ran out, gained the sea side, got into a boat and effected their escape to the opposite shore. In this number was a young woman. The guns of the Fortress were fired by the garrison upon these poor wretches and they were fired at without remission as long as they were within reach. The major part, however, among whom were the blind, who remained within doors, were murdered without mercy ; eighty-four were killed upon their knees. Soucy was the last who was sacrificed ; he was pulled out from under some straw and dead bodies and counterfeited death. But as they began to strip him they perceived the deceit and tho' the officer who had had the charge of him, and whose esteem he had conciliated by his generosity and amiable manners, exerted himself to the utmost to save him, he was torn to a thousand pieces. The rage of the populace went so far as to roast and eat their livers. No one step had been taken by Government to bring to justice anyone concerned in the perpetration of this deed, or to mark its abhorrence of it. In consequence of which a vessel from Alexandria was stranded a fortnight ago upon the coast of Sicily near Taormina and half the crew was massacred before a guard arrived to protect them.

" The *Dyana* is going to England and I will not lose this opportunity of sending my letter. Our hopes of reaching Naples are now considerable. A squadron of five under Captain Trowbridge has possessed itself of the Islands of Ischia, Procida, and Capri and keeps the Bay of Naples completely blocked up. A considerable army commanded by a priest surnamed Il Gran Diavolo (an outlaw and notorious murderer) occupies the country between Capua and Gaeta, and the army under Cardinal Ruffo is approaching on the side of Salerno. The French force in Naples does not exceed 2,500 men. What has much the appearance of their intended departure is their having sent away all their women to the Roman State. We hear that they have disarmed the Civic Guards, not daring to trust them, which if true will remove every obstacle to the entrance of the Royal army. Their exactions, which amount to 6 mill & ½ of dollars, must by this time have pretty well disgusted the Neapolitans, and Captn. Trowbridge has received the strongest assurances of a cooperation within, should an attempt be made from without. Added to this, the City suffers severely from want of provisions. They get neither corn from Puglia nor fish from the sea. Should the Russian long expected force of 9,000 men land at Manfredonia or Lecce on the Adriatic coast, the affair would soon be terminated.

" The siege of Malta * lingers in the same state, nor is it likely to fall unless the Russians arrive who have promised 3,000 men. The wretched Maltese are disunited, broken-hearted, starving, and a fever the consequence of unwholesome diet carries them off in numbers. They have neither cannon or powder. The neglect which that people has met with is most infamous. The accounts from Egypt lead one to believe that Buonaparte is not in the distressed situation he has been represented. He lately made a journey to Suez and settled the tariff for the merchandises which might arrive from India, which looks as if he had views of establishing himself permanently in that fertile country. His army, however, is dissatisfied and sickly and in general anxious to get home. An officer was intercepted on his way to the Porte with offers of evacuating Egypt upon certain conditions ; his attempt to gain over the Bey of Tripoli, by a present of a valuable diamond, seems on the other side as if he was fearful of, and anxious to secure against, a reverse. Berthier, who is allowed by everyone to be the efficient man, is alive and well.

" I am very sorry, my dear Sir, for the *tracasserie* our goods have

* Malta was in revolt against the French, who had ruled there since the fall of the Knights in 1797.

occasioned you. We have been somewhat distressed for want of them, which could not be helped, but shall be glad as soon as you think it advisable to send them. I shall be under the necessity of drawing on you soon for some money. What an incumbrance I am to the kindest of fathers ! I trust it will not continue much longer. I hear Ireland is quiet and hope your Agent has met with no impediment in collecting your rents. I am in great want of shoes and a pair or two of Hussar and common boots. The leather here is so ill cured it has no wear, but Norman must make them longer in the foot and somewhat broader. A few tooth brushes would be very welcome. Hats here are good for nothing. Cloths worse than you can imagine. In short English articles of apparel are all the greatest economy. My dear Sir and all so dear to me at Norbury I must bid you adieu."

Winter turned to spring. In April the Charles Locks moved from their makeshift quarters in the Porta Felice to a house belonging to the Duca di Monte Leone, about half a mile from Palermo. The ducal estates had been confiscated owing to their owner's political views, and the King, through the mediation of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, allowed the Locks to occupy his country place. It had spacious rooms and a vast garden with covered walks and plenty of water, with a distant view of the sea. It had been a season unexampled for its badness ; the King and Queen had nearly frozen in the Royal Palace, and Charles Lock, sitting by the side of a fire as he wrote, described its warmth as most agreeable. He found the Sicilian climate hitherto detestable, and by contrast that of England appeared Paradise itself. Torrents of rain with the succession of burning sun and chilly winds, had made them experience the four seasons in succession almost every day since their arrival. Above all, he was homesick. " Where are you now ? I imagine you are in town and the dear girls going to balls. My dearest mother suffering martyrdom at them with Christian fortitude, William performing duty with diverse girls with methodical erectness, and you, my dear Sir, sitting melancholy at home reading the papers or the *Mercure Brittanique*. How I wish I was with you ! A thousand loves to everyone."

Charles did not hide his scorn for the social life of Palermo. " To morrow is to be a dinner for all the English at the Minister's (Sir John Acton), the King gives a superb gala in the evening in honour of this British Minister's birthday, and a great bore it will be. The Court and City of Palermo are much more occupied with it than with the great events now brewing.

Tell my dearest Mother I have for some time past been making a collection of songs for her." Summer brought the Scirocco wind from Africa which was a torment : " so hot and at the same time so violent, that it has blown down and destroyed trees and verdure. It is like a mortal blast."

From England Lady Henry Fitzgerald had written that Mimi Ogilvie was going to marry Mr. Charles Beauclerk. Charles did not know him, but heard the match was good in point of fortune. He was happier over the children, for Emily had got quite well again and Cissy was really beautiful—exactly like a baby by Vandyke.

A traveller passing through Sicily at this time has left an account of a dinner at the British Embassy.

" Shortly after our arrival we dined with our Ambassador. In the evening a stranger was announced as having arrived, bearing a despatch from the Emperor Paul of Russia ; the messenger was a Turk. Lady H. with her usual tact recommended Lord Nelson, for whom the despatch was destined, to clothe himself in his pelisse and aigrette to receive the Turk ; this was done in a moment. The party moved to a *salle de reception.* The folding doors were thrown open, and the Mussulman entered. The moment he caught a glance of his Lordship's costume, the slave was prostrate on the earth, making the grand salaam. This was the scene her Ladyship had anticipated, and it was got up with stage effect. The credentials being delivered were found to contain an autograph letter from Paul, complimenting the hero on the glories he had achieved ; and in testimony of his Majesty's regard, the Emperor of all the Russias desired his acceptance of a gold snuff-box, on which was the imperial portrait. The letter (in French) was read to the assembly, and the present exhibited. It was superb, of chased gold ; the portrait was set with large brilliants, a gift worthy of an Emperor. . . . The only memorable event which occurred at the Minister's entertainment was this warrior getting drunk with rum, which does not come under the prohibition of the Prophet. The monster, who had the post of honour at her Ladyship's side, entertained her, through the interpretation of the Greek, with an account of his exploits, among others, that of his having lately fallen in with a French transport, conveying invalids and wounded soldiers from Egypt, whom he had brought on board his frigate ; but provisions and water having run short, he found it necessary to get rid of his prisoners, and amused himself by putting them to death. ' With this weapon,' said he, in his vile jargon, and drawing his shabola, ' I

cut off the heads of twenty French prisoners in one day ! . . . Look ! there is their blood remaining on it ! ' The speech being translated, her Ladyship's eyes beamed with delight, and she said, ' Oh, let me see the sword that did the glorious deed ! ' It was presented to her ; she took it into her fair hand covered with rings, and looking at the encrusted Jacobin blood, kissed it and handed it to the hero of the Nile ! Had I not been an eye-witness to this disgraceful act, I would not have ventured to relate it. Mrs. Charles Lock, the beautiful and amiable wife of our Consul-General, was sitting *vis-à-vis* to the Turk, and was so dreadfully horrified at the scene (being near her *accouchement*) that she fainted, and was taken out of the room. Her ladyship said it was a piece of affectation, and made no efforts to assist her guest ; the truth is, she was jealous of her beauty, and insinuated that, being a sister of the late Lord E. F. she must, necessarily, be a Jacobin. N.B. She wore green ribbons. The toadeaters applauded, but many groaned and cried ' shame ' loud enough to reach the ears of the Admiral, who turned pale, hung his head, and seemed ashamed. Lord Montgomery got up and left the room, and I speedily followed. Poor Nelson was to be pitied."

In Naples the French were rapidly losing the support of those who had welcomed their arrival as the dawn of liberty. The decree issued claiming as French property and therefore confiscating the Royal Palaces, hunting lodges and other estates of the Crown : the banks, the china factories, the antiquities found at Pompei and Herculaneum, infuriated all Neapolitans alike, and even the French General Championnet declared that the decree was " *indécent, injurieux, séditieux, et funeste.*" For this he was substituted by General Macdonald.

The ground was therefore prepared for the arrival of Cardinal Ruffo and his army of Calabrian brigands. Turks and Russians, united for the first time in history, landed in Italy ; in the North the Austrians were advancing, and in the South the English occupied Messina with the object of eventually defending Sicily.

The French found it necessary to evacuate Naples in May, 1799. Less than a month afterwards Cardinal Ruffo, clad in purple and sword in hand, entered the town at the head of his troops. The Parthenopean Republic was over, after a brief existence of four months.

The principal republicans, who had taken refuge in the Castello dell' Uovo and the Castello Nuovo, obtained honourable terms for their surrender, guaranteed by the Cardinal's signature and that of the representatives of England, Russia, and Turkey. They were to walk out of the Castles

with the honours of war and had the choice of either embarking on a ship for Toulon or remaining in the Kingdom of Naples, with immunity for themselves and their families. The Cardinal was nauseated by the cruelties and massacres he had witnessed and craved to see peace established in his country.

When this news reached Palermo the Queen feared to be baulked of her revenge and, without much difficulty, persuaded Nelson to sail at once for Naples together with the Hamiltons, instructing him to tear up the capitulation and punish the revolutionaries with ferocity. He was to treat Naples as he would *a rebel Irish town*. This allusion was a thrust at Cecilia Lock, whose past sympathies with the Irish rebels could not be denied. Maria Carolina, implacable in her fierce hatred, did not trust even her favourites to be hard enough on the vanquished. She wrote her full instructions to Lady Hamilton : the greatest firmness, strength, and vigour were to be used, the women to be treated in the same way as the men and no pity to be shown to anyone.

These private orders given by the Queen are obviously the reason why Nelson and Lady Hamilton left Palermo with such secrecy, taking the old Ambassador with them and forcing him to break his word to Charles Lock. Our British Consul was so angry that, for the first time, he let himself go and expressed himself freely about Lady Hamilton.

Palermo, 30 June, 1799

" My dear Sir,

" I am going to Naples to-morrow in the *Italia* frigate. The appearance of our fleet * decided a bloody conflict which had lasted several days in the town between the Jacobins and Ruffo's army which had obtained a footing in it. The Castle of St. Elmo only holds out, in which is a garrison of 700 French, but a mine is being excavated and a battery of 42-pounders created upon the belvedere, which must soon reduce it. The Jacobin forces which are in the Castles del Carmine, del Uovo, & Castel Nuovo, with the remainder in an entrenched camp, have surrendered on conditions and are to be transported to Toulon. *A very wise measure, though on the point of being rejected by the Royalty party*, as it effectually sweeps the Kingdom of the disaffected who, when banished and their property alienated, may be considered as virtually dead. Sir Wm. and Lady Hamilton embarked with great secrecy for Naples about 10 days ago, in the *Foudroyant*

* Commanded by Admiral Collingwood.

Ferdinand IV (afterwards I), King of Naples, and his wife, Maria Carolina

which came singly for them off the Harbour with Ld. Nelson on board. I underwent a severe mortification in not being invited to accompany Sir William or receiving any intimation of their designs, which I relied on as Sir William had repeatedly promised I should attend him when he went, and if I am to be left Chargé d'Affaires it was indispensably necessary for me previously to acquire some knowledge of the principal characters and progress of events in the Revolution, which the present occasion would so intimately have made me acquainted with. But for this I may thank that superficial, grasping and vulgar minded woman whose wish to retain her husband in a situation his age and disinclination render him unfit for, has made her use every endeavour to keep me in the dark, and to make it difficult for Sir William to give up his employment at this moment, when it is requisite his successor should be possessed of so many details which a practical initiation into affairs could only give him. Sir William has ever showed a forwardness to give me an insight into the politicks of this Court, and of the mode of conducting business, but the unbounded power her Ladyship possesses over him, and Lord Nelson with her taking the whole drudgery of it upon himself, has easily prevented his intention. The extravagant love of the latter has made him the laughing stock of the whole fleet and the total dereliction of power and the dignity of his diplomatic character, has made the friends of the former regret that he retains the title of a situation, of which he has resigned the functions. I know I write too warmly, but my disappointment in a view I had at heart, must be my excuse.

" The French fleet is safe in Toulon. The pursuit of them has been sadly bungled on our part. . . . Had Lord Nelson, when off the West of this Island been called to Minorca, a squadron sufficiently strong for the observation of Carthagena and protection of Minorca might have been formed, and the fleet still have remained competent to go in search of the French, without being drawn off to attend to the safety of that Island (Sicily) which was in no danger of falling by a *coup de main*.

" The wretched Maltese seem abandoned to their fate, as does Sir Sidney Smith, who with only two half manned ships has enabled the Bey of Acre to arrest the progress of Buonaparte for two months and will probably have been the means of annihilating his army. His services have eminent merit, though his praises here are little sung. His coming into these seas with Admiralty orders independent of Lord Nelson will never be forgiven him : . . .

" My object in going to Naples, is to obtain a house and to *accrocher* a

little of the loads of furniture which the plunder of the wretched Jacobins has occasioned to be sold as cheap as dirt."

The *Foudroyant*, escorted by seventeen other ships, sailed into the Bay of Naples on 24th June with Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons on board. The fair Emma had taken advantage of the voyage to work up the Admiral into a state of fury against Cardinal Ruffo for his leniency with the rebels. As a matter of fact, the Cardinal had every right to do as he thought fit ; he had been given full powers by the King and the terms of the capitulation had been agreed upon, after full deliberation, with the representatives of four other countries, including Great Britain. Nelson, who was not a subject of King Ferdinand, had not been put in command of either his army or navy and had no real authority to act. But to win a smile from his mistress he was ready to forget these obvious facts. Ever at his side, chattering bad Italian of which he could not speak a word, Emma served as interpreter in the interminable discussions that took place when Cardinal Ruffo came on board the *Foudroyant*. The long hot afternoon wore on. Exhausted, yet haughty, the Cardinal refused to be dictated to by a foreigner whose authority he did not recognise. He had given his word and intended to abide by it. It seemed at first that he had got his own way. On 26th June Captain Trowbridge brought him a letter from Sir William Hamilton. " Lord Nelson begs me to assure your Eminence that he is resolved to do nothing to break the armistice that your Excellence has accorded to the Castles of Naples." But on Emma's receiving another letter from the Queen insisting on cruel repressions, Nelson changed his tactics. Most of the rebels who had surrendered and left the Castles were already on board the transports that were to convey them to Toulon, others had scattered to their various homes. By his orders, to which Ruffo was forced to give in, they were practically all arrested, and hurried off to be summarily shot.

On 29th June Duke Francesco Caracciolo was captured and brought on board the *Foudroyant*. Nelson had him immediately court-martialled by a Commission composed of Neapolitans who condemned him to lifelong imprisonment. The British Admiral cancelled the sentence and substituted it with " death by hanging." Caracciolo asked to be shot instead of hanged, he also wished to receive the last sacraments from a priest. Nelson refused both requests.

The Neapolitan Admiral was hanged on the evening of 29th June at the yardarm of the *Minerva*, the same ship on which Charles Lock and his little family had sailed from England to Palermo, and which now formed part

of the Neapolitan navy. His body was flung into the sea, for Nelson had refused his third wish : to be buried in consecrated ground.

Two letters written by Luigi Caracciolo, Duke of San Teodoro, to his daughter Teresa, throw an interesting light on the story of their ancestor, as preserved by oral tradition in the family. The letters are in French and were probably written in the early 'eighties.

Paris, 2nd October

" My dear Child,

" I have just received your letter in which you tell me you are sending a magazine with an article on Lady Hamilton. It will interest me greatly, as you, with your intelligence, can suppose. I know a great deal about that period which was so sad a one for my country, when Admiral Caracciolo was hung at the height of his career, judged by *foreigners*. The Sanfelice, who was Aunt of the present Cardinal, died on the scaffold at the same time as the young Marquis di Genzano, who was only sixteen !— both for their liberal opinions. As the Sanfelice lady was *enceinte*, they kept her in prison six months after her arrest, and as soon as she had been confined and was strong enough to walk, they sent her to her death. Can anything crueller be imagined ?

" Nelson was jealous of Caracciolo and swore to ruin him because the latter always treated Lady Hamilton with contempt. I have the greatest admiration for Nelson as a sailor ; his battle of Trafalgar is the best thing that has ever been done on sea, the finest and the bravest manœuvre. How a man of that stamp could get into a boat with Lady Hamilton on a beautiful star-lit night in the gulf of Naples and row round the ship from which hung the corpse of Caracciolo, that was still warm ! How women can tarnish the glory of great men ! If in the libraries of English country houses you can find the book by Anna Maria Williams who was in Naples at the time, read it, for it is very interesting. There are two editions, one English and the other French, but they can no longer be bought."

Luigi Caracciolo discovered that his daughter did not know anything about the hanging of her ancestor, so he wrote again.

Paris, 7th October

" My dear Child,

" As you ask me about Nelson and Caracciolo I am obliged to give you a little lecture on history, for you are born a Caracciolo.

" The Hatred of Nelson for Caracciolo began at Gaeta when the Court and the British fleet were both there. Caracciolo, though an admiral,

had only one frigate. One day some British ships went out to fight (the French) and Caracciolo joined them with his, and in consequence had to follow the evolutions of the British squadron. After that Nelson got into his head that Caracciolo should be under his orders. I will let you guess how the latter answered him. To show his independence he went out alone one day and met a French frigate which he captured after a desperate fight and brought back to Gaeta. Nelson was foolish enough to argue that he should have flown the British flag because his ship now formed part of the British fleet. Caracciolo disagreed with haughtiness, as he should, and after that the two admirals were never again on speaking terms.

" Later on, when the Court fled to Sicily, the King and all his family sailed on Nelson's ship and all the Royal treasures were put on Caracciolo's frigate that accompanied the British squadron. Caracciolo was hurt to see the King take refuge on a ship flying a foreign flag.

" During the voyage there was so terrible a storm that all the ships lost sight of each other and one of the sons of the King, aged six, died of sea-sickness. Before arriving at Palermo Nelson said to the King that he could not hope to save his valuables for the ship that carried them was old and worthless and certainly could not have survived the storm. But what was the King's surprise on arriving (at Palermo) on Nelson's battered ship, to see Caracciolo's frigate already anchored there and in perfect order. Caracciolo had arrived three days before the others and had been able to make all repairs.

" The King thanked Caracciolo and *sent him back*, telling him to *do what he wished* as he could not keep him with his one ship. He also wanted to avoid further disputes with the British Admiral.

" Naples capitulated to the British Fleet commanded by Collingwood. Twenty-four hours later Nelson arrived and tore up the capitulation. Thus Caracciolo was arrested while he was quietly at home, trusting to the terms of the agreement. He was judged against all rights (*contre le droit des gens*) by the English who, ashamed of their verdict, had him executed on a Neapolitan ship, so as not to soil the British flag by this political murder. The story of Caracciolo's corpse following the wake of the British ship on which was the King, on a fine moonlight night, is perfectly true. The King was frightened at this apparition which he thought was a ghost, and his confessor assured him that Caracciolo was asking for a Christian burial. The ship was stopped and the body picked up ; it was buried behind the high altar of the Church of Santa Lucia.

"The Court of Naples was always ashamed of the execution of Caracciolo; when my father asked the King to allow Edoardo * to enter the Naval College, he answered that it gave him great pleasure to admit a child who bore a name *so illustrious in the annals of the Neapolitan Navy.*

"Caracciolo was not a Prince, but a Duke. He was of short stature, and when he harangued his men he always stood on a chair. He had a modest fortune; in spite of this when, in the many fights he undertook against the Berber pirates that infested the Mediterranean, he captured vessels and was entitled to half the prize money, he always gave it to his crew. He was adored by his men.

"When I was quite young I knew a sailor of Santa Lucia who had served under his orders, and he spoke of him with tears in his eyes.

"Caracciolo was strongly in favour of attacking enemy ships in row boats, because when they were alongside the larger craft the big guns could not be lowered enough to fire on them, and then one fought with steel. He has left some very interesting memoirs, but they contain such hard truths on the Court and the politics of those times that the Duke of Caracciolo di Brienza who possesses them and who is fiercely Codino † will allow no one to read them. You can imagine how I have moved heaven and earth to be able to, but it has all been useless. However I have not yet lost all hope. . . .

"Your affectionate father

"Luigi.

"P.S.—Old Prince Cariati, who was minister in 1848, had been flag lieutenant to Caracciolo. He had a great admiration for him and often spoke of him to me."

Ten days after Caracciolo's execution King Ferdinand arrived in the Bay of Naples, having left his Queen behind him in Palermo. Owing to the state of the town he did not land. The gallows and the axe were working overtime, the prisons overflowed with victims who were put to death without mercy or justice, the order having been given: "All those who did not oppose the republic are to be executed." Among these were Giuliano Colonna, Gennaro Serra, Priario, Torella, the Bishop of Vico, Michele, and two distinguished women, Eleonora de Fonseca Pimentel

* The Duke of San Teodoro's younger brother.

† "Codino" literally means little tail, or pigtail. In the old days in Italy the word signified everything that was narrow minded and conservative, for the new generation with liberal tendencies had given up powder and wore its hair short.

and the Marchesa di San Felice. Lady Hamilton had the cruel satisfaction of seeing some of the greatest ladies of Naples, who had refused to receive her in their houses, now come humbly imploring her help to save the lives of their fathers, husbands, or sons.

The King was not as blood-thirsty as the Queen. All the carnage taking place on shore worried and sickened him ; he longed to get back to his lady friends and his pleasant life in Sicily. Charles Lock, kind-hearted and honourable, was revolted by what he witnessed in those days, but wrote guardedly to his father.

Naples, 13, July 99

" I have destroyed a letter from prudential motives which I had written to you, with an account of what has been done here. I return to Palermo by the first opportunity. Sir William Hamilton has offered me his house here till next May, when his lease ends, as he goes to England shortly from Palermo. The King is in the bay on board the *Foudroyant* but has no thought of landing : he will return and reside at Palermo some time longer. Sir William told me yesterday he would leave me Chargé d'Affaires, which will of course oblige me to take up my residence wherever the Court may be. I rejoice that I was not of the party on board the flag ship to Naples, which in my last to you from Palermo I regretted. But things have passed which should have been very repugnant to my feelings and have perhaps occasioned an irreparable breach between me and certain persons. You will hear with grief of the infraction of the articles convented with the Neapolitan Jacobins and of the stab our English honour has received in being employed to decoy these people, who relied upon our faith, into the most deplorable situation. I have no time to enlarge as Sylvester the Messenger is going in a few hours, but *the sentiment of abhorrence expressed by the whole fleet* will I hope exonerate the nation from an imputation so disgraceful, and charge it where it should lie, upon the shoulders of *one or two*.

" The Castle of St. Elmo surrendered yesterday. The garrison consisting of 11 or 12,000 men are embarked for Toulon. The siege lasted 12 days. The approaches were conducted by the English, Portuguese, Russians, and Swiss under the direction of Captains Trowbridge and Hallowell. It was an interesting scene for me. The reduction of Capua and Gaeta are to be undertaken successively. Eight hundred Marines are marched towards it and about 1,800 Portuguese, Russians, and Swiss. It is already besieged by a numerous Army of Calabrese under Hocromano, who has till this month been a prominent Republican character. The

air of the place is bad and I fear our troops will suffer. There are 15,000 Calabrese in Naples, who are as many robbers and murderers. They have committed great excesses. The regular troops lately quartered over the town have curbed them, but I suspect the departure of our fleet which cannot be distant will be a signal for the renewal of shocking scenes. The French fleet is at sea, we know not where, it was seen near Carthagena. *We have managed delightfully with so superior a force to let both fleets slip through our fingers.*

"I have been to Pompeii. The French have made most interesting excavations there, amongst others an elegant Villa the walls of which are covered with paintings very well executed. I wish my things from England were arrived. I find Ogilvie blames my carelessness severely; he has no reason to, I did everything my prudence could suggest about them. I am in rags, my linen is quite gone. English shoes are the greatest economy, the leather here is so ill cured. Every article of clothing is far worse and far dearer than in England. You are now at Norbury, I hope enjoying in that most beautiful place some of the fine sunshine we have had here for this month past. Remember me most tenderly and affectionately to my dear Mother and all those I love so much.

"Believe me, dear Sir, with prayers for your health,

"Your affectionate Son,

"CHAS. LOCK.

"Tiger is here and in good preservation. I have steadily resisted the introduction of any of the rockets * of this country into the family, which Cecilia is much bent upon tho' it would destroy his peace."

Charles Lock did not know that his real troubles were yet to come.

* "Roquet" is still the term in French for a little mongrel.

XVI

CHARLES LOCK AND LORD NELSON
1799

THOUGH Charles Lock, up to now, had been extremely careful of what he wrote about Lady Hamilton and Nelson, he was less prudent in other ways and openly betrayed his disapproval of the scandal which he daily witnessed. Both the lovers were biding their time for a chance to get even with him. The Duchess of Leinster already realised the situation when a Mrs. Head, just returned from Sicily, brought her further news of her daughter. "Her account of our Cecilia agrees with what we know to be the case, that she is devoted to her children and more admired than anything that has been among them people (*sic*) for a long time; her manners quite adored by all the English Navy, and as they all detest Lady Hamilton they delight the more in showing all preference and homage to Ciss. This, I fear, will make Lady Hamilton hate her and I was in hopes that, as she neither interfered with her Lovers or her Politics she might keep pretty well with her. . . . By the by, Mrs. Head commended Charles very much and said how happy Mrs. Lock was in having so good, kind, attentive, and *constant* a husband among all those Sicilian Ladies. I hope Mr. Head was not naughty, but she spoke very feelingly on the subject, poor woman!"

Nelson's opportunity to do the British Consul a bad turn soon came, and poor Charles staggered under the blow that a cleverer man than himself might have parried.

Naples, 27th July, 1799

"My dear Sir,

"I am entering into the painful detail of an affair, in which an unguarded moment, ungenerously taken advantage of, has placed me in a situation the most humiliating, and loaded me with calumnies which make my life almost insupportable to me; but I will proceed. I some days ago spoke to Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson, respecting the supply of the fleet, the victualling of which for these four months past has been

performed by the Pursers of the different ships, upon Mr. Littledale, the late contractor, throwing up his contract, which he did upon some distaste conceived. Averse as I was to embarking in a concern which has disgusted another, and, however honestly conducted would render me liable to the suspicions and surmises of anyone, yet, as the profits were large, I determined to solicit it, and proposed to Lord Nelson to furnish the fleet while it remained at Naples, with fresh beef, wine, bread and other necessaries at contract price for 2 or 3 months, which price was to be regulated by the most respectable merchants here. . . . As I knew that when there was no contractor appointed, it was a matter of custom, though not of right, for the Commanders of the King's Ships to apply to the Consul for the provisions they wanted, I asked this favour with some confidence of its being granted. Lord Nelson answered me that he saw no objection to my proposal, but would make inquiry of his Captain and Secretary before he accepted it. Two or three days elapsed, which time I employed in making arrangements, and collecting information concerning the object I had in view. On the 23rd at dusk, I went on board the flag ship to wait upon Lord Nelson. Soon after I was upon deck his Lordship's secretary, Mr. Tyson, called me into his cabin under the poop, and showed me a declaration signed by Lord Nelson stating that he would not interfere in the victualling of the fleet, as the Captains ought to furnish their ships in whatever manner they thought would be cheapest. I said it was very well and that was the end of the affair. When I came again upon the quarterdeck, Lord Nelson was on it, and as I approached he made a motion to me to walk with him up and down. He said : 'Tyson has shown you that there paper ?' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'I am determined,' he continued, 'to have nothing to do with victualling the fleet. Captain Hardy and the Purser assure me that the fleet never was better nor more cheaply supplied.' I answered : 'My Lord, that the Pursers should be satisfied with the present arrangement I am not surprised, as, unless I am misinformed, they find their account in it.' 'How d'ye mean ?' I replied : 'That gross abuse does exist I am convinced, for I had an opportunity lately of seeing a private account of a purser with one of the victuallers, and the difference between the price of the articles agreed to be received by the victualler and the bill drawn on Government, under pretence of paying for them by the purser, was so great it seems to me impossible that a public character should make anything like such profit without almost immediate detection.' 'Aye, aye,' said his Lordship, 'how do you know this ?' I replied that though I had every reason to believe this to be true, as the

person who had shown me the paper had no interest in deceiving me and had produced it in conversation as a proof of the money that was gained in his business, yet he had carefully concealed the name of the purser from me ; and that, as it would be impossible to obtain information through that channel to substantiate the fact as the door would be shut upon anyone who sought it, it could remain as a matter of private opinion only and of caution for his Lordship. He said : ' By God, I will sift this matter to the bottom.' And turning round called out : ' Here Hardy—here's Mr. Lock tells me, as there's the most scandalous abuses in providing the fleet ; and tells me I don't know what Purser has cheated, I'll find it out ! Put it into public orders : that whereas I have received information that the most gross abuses exist in the purchase of fresh beef, wine, etc., for the purpose of the fleet, it is my directions that the Captains do look more narrowly into the Pursers' accounts and do sign no vouchers which are not attested by respectable merchants.' And all this was in an audible voice. I instantly perceived that the publicity his Lordship gave to this affair (which carried the appearance of a direct charge from me, though what I had told him only amounted to a private conviction, of which it was impossible for me to obtain the proofs) made me stand in the odious light of an accuser ; and that, from the impossibility of substantiating the accusation, it must necessarily terminate to my entire shame. I therefore remonstrated in the most earnest manner against the unnecessary cruelty of dragging me forward, against my will and against my sense to prove what he knew could not be proved : that what I had said was only my internal conviction : that data I had not, neither data could I procure ; that it therefore remained only as a matter of private opinion, the more loosely founded the less reason for framing a public order upon it ; that instead of elucidating the subject, it could only serve to make me odious to a set of men it was neither my wish nor my intention to offend. His Lordship answered, that as I said such gross abuses existed it was not proper the affair should sleep ; and saying to Hardy : ' Here ! take him off from me, I am afraid, by God, he'll strike me ! ' he left Hardy and me together. This was a ridicule upon the earnestness of my gesture deprecating a blow I foresaw would ruin me. Hardy was nettled at an order that implied a censure upon every captain in the fleet, which he naturally conceived I had been the cause of ; and asked me how I could advance a charge of this nature without being certain of it ; that Lord Nelson could not but act as he proposed ; that every word let fall upon a quarterdeck was irredeemable ; and that every

information coming from a person in my character was official. As he laid such stress upon this word *official*, I could not help observing that the epithet was a childish one, for it was misapplied. He immediately with some warmth repeated the word '*childish !* I desire to know what you mean by that word *childish*. I don't understand it.' I returned : 'I call the epithet of *official* childish, because, unless the information was supported by documents of some kind whereas it was only given as private opinion, it cannot be official. But if the expression has given you offence, I pray you pardon me ; you are one of the last people I should wish to offend.' We shook hands immediately. I am particular, dear Sir, in some circumstances, as it is generally said, that I was upon the point of striking his Lordship and behaved with such outrageous indecency to Captain Hardy, jostling him and crossing him upon the deck, that had he not been in a temper very different from myself, I should have been turned out of the ship. How mortifying are these details, which I must give you conscientiously to put you in possession of the whole ! The most charitable construction placed upon my vehement conduct, is that I was inebriated. I, inebriated ! whose head since I was a boy has never been flustered with wine ! Let me here, by explaining the impression which actuated my conduct, refute this absurd charge. Convinced that my imprudence had delivered me entirely into the hands of Lord Nelson, and prompted by a sort of instinctive knowledge of human nature, that I might, by addressing myself to his good nature, obtain, what I in vain sought from his justice, I was fearful of irritating either him or Hardy by expressing a sense of the ill treatment I underwent ; and after a pause of about ten minutes in my conversation with Hardy (which I should have related, happened just after Lord Nelson left us), in which I went to Sir William Hamilton who was in his cabin under the poop, on coming out again I observed his Lordship standing : and addressing myself to him, I asked his pardon for my importunity, and entreated him, with almost an agony of earnestness, if it was not yet too late, to rescind the publication of the order that would end in my ruin. His Lordship said : 'I can't help it.' I added : 'Captain Hardy was called into our conversation by your Lordship without my concurrence being asked, a single word from your Lordship will stop his mouth and prevent the matter yet from getting abroad.' He answered : 'I shan't say nothing to Hardy. I shan't mention your name. The captains, of course, and the pursers will be inquiring of him who it was as gave rise to the order, and I don't see how he can be off telling them.' He walked on and I spoke to him no more. He was aware

of the extent of the mischief which was likely to befall me ; but he was likewise aware that *Zeal for the Service* would only be imputed to him for countenancing an inquiry into a charge of peculation. I may be uncharitable ; but feeling so keenly the mortifications this ungenerous usage has brought upon me, I cannot repress my indignation at the cause of them. I lingered on the ship, unwilling by quitting her to abandon all hopes of averting this calamity, for half an hour more, conversing with Hardy who in a friendly manner regretted what had happened, with the impossibility of remedying it, for the report was by this time spread from one end of the ship to the other. I went over the ship's side and got into my boat in a frame of mind better conceived than described. Next morning the order was published. During the course of the day I received a letter from the pursers of the fleet, in which they said, that being informed that I was the cause of the order, in consequence of my report, which they believed to be not only malicious but unfounded, they insisted upon my either producing proofs or making them an apology as public as the order. I returned them for answer that ' I did not consider myself accountable to them for a private conversation, founded upon a motive of private opinion, of which a most improper use had been made.' This answer was previously approved by the most respectable captains in the fleet, all of whom behaved to me with an indulgence and good nature upon this occasion, never to be forgotten. The pursers answered me by another letter, saying that mine was unsatisfactory and pressing their former demand. In the course of the day I had the fresh assurance of the truth of what I had advanced, but without the possibility of proving it, unless I would have served the poor wretch who gave me the information, as I had been served myself. Unable therefore to deny my belief of a thing which, however cloaked from the eye of the World, I was convinced did exist, I knew not what to say to pacify men who did not ask for personal satisfaction. At last I wrote to them as follows : ' Gentlemen, When I informed Lord Nelson it was my opinion that abuses existed in the fleet, the observation was general ; and a proof that it was aimed at no one, is that I accused no particular person. I gave it, and I *repeat* it as my opinion, that the fleet would be better served was it furnished by contract ; my reasons I am not obliged to submit to your judgment. However, as my opinion may have been erroneous and as it was not my intention to injure anyone, I can have no hesitation in allowing that I may have been mistaken in what I stated to Lord Nelson, and I think you are not entitled to any further acknowledgment from me.' Thus far

has the affair gone. This was written early yesterday morning. It is now evening. Whether they will be satisfied with what, in fact, only disclaims the *intention of offending them*, is yet doubtful. I will die before I say what I do not think. The captains have examined the pursers' accounts, and have declared them even deserving of praise for their parsimony. I who know the *dessous des cartes*, and am apprised that their accounts not having been made up nor their vouchers signed, though within two days of it, they were just in time to draw in their horns, to lower the prices of the provisions they had intended to raise, to even below a market price, am not surprised at the result of the investigation.

"I hear Lord Nelson declares he washes his hands of the business and that he intends sending the whole affair to the Victualling Board. You are in possession of everything that passed, as far as my recollection carries me ; and Sir William Bellingham will be the properest person to apply to. He is a man of honour and will see the jet of the whole.

"Adieu, my dear Sir, I am heart broken. My poor wife will go distracted at this humiliating affair. . . . Where will they stop ? but I will write no more ; pray continue to love me all, and believe that tho' I may be guilty of great imprudence, I will never commit a base action."

Three days later Charles Lock saw the matter in a less despairing light. He was popular with his compatriots in Naples and the officers of the Fleet who were all disposed to stand by him. The pursers preferred to let the subject of the revictualling drop and not have their accounts examined any further. Moreover, everyone disliked Lady Hamilton intensely and knew that she was at the bottom of Nelson's unfriendly act towards Lock.

July 30th

". . . I am really recovering my spirits, as this affair is already seen generally in the point of view I wish it, and when people's minds are cooler, will be still more impartially considered. . . . I have seen Sir William Hamilton, and had upon the whole a satisfactory explanation with him. . . . His wife is at the bottom of all the mischief. I can paint nothing so black and detestable as that woman : there are not five dissenting voices among our many countrymen here, with regard to her. You will be glad to hear that the captains and officers have, many of them, shown an interest and solicitude for me, which has raised me from the depressed state my mind was in, and I begin to hope I shall not suffer materially by this unfortunate business. However Sir William told me the papers

were going home to the Victualling Board, not in the form of a complaint against me, but in the light of a justification of themselves, and he advised me to write by the same conveyance. Pray do not neglect to apprise Lord Grenville of the state of the case, as I think it would be right that the King were informed of it. But I know my dear father will neglect nothing for my interest. I should have a commission of Agent Victualler, it is always granted to consuls on their application."

Charles's next letter was written in Sicily.

Palermo, 9th August, 1799

"My dear Sir,

"I returned here two days ago, and the sight of my family and the tender, affectionate behaviour of my dearest Cecilia, have been a balm to my mind. . . . The generous conduct of the officers towards me shall always call forth my warmest acknowledgments . . . I will now dismiss this hateful subject from my pen, and try to think as little of it as I can.

"It is now pretty certain that Sir William Hamilton will not set out for England this year, he has been persuaded to wait till certain accounts of the French fleet arrive. What will determine him to stay is that Lady Hamilton refuses to accompany him till spring, and he cannot exist without her. Here ends therefore my prospect of *Chargé d'Affaires*. . . . I purpose remaining here some time longer, at least till the eleven thousand Russians, engaged to be furnished by the treaty, arrive. I would upon no account remove my family to Naples at this juncture, as I look upon that kingdom to be in a state of revolution, although the King returned in this apparently triumphant manner, he is not possessed of a thousand men to uphold him in his authority. He has been placed on the throne principally through our means, and when we withdraw our support, unless a foreign force is at hand, I do believe he will lose his kingdom a second time. The Calabrese who Cardinal Ruffo enticed to follow him to Naples by the allurement of its promised plunder, have been baulked in their expectations. This lawless body of men, in number 10 or 12,000, are now become formidable to the Government from their discontent, and ruinous from the expenses of their maintenance, . . . Ruffo, their chief, has been disgraced by the late violation of his treaty, and though left Vicar General of the Kingdom, he is looked upon with a jealous eye, . . . The severe inquisition instituted on the conduct of every man during the Revolution, which occasions the apprehension of hundreds every week, the rigorous imprisonment these undergo, and the small chance of an impartial hearing from a prejudiced

tribunal, whose chief object seems that of confiscation for the benefit of the King, but above all, the infamous and shameless violation of the capitulation of the two castles, which delivered into the King's hands 2,000 of the principal jacobins—all this system of acting has, I am persuaded, multiplied the number of the malcontents beyond calculation. The King of Naples must be fully convinced of the instability of his situation, to resolve on the alternative of receiving so large a foreign power, . . ."

Old Mr. Lock could not believe the treaty with the Neapolitan Jacobins had really been signed by the representative of England, as its subsequent violation by Nelson seemed to him an impossibility, so his son gave him fuller details.

" It was signed by Ruffo and the Count de Thurn, the former in the name of the Neapolitan army, the latter for the navy, by Major Baillie commanding the Russian land forces, by Captain Foote of the Sea Navy, as chief of the English squadron in the Bay of Naples, and by the commander of the Turks and Albanians. Acton's letter to Ruffo contained a pressing injunction to obtain possession of the Castles *at any price*, considering the possibility of the French appearing in the Bay the very next hour, . . . A change of circumstances afterwards caused the King's ministers to recede from its ratification. Lord Nelson himself, the 2nd day of his arriva lin the Bay, ordered Major Baillie with his Russians to superintend the embarkation of the garrison agreeable to the articles of the treaty, which was to convey them to Toulon, adding : ' What is done cannot be undone, as the treaty has been signed and concluded we must fulfil it.' Whether it was treachery that dictated this order, as he had the night before sworn (as he stamped up and down the deck of the *Foudroyant*, charging Capt. Foote and the rest of having acted without orders), I will not pretend to say. Many of these victims to their confidence in us have already been executed. The government is burdened with upwards of 10,000 prisoners . . . To be sure, they die very fast, in the unwholesome prisons they are confined in, heaped upon one another, but I understand a pardon, clogged with restrictions which will render it a very limited one, is about to be issued. . . .

" Cecilia has had another attack ; but she has now got over it. She has for some time past lost all her plumpness, and is surprisingly reduced. I own I am not easy about her, and if at the end of this winter she does not recover her health, and she is prevented from going to Naples, I will send her home. It will become a necessary sacrifice.

" We have in Lady Hamilton the bitterest enemy you can imagine.

Her wish to engross the conduct of affairs entirely, as I have before told you, prompted her to poison Sir William's mind against me ; to this was joined a female vanity which could not bear that any English woman should be admired by her countrymen except herself. She has prejudiced the Court in a most unjustifiable manner against us, and she has taken occasion to insinuate that my wife's principles are republican. As for myself, I am a poor creature led by my wife in everything ! The Queen said our going out so little into the world was a proof of how we affected to despise whatever held to Aristocracy. I have complained to Sir William and he has given me his word he will remove every impression of that kind on the first opportunity. He regretted the unfavourable impression the Court had received of me as a Jacobin and in a friendly manner advised me to be on my guard. I observed to his Excellency that his kind intentions would avail me little while there was a person so able and so bent upon counteracting them. . . . With all this malice, her Ladyship maintains every appearance of civility with expressions of good will to us both. Sir William's health is very much broken and his frame is so feeble that even a slight attack of bile, to severe fits of which he has lately been subject, may carry him off. I am then totally in the dark if I have to take up the business ; Sir William never takes copies of his letters, but trusts to memorandums and foul copies, unintelligible to any but himself. When I shall be able to settle at Naples God knows ! The messenger who arrived last from Petersburgh did not flatter this Court with hopes of the speedy arrival of the 10,000 promised Russians. . . .

" Pray save me your newspapers and any publications of the day you may take in. I *never* see a paper, it is really four months since I have read one. I much fear Tiger is dying ! He will be a real loss to me, poor fellow. . . .

" A Fête was given here the other day by the Court in honour of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. Their statues in wax the size of life were exhibited, and they were both crowned with a wreath of Laurels by the hands of the King and Queen, which they wore the rest of the evening. A Poem was sung expressive of the gratitude of their Majesties to their deliverers. . . . The day previous to the Fête the Russian and Turkish fleets entered the Bay of Palermo, the officers of which as well as the Russian and Imperial Ministers were invited to hear how much was due to Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton and the English. The King addressed himself to the Austrian Minister : ' Well,' said he, ' how do you like this ? You see there

is nothing forgotten.' 'No, Sir,' replied the Minister, 'no one but my Master is forgotten here.'

"There has been a serious affair between the Palermitans and the Turkish Seamen: . . . a little boy came up to a Turk who was bargaining at a stall and whipped his legs; the Turk was going to chastise him when he was prevented by a man who took the boy's part, on which the Turk drew a pistol out of his girdle and shot the man dead. The report was immediately spread that the Infidels were murdering the Christians, and they were attacked with sticks and stones wherever they were found; a hundred and twenty were killed, and eighty desperately wounded, amongst them the Turkish Admiral's nephew; fifteen of the Palermitans fell in this massacre and a number were wounded. It is owing to the cowardice of the officer on guard that the affair was not stopped at the outset. It was fortunate that it ended here, for the Turkish seamen, turned to their guns and brought the ship's broadsides to bear upon the town. The great moderation and exertion of the Turkish Admiral prevented the execution of their intentions. However, he insisted upon some atonement from the Government. . . . A council was held, at which the Russian Minister Italinsky assisted. Italinsky proposed to execute upon the Marina in sight of the fleet, ten of the condemned Jacobins, who the Turks would believe were some of the murderers—a most sensible proposition, but it was rejected, from a prejudice one should have thought had not existed at the close of the 18th century, because it should not be said that a Christian's life had been sacrificed for that of a Turk. The Admiral with his fleet got under weigh next morning for Constantinople, in a great rage vowing he would sink the first Neapolitan vessel he met. An explanation has been sent to the Ottoman Court.

"Ever your affectionate Son,

"CHAS. LOCK."

The next letter from home brought a delightful bit of news.

Palermo, 7th Nov., 1799

"Your packet containing the intelligence of Amelia's approaching marriage, has filled my heart with the sincerest joy. I know no one to whom I should so readily have wished her united as John Angerstein, nor a family in England with whom a connection could be so congenial to all our desires. . . .

"The contents of your intelligence respecting the Victualling Board are

very consolatory . . . Sir William Hamilton sent for me and told me how concerned he was to find that the coldness which originated from the difference between Lord Nelson and myself at Naples, still subsisted : that his Lordship had taken occasion to remark repeatedly that I scarce bowed to him on entering the room, and when he addressed me, answered only by monosyllables. . . . That the continuance of the breach lay with myself, for Lord Nelson had expressed his wish to be on an amicable footing with me, to whom he wished exceedingly well. His Excellency observed that my rupture with a person of Lord Nelson's consideration would frustrate his intentions of serving me, by leaving me in charge of affairs at his departure for England, which would most certainly take place early in the spring, as Lord Nelson would not choose to co-operate with me, nor would the Sicilian Government approve my nomination. They had already imbibed a prejudice against me. . . . Sir William said it was true that many things had been reported to have been said in my house, that however he had lived long enough to disregard the tittle tattle of women. He concluded by assuring me that if I would bury in oblivion what had passed, I should find Lord Nelson very well disposed to be my friend. . . .

" I answered His Excellency that it depended upon Lord Nelson alone whether I should be on a footing of coldness or of friendship. . . . When his Lordship wrote that I accused all the Captains as well as Pursers, and that he would have taken up the matter in such a manner as to have deprived me of my consulship, had it not been for the generous interference of Lady Hamilton who by her kind interposition made him drop the affair, for which he knows not how he can be pardoned by his country, his Lordship must be aware that he leaves his correspondent no option in his opinion. . . . Sir William Hamilton declared he was ignorant of Lord Nelson's having written in this manner. . . . He admitted that had the case been his own, he could not have behaved differently to Lord Nelson. . . . He finished by saying he hoped the affair would be arranged, and I assured him that I was ready to put myself into his Excellency's hands, and do as he would recommend me. My dear Sir, *that infamous woman is at the bottom of all the mischief which has rendered my stay so uncomfortable for the last six months. It would be endless to enumerate the stories she has propagated to our disadvantage*, the pains she had taken to prejudice the minds of officers on their arrival here against us. To combat this in some measure we have been under the necessity of opening our house much more than we should otherwise from inclination and economy have done, and been obliged to use every

means of ingratiating ourselves, and of wiping out the bad impressions she so indefatigably labours to give about us. But the greatest source of uneasiness to me is the expense at which we live, the burden which I continue to be to you, and the not seeing how I can essentially diminish that expense, considering the absolutely necessary sort of representation attached to the character I am in, weighs upon my spirits, and for these many months past, has poisoned all my enjoyment."

The post of British Consul was not a bed of roses.

XVII

THE NELSON-LOCK QUARREL CONTINUES

1799

THE quarrel between Nelson and Lock was far from over. It smouldered on and was ready to flare up again at the slightest provocation. A new subject of disagreement arose over a payment due to a certain man from Calabria, which the Admiral considered should be settled by the British Consul.

"I wrote an answer to Lord Nelson . . . ," said Charles in a letter to his father. "I begged leave to remark that the accounts in question were *copies* of the originals, unattested by any official Signature. . . . That I had in consequence informed the bearer that it was not possible for me to pass his account, that he must return home (to Gerace in Calabria), procure the original papers and send them to Naples for which place my Vice-Consul has already embarked, and that every just claim would there be attended to. That however if his Lordship was *satisfied* of the authenticity of the papers in question and would affix his signature to them, I would give the man an order for the amount of the bills the same instant."

Apparently Nelson did not feel inclined to sign them. On receiving another letter from Nelson's secretary :

"I waited on Lord Nelson who was not at home, but his Secretary who I saw said his Lordship was of opinion that the man ought to be paid part on account to carry him home. I answered that I who was responsible for the disbursement was the best judge, that the same reason which prevented my paying him the whole of his demand militated against my advancing him a sixpence. I heard no further on the subject."

But the unfortunate Vice-Consul did. Nelson's secretary wrote :

"SIR,

"Lord Nelson insists on the bearer having some settlement before you sail. This poor man has been here more than three months, and has not been able to receive anything for his disbursement in victualling the

people cast away in *La Paix Bombard.* Mr. Lock is gone to Malta, you are going to Naples, where or by whom, then, is he to be paid ? He cannot and ought not to be obliged to follow you to Naples. Devise some mode and let me know by him in what manner it is to be settled before you go."

We do not know whether the poor native of Calabria ever got paid. Meanwhile Charles wrote :

Palermo, 18th Sept., 1799

" I have been to Malta since my last. The Portuguese Admiral Don Marquis Nizza, one of the most affable young men I ever met with, who was going to take command of the blockade of that place, offered me a passage, and as I was given to understand that the French garrison at the appearance of the reinforcement which he carried with him would probably capitulate I embraced the opportunity of seeing one of the most remarkable spots in Europe. Greatly however were those disappointed who expected the surrender. We found a garrison of 4,000 men, with corn, oil and beans, for many months in the strongest fortress in the world, besieged by 1,500 literally half starved, ill clothed, ill armed, spiritless Maltese, without cannon, powder or flints for their crazy muskets. They have expended their all in maintaining this struggle for their freedom and they are now suffered to starve. Ten thousand have died this summer chiefly of want ; they had three days corn in the island for 80,000 souls when I left them a fortnight ago, the ships are yet here which were destined to carry them a supply. . . . This is the support promised them ! I was highly gratified, however, by a view of the works—there were 1,200 cannon mounted upon them, when the French took possession of the Island, Bonaparte carried away a few hundreds, but the walls are still *herissés* with them. I remained two days on shore. I lodged with the Governor, Captain Ball, who lives at a country house of the late Grand Master's, about two miles from Valette. He loaded me with attentions. My sight was a good deal affected by the extraordinary glare from the roads, houses, etc. which are of the most offensive white. This is so much the case with numbers of the French garrison, that from their pupils being violently contracted in the day time to exclude the excess of light, they becomes incapable of expansion in the night, and they see so little in the dark, that they are under the necessity of having dogs to mount guard with the soldiers, to give an alarm at the approach of anything. Very alert these personages are, chained to dog houses, like sentry boxes all round the works. I distinguished the voices of little rockets passing the word to great

dogs. Five hundred marines were landed, English and Portuguese, who I conclude will give some life to the languid operations of this blockade, for it is not a siege. The French fire at free quarter on the wretched townspeople who are about 20,000 in number, and commit every excess. The detestation they are held in is extreme. The figurative expression of killing and eating has been exemplified by the Maltese."

The Duchess of Leinster disapproved of her son-in-law's trip to Malta.

" Oh, my Lucy," she wrote to her daughter, " how one's heart aches to think of that angel in so disagreeable a situation ! Her being comfortable alone could have reconciled me to the separation. I cannot help feeling provoked, too, at poor Charles, though I know it is only want of thought, for ever leaving her in such a country at all by herself, and diverting himself *cruising*. She don't seem to mind, but it must tend to increase the extreme lowness of her spirits. Her letter you will see when we meet, but she can't bear that all that part about herself, in which she tells us of Lady Hamilton's jealousy of her should be seen by anyone but ourselves ; she says she would appear Mad or Vain. . . . She mentions that Lord Bathurst and Lord Craven should be informed of it all, but old Lock and Mr. O. seemed to think the less it was talked of the better." *Two wise men.*

To an impartial observer neither the Admiral nor the Consul are shown in a favourable light. Charles Lock's motive in accepting his post was based on the hope of securing the privilege of victualling the British Fleet in the Mediterranean. Later on he referred bitterly to the £4,000 he might have netted for himself had he got the job. The food served out to the Navy in the eighteenth century was horrible, alike for common sailors and midshipmen ; the officers fared only a little better. Meat and biscuits were full of maggots and weevils ; the men caught rats and roasted them to supplant their *menu*, and there is a ghastly story, told by Rear Admiral Raigersfeld in his memoirs, of a completely bald mouse found dead at the bottom of a jar of butter which had been inexplicably full of hairs.

The immensely long time letters took going backwards and forwards between Italy and England accounts for the affair dragging on and on. The quarrel between Nelson and Lock had started on the *Foundroyant* in the Bay of Naples in July, the year was drawing to a close when SirWilliam Hamilton tried to act as peacemaker, and might have succeeded but that Nelson heard, through Captain Hardy, that Lock had said the Victualling Board had thanked him for having saved the Government 40 per cent on the purchase

of fresh beef in Naples. This created a fresh storm. Nelson dictated a curt note to his secretary, asking Lock if it was the case and enclosing a copy of the furious letter he had just addressed to the Victualling Board.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have just received by Post your answer to my Letter from the Bay of Naples, in which you beg me to accept your acknowledgment for the trouble I had taken in investigating the report made by Mr. Lock on the subject of the purchase of fresh beef. I must own that I considered your Letter couched in terms of such coldness as a little surprised me, but it was not till this moment of the departure of Captain Hardy that I have heard a report circulated by Mr. Lock that you had received a letter from him on the subject, and that you had thanked him for saving the Government 40 per cent. If it is true, which I cannot believe, that you have wrote Mr. Lock any Letters on the Subject, I desire to say, and not to be misunderstood, that the conduct of the Board is very reprehensible and Scandalous in its treatment to me, the Commanding Officer of H.M.'s Fleet in the Mediterranean. I hope you will send these expressions to our Superiors the Board of Admiralty, for if it is true, which I cannot believe, it would make it more scandalous not to have sent me copies of these Letters ; I will never for any power on earth retract a Syllable of what I have wrote in this Letter ; I deny any insinuations against my honour. Nelson is so far from doing a scandalous or mean action as the Heavens are above the Earth. I will now tell you the result of the inquiry, of an Honest man a faithful Servant of his King and Country, was (from the Papers I sent your Board) that the accusation of Mr. Lock was malicious and scandalous, and if any Board or Individual apply any softer terms to the papers sent you by me I desire to apply the same terms to them ; I have ever treated Boards and every Individual with the greatest respect and consideration but when my honour and that of my brave friends is concerned I will never stop till the examination is made, for Mr. Lock would not, or could not, which I believe, but both are equally criminal, bring forward any single point of accusation. I therefore demand that you will direct (subject to my inspection) a strict and Impartial inquiry to be made into this saving of 40 per cent. I have only to observe that Mr. Lock never made any complaints of the price until I wrote a note to say that I should not interfere in the purchase, that he that sold the best and cheapest would of course be the Seller. I have desired Captain Hardy to call on your Board on this Subject as he was Captain of the *Foudroyant* at this time,

and knows perfectly my own opinion of Mr. Lock. I had every inclination to serve him, but never at the Expence of the State by allowing a monopoly against a Competition.

"I am Gentn. Your most obed. Servt.

"BRONTE NELSON."

This letter is signed with Nelson's new name, the title of Duke of Bronte having been lately bestowed on him by the King of Naples.

Lock's answer was characteristic of his impulsive and imprudent nature.

Palermo, 2nd Dec., 1799

"SIR,

"I have received your letter of the 1st and the copy of Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte's, to the Victualling Board. The requisitions his Lordship made of me on this last and on former occasions oblige me to declare that I consider myself wholly independent of Military Authority in the Civil Capacity of Consul."

After this he wrote to the Victualling Board.

He sent, as usual, copies of his letters and Nelson's to his father and added: "You perceive that Lord Nelson adheres to the consideration only of *fresh beef* as the article complained of, whereas it was in every other article *excepting* fresh beef that the frauds committed by the pursers were hinted at by me as being so glaring. The generally known average price rendered it more difficult for them to improve that head, than on those which were more exclusively naval articles, such as pitch, cordage, canvas, etc."

Sir William Hamilton, whom the Consul immediately acquainted with this exchange of letters that had taken place, was much perturbed. He regretted exceedingly the declaration Charles had made in his letter, in which he considered himself independent of the Admiral in the execution of his office. He likewise deemed the "Cavalier style of writing" a reason for fresh offence, and told him he knew that Lord Nelson was determined to find out at home whether the Consul was submitted to his authority or not.

"I answered I was sorry to have his opinion against me. I was *left* and must act accordingly to the best of my good judgment."

The letter he wrote next day to Nelson proves that his judgment was not so good.

Palermo, 3 Dec., 1799

"My Lord,

". . . The right which your Lordship's situation gives you of demanding the inspection of all public documents relative to the Service at the head of which you are, I have incontestably proved that I acknowledge, by answering the demand your Lordship made me of copies of all Public Letters which I had written respecting the Fleet under your command. Upon what ground you extend the right of inspection into my private conversation I confess I cannot so clearly discover. As Consul General to the King of Naples I consider myself independent in the exercise of my functions, answerable to Lord Grenville for the due discharge of them, and not subject to your Lordship's control as you must have conceived I was, when you insisted I should pass accounts for which I alone was to be responsible. I yesterday offered through the channel of Sir William Hamilton to put your Lordship in possession of the contents of the private letters I had received touching the victualling of the Fleet. You rejected the proposal. However, that your Lordship may be convinced that it was not without foundation I concluded my conduct had not been disapproved of by the Victualling Board, I have transcribed for your perusal those parts of them which made mention of it. . . .

"As I have already informed your Lordship that I have neither written nor received any Letter from the Victualling Board, and do now deny ever having said that I obtained a letter of thanks from them, I demand it of your Lordship's justice, to undeceive the Victualling Board of the false statements of that part of my conduct forwarded to them by your Lordship."

Answer from Lord Nelson.

Palermo, Dec. 4th, 1799

"Sir,

"Your letter to me of yesterday's date is incomprehensible except the highly improper language in which it is couched. I shall send it to the Board of Admiralty that they may either support the dignity of the Admiral they have entrusted with the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, or remove him. Your never mentioning the extraordinary price paid for fresh beef for the several days you were soliciting to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the Fleet, and your refusal afterwards to bring forward any proof of fraud warrants every expression in my letter to the Victualling Board. If you could bring forward proof of what you asserted, you are in the highest

degree as a Public officer criminal, and if you could not, your conduct is highly reprehensible. My letters to you are all directed on His Majesty's Service, and I desire yours may be so directed to me.

"I am, Sir, etc., etc.,

"BRONTE NELSON.

"CHAS LOCK, Esq.
"H.M.'s Consul at Naples."

Charles Lock realised he was beaten. "I wish I had said 'erroneous' instead of 'false,' as the expression is offensive," he wrote dismally. But it was now too late. With black despair in his heart, he went to Sir William Hamilton's house for a final interview with Nelson.

"Addressing himself to me he said: 'As I have resolved to quit the Service should the Lords of the Admiralty reflect so far upon me as to deem your conduct not worthy of condemnation, so in *Justice* shall I insist upon no less a mark of their disapprobation of you than the privation of your office.'

"He stated to me, with as much vanity as truth, the inequality of the contest between a man whose character stood so high as his and myself who had none; that the point at issue was between Admiral Nelson and the Consul at Naples, and *not* between Lord Nelson and Mr. Lock; that Lord Nelson was incapable of a personality and shamefully as I had treated him, he harboured no resentment against me; witness the temper with which he spoke to me."

The Ambassador then suggested that this unpleasant affair should be settled by an apology signed by Charles Lock.

"He expressed his wishes and sentiments with regard to me in the most friendly and handsome manner. . . . I therefore listened to his persuasion, and though mortified beyond what I ever was in my life consented to address Lord Nelson in the following manner and acknowledge myself in the wrong, though with the strongest proofs to the contrary."

Palermo, 4 Dec., 1799

"MY LORD,

"If by an Enquiry at home into the foundation of a charge of abuse in the Victualling of the Fleet under your Lordship's command, you seek the justification of your own and the conduct of the Officers subservient to you, the documents which can be produced upon that occasion will incontestibly satisfy every wish your Lordship can entertain upon that head.

But while I frankly acknowledge that such a testimony must inculpate me in the same proportion, I declare that circumstances compelled me against my will and against my sense to appear in the light of a Public accuser. As it was far from my intention to assail your Lordship's integrity by any expression which may have fallen from me, and as every purport of Justification is already answered which a further inquiry could produce, I trust your Lordship will deem it unnecessary to press the matter further."

The memory of what had occurred between him and Nelson could never be effaced, but peace was apparently restored. " We shook hands and have since dined at Sir William's, at whose house Lord Nelson, when on shore, always lives and indeed discharges three fourths of the expenses, and they have dined with me. His Lordship after dinner at my house, said he hoped the misunderstanding between us was buried in oblivion, that I should always find him ready to serve me, adding : ' You can ask me nothing I shan't be happy to do.' I was hurt at this seeming reference to the affair at Naples, but I believe he meant it good-naturedly. Sir William Hamilton told me the same day that they—(*that is the* 3)—had seen the King and Queen and Acton and that much good had already been done in my favour. . . . Lady Hamilton has taken the whole credit of this reconciliation. She has informed all Palermo that my submissions, aided by her entreaties, have averted Lord Nelson's anger and my ruin. She has caressed my wife, made her many professions, forced a ring upon her finger, but *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. . . . Sir William told me that as there was no trade at Naples, and consequently little occasion for me to work, he now wished me, without loss of time, to be established upon a footing of some intimacy with the Ministers, and to prepare myself for his departure by an initiation into the business, as he wished me to remain here some time longer. He told me that he had his house at Naples for 18 months more, and that should the Court return thither I was welcome to occupy it during his absence. He desired me to write to Lord Grenville to request I might be allowed to correspond with his Lordship after his departure, which he thought was a necessary step, as Mr. Fox, during his Ministry, had ordered the foreign residents to leave the correspondence in the hands of their secretaries during their absence, and not with the Consuls, as their employment in that office was found to grow into a claim upon Government, and had often ended in saddling it with a pension. Sir William said he should support my request by the argument that his Secretary was unequal to the task. Sir William left him once in charge of the correspondence (he is a Dutchman

and speaks English but lamely) and he wrote home that ' His Sicilian Majesty was gone to Caserta, but from motives of economy had taken with him but few of his *Courtesans.*' . . .

" Indeed, my dear father, my situation at present robs me of all enjoyment, nor shall I feel a return of peace of mind until I am no longer a grievous burden to you. Had Sir William Hamilton gone home on my arrival as he proposed, I should probably have rejoiced in my coming here, had I obtained the victualling of the Fleet I could not have realised less than 4,000 pounds. Arrived here I have been under the necessity of buying every individual article of furniture, in a country where those things are not to be hired, and where their price is extravagant, and their quality bad. The enormous expense of a carriage which is 12/ a day, and often on gala and Saints' days, which recur eternally, 15/ and 18/, induced me to purchase a carriage and horses at Naples, which I got for about 35 pounds. The uncertainty of my situation have prevented my having the benefit of them, and it is only now I have sent for them. If I was to enumerate the different calls for money, which our establishment requires, and when I tell you I have not received a farthing from, but have disbursed money for, the Consulate, tho' you will be grieved to hear it you perhaps will not be surprised to know that we have drawn to the amount of nine hundred and thirty pounds, of which about ninety remain in hand. For God's sake, my dear Sir, break this matter to Ogilvie ! If he was convinced that our expense has not been extravagance he would willingly, as he is able to, assist us. Unless circumstances change for the better, I shall throw up my employment. We shall be a million times happier eating our bread and cheese in a cottage in England, than subject to the never ceasing uneasiness which the expense of living here occasions us both. I am too well acquainted, my dear Sir, with your boundless goodness, and that had you the means without doing injustice to my brothers and sisters, your hand would be always open to me. But this is not, nor cannot be. . . .

" Fifteen hundred Russians arrived at Naples a short while ago, and the security they gave to that city is no doubt a considerable argument to determine the King to return thither. The Russian General Barrasdain is come here to pay his respects to H.M., he is a gentle young man, he returns with us in the frigate. The King's eye was caught the moment he appeared by the sight of a pair of very large whiskers.* . . . He could not take his eye off them and betrayed evident marks of displeasure. The instant the General

* The King considered whiskers the badge of Jacobinism.

retired his Majesty complained and wanted to devise some method of obliging him to shave them. The people about his Majesty were under the necessity of telling him he could not interfere in the costume of a foreign power.

"I shall now terminate this long letter filled with only what is disagreeable . . . . When will brighter prospects arise? Indeed, my beloved parents, and you, my dearest brothers and sisters, the injustice I do you all makes my life intolerable. That the evening of your life, my dear father, should be saddened by the reflection of how little avail all you have done for me has been, is to me a very grievous consideration. . . . This beautiful country has no charms for me, my mind poisons every enjoyment. . . . Heaven preserve you, my dear Sir, and my dearest, kindest Mother. Cecilia joins me in tender remembrances to you all . . . she is surprisingly mended."

The gentle old Duchess of Leinster was roused to fury at the account of the way her daughter and son-in-law were treated by Lady Hamilton. On 17th January, 1800, she entered in her diary that she had heard from "dear Ciss." "Her letter is wrote as usual in very low spirits. Dear Angel, she hates the place and the climate, and has literally but one lady acquaintance that is fit to keep company with, the women's manners are so very bad. How I do long to get her away from so disagreeable a situation! Lady Hamilton, who governs the Queen and Lord Nelson, has set the former against Cecilia and the latter against poor Charles. She told the Queen Cecilia is a Jacobin, and when she missed a ball or a fête, which, dear Soul, she was often obliged to do by her own health being bad and attending to her dear children, she was represented as despising Courts, Kings, Queens, etc. . . . and her preferring to walk rather than go out in their nasty, lousy, dirty hired coaches *proved* that she was tainted with republican principles. . . . This Lady Hamilton was a Dolly Sir William Hamilton married, and had she been nothing worse it would not have signified, but she is artful, malicious, envious, and detracting; has every bad quality and more spiteful to my Cissy than can be conceived. I am afraid I feel to *hate* her: a sentiment quite new to me, and as it is a bad one I hope to drive it out of my heart."

XVIII

FURTHER TROUBLE FOR THE BRITISH CONSUL
NELSON AND THE HAMILTONS LEAVE

1800

CHARLES LOCK'S letters to his father cannot have given him much pleasure.

"Instead of realising the hopes I had entertained of being able to repay part of the heavy charges I have occasioned you, I have increased the burden to a degree, the very reflection of which overwhelms me. While living here in a way which to us is wide ruin, how happily in every respect might we have spent that time in England! You who know that with my anxious disposition it is impossible that I should from choice put myself into such a situation will readily conceive that I envy one of your labourers who earns his bread before he eats it and who does not live beyond his means. Should Sir William Hamilton not go home, no power on earth shall keep me here another summer. . . .

"I have been under the painful necessity of drawing another Bill for £400; where is the money to come from? The idea that I have cost you more than all your children embitters my life. I hope Ogilvie will not act unjustly by you, I sometimes fear it."

More trouble was coming to the unlucky Charles. A seemingly innocent fancy dress which he wore at a Masquerade given at Court stirred up another hornet's nest.

Palermo, 18 April, 1800

"On the 18th of February a masquerade was given by the Court. We were invited. The King expressed a wish that everyone should appear in character, and English ones, we heard, would be particularly acceptable to him. I was applied to by the Princess Castel Cicala, whose husband is in great favour with His Majesty, to make a drawing of some English character in low life, a Gipsy, Haymaker, or peasant. I drew two haymakers, after which she dressed her daughters. My wife as a Peruvian went with 3 other Ladies, representing the 4 quarters of the world. I might have gone in a Bahut as numbers did, but to conform myself to the King's wishes, and to

what I conceived his taste, for he spends half his life with the fishermen, I put on a Masquerade dress I had made in England of a Thames fisherman, changing the red bonnet for a blue one for fear of giving offence, although it is very commonly worn by His Majesty's subjects. We *rendezvoused* at a house with 10 or 15 people belonging to the Court, who all approved my dress, my wife's which had cost a good deal of trouble, and to me particularly was much liked. *In fine* we went. I met Prince Castel Cicala who having been Minister in England was used to the fashions there ; he observed I was *ben costumato*. Many more did for about a quarter of an hour after I entered the room. I had not presented myself to the King as the press was great. All at once Sir William Hamilton came up to me and whispered : ' The King has taken great offence at your dress. He says it is indecent. You had better retire as soon as possible, put on a Bahut and return.' I answered him : ' I have only to observe to Your Excellency that I wore this identical dress at a masquerade when several of our Royal Family were present ; it could therefore never enter my head that it would be offensive here. Since His Majesty has taken exception at it I will instantly withdraw, but I shall not return.' I added : ' it cannot be supposed that I have intended any disrespect to the Court by appearing in this dress which in character is economical, as I have spared no expense in that of my wife.' Sir William Hamilton would not even allow me to apprise my wife of the cause of my sudden departure, because she was at a small distance, but made me go out at the nearest door. I desired he would tell her, which he did not, and she remained an hour in the room, a situation doubtless indecent for her to be seen in after the public affront which had been put upon her husband. The King, who was standing upon a bench, followed me with his eye until I was out of the room. I heard afterwards that the Prince Leopold's little boy had first observed me, and remarked me to the Queen who was offended by the sight and said, ' Il n'était pas nécessaire que Mons. Lock vint ici nous braver dans un costume sans culottes pour démontrer ses principes . . . ils sont déjà assez connus.'

" It seems that the King, in a rage the instant he perceived me, called Sir William Hamilton. ' Have you seen Mr. Lock ? Turn him out, turn him out at once, otherwise I will turn him out myself.' Sir William answered he had not seen me, but he could not imagine it was my intention to offend His Majesty. The King reiterated the order. Sir William after having sent me out, returned to the King and said something in palliation, to which His Majesty replied, in Neapolitan dialect : ' Say nothing more, for I know more

than you do. He is a Jacobin.' Had Sir William felt as an Englishman should upon this occasion, he would have realised the indignity to his Government which the application of such a term to one of its servants implied. He shrunk into himself as a Neapolitan Courtier before the wrath of his Sovereign, and said not a word. I next day waited upon him with the following memorial. It was not my intention to have delivered it had I found him in a disposition to pursue the affair as I conceived he ought. He only said it was very unfortunate that, immediately after every misconception and prejudice had been done away in their Majesties' minds I should have disgusted them so strongly. He said, 'You are acquainted with Serratti' (the late Tuscan Minister, now one of His Majesty's) 'try to interest him to speak to their Majesties, to endeavour to soften their displeasure.' I was nettled at this attempt to throw me off his shoulders upon the hands of a stranger, and answered, I could not have much hope that Serratti would undertake my vindication, that I considered it was my duty to present his Excellency the following memorial upon the affair, the clearing up of which rested with himself. Lady Hamilton came in at this moment; she said she had been with the Queen, that she had been two hours labouring to convince her Majesty that the affront was not premediated, . . . etc.; cursed nonsense it is needless to trouble you with. Here follows the Memorial:

(copy) Palermo, 19 Feb., 1800

To Sir William Hamilton.

"Sir,

". . . I feel myself called upon by the most powerful motives, to press for an investigation of the causes which have given rise to conclusions so detrimental to my Public and my Private character, and to vindicate the clearness of my conduct in the one and in the other. That I was appointed by His Britannic Majesty to an office of Public trust at the Court of Naples, is a sufficient demonstration of the opinion entertained of me at home. The prejudice conceived of me therefore must be grounded upon circumstances which have occurred during my residence in this country. Did not a prejudice of this nature exist with regard to me my appearance at the Masquerade in a dress contrary to the Custom of the Court would rather have been attributed to my ignorance of the manners of a foreign country, than ascribed to a studied design of giving offence. The consciousness of my integrity urges me to demand with earnestness of this Government, through the channel of your Excellency, an explanation

which will elucidate the truth and wipe out the stain of an aspersion concerning which should the slightest ambiguity remain, I will instantly resign my situation."

"I heard that Sir John Acton expressed himself with great warmth against me. He said I might thank their Majesties' singular moderation that I had not been ordered out of the Kingdom in 24 hours, as my principles had long been known to the Government. It was said at his table that I had a *tournure Jacobine*, that my eye announced my republican temper, etc. . . . It was observed that since the edict for shaving men's whiskers, *mine* had increased in length, to demonstrate the contempt I entertained for Royal institutions. The truth is I had worn mine precisely as I had always done, that is on a line with my ear, which I since learnt was the line of demarcation they were not to exceed in the ordinance penned by His Majesty himself, his occupation at the opera being to observe those whiskers which trespassed upon the edict, to have their owners instantly seized, shaved, and sometimes imprisoned. One night he had a Portuguese officer taken out of the Pitt to be shaved, who broke from his guards, joined a knot of Brother officers who happened to be at the Opera, and having informed them of the cause of his apprehension, they all rose towards his Majesty, pointed to their whiskers, burst into a hoarse laugh and sat down again. He has in the same manner fulminated against poor women's wigs. The penalty is 3 months' imprisonment. I shaved, you may be sure, immediately, as close and as high as I could. Lady Hamilton wrote to the Queen a letter which I understand from numbers of people she showed it to, was written with the greatest earnestness in my favour, so well does this artful woman know how to create herself a merit, by this ostentation of what she termed doing *good for evil*. . . . To be brief, the Queen consented to hear reason and to receive me. I went to Court with Sir William and Lady Hamilton and was very graciously received by her Majesty. I had an audience of about a quarter of an hour. Her Majesty expressed her sorrow that so foolish a circumstance should have occasioned me any uneasiness, begged I would think no more of it, assured me she never should, and said: '*Je me charge de faire revenir l'esprit du Roi à ce sujet.*' I expressed my acknowledgments. . . . She dismissed me by saying: '*Ah ça, n'en parlons plus, l'affaire, en vérité, n'en vaut pas la peine.*' . . . Coming from the Queen's closet we met Chevalier Acton. Sir William presented me. I had a short conversation with him, which passed very civilly; he said he would undertake the King and should be happy to see me whenever

Sir William Hamilton would take me to him. . . . My wife a day or two afterwards had an audience of the Queen which proved a singularly gracious one. Her Majesty desired her to inform me that the King would receive me *on any day*. Lady Hamilton was present. *From that day to this I have not been able to get Sir William Hamilton to present me either to His Majesty or to Acton*, although I have pressed him in the strongest manner. . . . No, the fear of trouble made him impenetrable to my argument. He is gone, and Mr. Paget * must do me this service, before I go to Naples. He has already asked Chevalier Acton's permission to bring me to him, which has been granted, and I shall then be presented to the King. Mr. Paget, on his arrival here having no house, I accommodated him at my own. You can scarce conceive the pains which that amiable woman took to prejudice their Majesties and the public against him previous to his coming or the reception they gave him when he announced himself at the house of his predecessor. I am sorry for poor Sir Willam's sake that he was prevailed on by my Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton to refuse to deliver his letters of recall, or present Mr. Paget for a fortnight. . . . The real cause of the delay was that of the arrival of the *Foudroyant*, which was ordered from Malta to convey them thither. Lady Hamilton had determined to depart the instant her husband was no longer Minister ; she could not endure to remain at Palermo shorn of her rays in the capacity of a private individual. In the interval Mr. Paget was accredited by Chevalier Acton and proceeded some way in the principal object of his mission, while Sir William, with the title of Minister, remained a cypher. Mr. Paget is much liked here. By the same reason that he was received with flattering distinction by Her Majesty, the King's repugnance to the object he is come about would prevent his seeing him with a very cordial eye. An amnesty, though with several restrictions, went yesterday to Naples and I wish it may prove a precurser of the return of the King."

" 19th. I was yesterday under the necessity of drawing a further Bill for Two hundred and fifty pounds at Thirty days' sight. These repeated and heavy calls upon you drive me wild. . . . However, if the King returns to Naples, Lord Keith has offered to station a squadron there for his security, and Mr. Paget who saw his Lordship at Leghorn told me he was well informed of the affair between Lord Nelson and myself respecting the Victualling of the Fleet and in the case of its rendezvous being fixed at Naples, if I had still any thoughts of undertaking it, he assured me I should find in his Lordship every inclination to oblige me. Averse as I should feel after what

* Who succeeded him.

has happened to have anything to transact with the Pursers, it would be an injustice to my family to decline such an advantage if it came in my way. . . ."

In England the general disapproval of Nelson's conduct was increasing, fanned by a vigorous speech by Charles James Fox in the House of Commons ; he doubtless had private information as Mrs. Charles Lock was his first cousin. Lord Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote to Nelson suggesting that he was more likely to recover his health and strength in England, and the Admiralty officially gave orders to Lord Keith, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, to put a ship at Nelson's disposal, on which he could come home. Nelson determined to bring the Hamiltons back with him in the *Foudroyant* ; he had already made use of the ship to take them on a trip to Malta, when a shot from the French fort had passed close enough to Lady Hamilton "to part her hair." The Queen of Naples wished to visit her family in Vienna: it seemed an admirable arrangement that she should be given a passage as far as Livorno. On 10th June, 1800, the *Foudroyant* took on board the Queen, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the latter's mother Mrs. Cadogan the ex-cook, Miss Cornelia Knight—who composed the songs in Nelson's honour that Emma sang so vociferously—and, with the Admiral walking the quarter deck for the last time, set sail for Livorno which was reached five days later. They were greeted by the news that Bonaparte had invaded Italy. Lord Keith, who was short of line-of-battle ships, wrote bitterly, reproaching Nelson for not only having made use of the *Foudroyant* to bring his party from Palermo but for assuming he could make use of her for the same purpose all the way to England. There was an exchange of sharp notes, and Lord Keith himself arrived at Livorno to emphasize his order : Nelson could have the frigate *Seahorse*, or any troopship he liked, but not a ship of the line. The Queen of Naples, seconded by Lady Hamilton, imperiously demanded to be given the *Foudroyant* on which to return to Palermo, but the Commander-in-Chief considered that Emma had ordered the British Fleet about long enough, and as for the Queen, she could either travel overland to Vienna as she had originally planned or else go back to Sicily on one of the Neapolitan frigates that were in port. There was no time to be lost for Bonaparte, victor at Marengo, was approaching Livorno rapidly. Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons decided to accompany the Queen to Vienna, and on 15th July left for Ancona, from where they sailed to Trieste.

It was inevitable that the "Nelson party" should be ridiculed by all, including a Mrs. St. George who met them at Dresden. Emma, already very fat, was growing daily more colossal—her daughter Horatia was born

less than four months later ; Lord Nelson, in spite of " a perfect constellation of stars and orders " appeared " a little man without dignity," Sir William aroused the amused contempt that all husbands in his position have provoked since the world began.

After a month in Vienna the lovers and the old Ambassador continued their journey homewards.

" *She* is now gone, thank my stars," wrote Charles to his father. " This Government is informed of the bribes she has received from several families to save certain members of them involved in the late Revolution, some of which have, notwithstanding, been executed, and the share she pretended to in all affairs has given great and deserved disgust. Should they be permitted to return to this country in the autumn as they propose, their reception will be very different from what it has been."

" 8th May. We are to have a passage in a frigate of His Majesty's to Naples, which sails in 4 or 5 days. We are come to town, for the remainder of the time we remain here, and are lodged in Mr. Paget's house, who insisted upon receiving us, and who even removed to the opposite wing the better to accommodate Cecilia. The house is . . . close to the Sea, and . . . my wife has undoubtedly found herself much better since her removal."

Palermo, 20th May, 1800

" I am on the point of embarking for Naples, and of leaving for ever this Island in which I have passed the bitterest hours of my life. It is equal to death to me to tell you that I have been under the painful necessity of drawing again upon you for the further sum of Three hundred fifty seven pounds at 30 days sight to the order of Abram Gibbs Esq. . . . I have parted with my horses and coachmen and shall dismiss my *laquais de place* upon arriving at Naples. I shall then only retain Nicola and Maria and two other servants with which I shall remain at Castellamare. I may expect an answer in two months to the request of leave to go home. Adieu dear Sir,

" Your unhappy son,

" C. L."

Mr. Lock, with all his kindness and generosity, felt dismayed at the news of Charles's ever increasing expenses, and sent his son's letter on to the Duchess of Leinster, who was equally horrified. She noted in her diary on July 8th, 1800: " Their expenses have been enormous, he seems quite distracted, which is of little avail. I fear this young man's negligence

and extravagant turn will not stop here and will involve not only his father but hers in endless distress, for Mr. Ogilvie pays one half of all these sums drawn for. He is, with great reason, vexed and fretted to death about it and it makes me very unhappy on my dear child's account, still more than my own, as I am certain she is miserable about it. Indeed, all her letters show it, and I believe vexation much increases her complaints."

The Charles Locks arrived in Naples at the beginning of June and took up their abode in a house on the Riviera di Chiaia, lent them by the Prince of Hesse. Cecilia was slightly better, though the pain in her right side tormented her constantly. Charles's ceaseless complaints make his letters dismal reading. His last hope of being able to revictual the British Fleet had vanished. "My dearest father, I am broken hearted." A month later he was still in the same state of black despair. "If I had died two years ago what a blessing would it have been to my family and myself! Dear Sir, get me home. I count the hours for the return of the Courier who is to bring me leave of absence." Poor Charles had to count not only hours, but days and weeks and months before he was to see his own country again.

"I received about a fortnight ago my leave of absence. . . . I have written to Lord Keith, begging he would assist me if possible to get down the Mediterranean in a ship of war. We may yet arrive in England before the winter, which I am most particularly anxious to do on account of Cecilia's health, but the imperious necessity of stopping short in the career of wide ruin on which we are proceeding shuts my eyes to the consideration of the possible injury it may do to her. Care and attention will, I hope, preserve her from the effects of the cold. When I think of the joy of beholding again my beloved parents, my dearest brothers and sisters, the idea of returning to a situation where I can practice the severest economy which alone can restore me my peace of mind which I have been deprived of for so long, conceive how every faculty within me strains to arrive at so blessed a period! Cecilia has written to her father. She has had a doubt of his paying half of those sums we have drawn for, which, alas, will then fall but too heavily upon you, my ever dear and indulgent father. How extravagant must I appear in all your eyes, but did you behold our situation, doing as little as we can though called upon to do a greal deal, for the absence of Mr. Paget devolves upon me the greatest part of his business, you would pity but you would not blame us. William's marriage * lays a fresh charge upon you, and must I be obliged to tell you in addition to everything

* William Lock the younger married Elizabeth Jennings.

that I was under the necessity of giving a bill to Messrs. Falconnet on the 25th August for £331 10*s*. . . . I often consider that the depression I am under is unmanly, but, my dearest Father, what I suffer myself has scarce any share in it, 'tis the reflection that I am here, wasting the substance of an indulgent parent, eating up the property of my poor brothers and sisters."

Rome, 18 Sept., 1800

"My dear Father,

"I wrote on the 2nd to inform you that I was using every endeavour to get a passage to Mahon or Gibraltar, and had written a letter to Lord Keith, but as I hear his Lordship is gone to Lisbon suddenly with the fleet and troops he will not have received my letter, which is to me the most painful disappointment. I have seen a naval officer of ours who advises me by no means to venture to sea in an unarmed vessel, as the coast swarms with French privateers. I have hopes of engaging an American to take us to Mahon, but from Naples not a single armed or neutral ship has sailed since I have had my leave of absence. I therefore seized an offer made me by the Prince Cattolica of taking me to Rome and back, and have been now at Rome a week. I am lodged in the house of his brother-in-law the Conte Bolognetti and receive from him the greatest attention. But, dear Sir, what would two years ago have constituted the highest joy I could receive—the sight of this ancient mistress of the world—is now so mixed sensations of bitterness that I can hardly call it pleasure. . . .

"P.S. I have seen a letter from Trabia, Minister of War at Palermo, which announces the fall of Malta. I can hardly believe it, tho' the authority should be unquestionable. The French have quitted Lucca, Bologna, the Tuscan frontier, have withdrawn their troops from Pesaro, where we most feared them and are assembling to the northward near Milan. I am confident they must beat the Austrians on the Po before they reach this way. That this country and Naples are lost upon their approach I need not tell you, but events do not march with such rapidity, and we shall be able to provide our security by flight should the worst happen."

XIX

THE CHARLES LOCKS LEAVE NAPLES AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

1801

CHARLES still lived in hopes of making his fortune some day and now turned his attention towards openings in fresh countries.

"Should the expedition to Egypt take place and meet with success, and our Government adhere to its present intention of retaining possession of that country, it will offer a second India to those who find place in the arrangement of a civil establishment in it. During the residence here of Mr. Baldwin, H.M.'s Consul General for Egypt, his extensive information respecting the East and particularly of Egypt where he had lived near 30 years, inclined me to contract a considerable intimacy with him. He was called to Malta a few days ago by a pressing letter from Lord Keith who sent a vessel for him, desiring him to come and assist the expedition with his experience. Mr. Baldwin before his departure promised to give me the earliest information of the disposition made respecting Egypt, but advised me at the same time to move my friends in England to apply early to have me provided for in the first distribution of civil situations, on the supposition of fortune favouring our efforts in Egypt. As the riches of that country are very great the advantages of its situation present the means of increasing them immeasurably, so he considers that a competent fortune may be easily and rapidly acquired. This scheme I allow is running very far before time, but, my dear Sir, the wind cannot fill the sail which does not stretch itself before it, and if I do not catch the breeze I am but where I was. But while I am chalking out for myself a path in a distant part of the globe, how does my heart cling to the hope that something will turn up to enable me to remain in England, that I may not be severed from you, my dear father, the only anchor I have to hold by under heaven. . . . My dear tender mother, my brothers and sisters, with what feelings do I look forward to the spring? . . . I have some hopes that part of the grievous expenses this odious situation has subjected me to will be refunded upon a proper representation to Lord Grenville, who will be well prepared

by a letter he will have received before my return from the merchants residing here. . . . What I drew up for the merchants' signature follows:—

"To The Rt. Hon. Lord Grenville,

"My Lord,

"We the undersigned British Merchants residing in Naples beg leave to state to your Lordship that from an approximate estimate of the number of vessels paying Consuls fees which have entered this port and the outports of the Kingdom of Naples during the last 16 years, of the emoluments accruing from sales and from the application of the Consular Seal, it appears that the average profit annexed to the office of His Majesty's Consul General do not exceed £200 per annum. The above sum, though joined to the salary attached to the office, considering the great advance in the price of every article of living, is become very inadequate to support His Majesty's Consul General in the manner which we humbly conceive the honour and commercial interest of the British Nation require he should appear. The consuls appointed by foreign powers are generally merchants, who are enabled by the profits of trade to maintain a creditable appearance: the injunction, for wise motives, laid upon His Majesty's Consul General not to engage in commercial concerns, while it deprives him of his support, seems to infer that the emoluments of his situation are supposed to furnish him wherewithal to live upon a footing with the consuls of other nations. Being convinced from our individual experience that a smaller sum than £1500 per annum is insufficient to supply the expense necessarily incurred by His Majesty's Consul General, we humbly request that your Lordship will be pleased to move his Ministry that a nett. salary of £1000 per annum or such other sum as the King in his wisdom shall think fit be settled on Chas. Lock, His Majesty's Consul General for the City and Kingdom of Naples."

Meanwhile, Charles was finding it very difficult to get away.

Naples, 25 January, 1801

"The disagreeable situation, moreover, of the English here from the apprehended approach of the French has been a motive to detain me, as in the event to be feared, my most active services would be required with the Government to expedite the shipping of their property with which the warehouses on the Quay are full. My stay has been attended with benefit, the solitary one that has fallen to my lot since I have been abroad. I received

an order from Lord Keith just before he sailed for Rhodes, to send him £10,000 and to get made a considerable quantity of cordage which the Fleet is in severe want of. If I can execute both these commissions they will I hope produce between £200 and £300. Intelligence has been received of the conclusion of an armistice . . . by which all the places remaining in the hands of the Austrians in Italy are to be given up. . . . General Murat, who is said to have brought from France a reinforcement of 15,000 men into Tuscany, has written a letter to Comte de Damas—commanding the Neapolitan Forces in the Roman State—begging him to assure His Majesty that he need not be under any apprehension for the safety of his territories, adding that he is charged by the first Consul with the expression of his desire to cultivate a good understanding with this Government which can only be extinguished by strong testimonies of a contrary intention on their part. These, the only general propositions, lead me to hope that we are not immediately threatened with an invasion. . . .

" P.S. Since writing the above General Damas has arrived in consequence of another letter from Murat, who informs him that he is willing to treat *militairement* but not *diplomatiquement*. . . . This Kingdom must of course subscribe to whatever he prescribes, a few days will inform us of our fate. . . ."

Some letters of Charles Lock's, addressed to " Son Excellence le Chevalier Acton," are still preserved in the Archivio di Stato of Naples and belong to this period. They are written in French, the language that the Prime Minister preferred using, and bring home to us once again the length of time news took to reach even those whose official positions made it vital to be in touch with current events, and the difficulty of obtaining reliable information.

Naples, 3rd March, 1801

" Having had the honour of communicating to Your Excellency the letter written to me by Lord Minto from Vienna on February 7th, in which he announced me that our Cabinet had declared war to Russia, I deem it my duty to communicate a later letter that I have just received from the same hand, dated the 12th. Lord Minto lets me know that the latest despatches he had received from Lord Grenville, of January 30th, inform him that no formal declaration of war has been made by us to Russia. . . ."

After all this hopeless waiting for a passage on a ship Charles somewhat surprisingly went back to England alone by land, while his wife and two little girls remained behind. Cecilia was expecting a third child by now,

and could not face the fatigue of the long overland journey. She liked Naples, her general health had improved immensely since she left Palermo so Charles felt easy at leaving her there, and it was imperative for him to return to England in order to straighten out his deplorable financial situation. He left official affairs in the hands of his vice consul, Mr. Markett, and sent a polite note to Sir John Acton.

Naples, 18th March, 1801

"I have the honour of informing Your Excellency that I leave tomorrow by land for England. As I am leaving my family in Naples I intend returning here as soon as possible. In case Your Excellency wishes to honour me with some commission to execute, or I can be the means of expressing some message to whoever it be, it would infinitely flatter my zeal and my devotion. I will stop at Your Excellency's door at midday to take your orders.

Your Excellency's very humble and very obedient servant,

CHARLES LOCK.

We have no news of Charles's arrival home. However, his claim to the British Government proved successful and he was granted £1,000, so that on May 15th he was already off again, accompanied by the faithful Tiger who had survived the many changes of climate and diet. Before leaving London Charles wrote hurriedly to his father, explaining that he had paid all his bills, kept what he needed for the journey and arranged with Messrs. Coutts to refund Mr. Lock part of the money he had advanced to him. With his father-in-law the situation was more strained.

"Ogilvie, whom I asked whether he purposed continuing the payment of £250 per annum during the period we should remain abroad, answered in the negative, and that he would reserve himself till our return, when he talked of settling £400 per annum on Cecilia and giving her a furnished house at Wimbledon. He added that he had sent Cecilia a credit for £200. God Grant, my dearest Father, that I may shortly cease to be a burden to you: this is my daily prayer."

Charles travelled via Cuxhaven, Hamburg, and Innsbruck to Venice, an interminable journey during which he was irritated by the "phlegmatic tyranny of the German postillions, for no power would induce them to quicken their pace or relinquish winding their detestable horns." In Venice, where he arrived late at night on 8th June, he had the satisfaction of "getting between a pair of sheets," which he had not done since he left

Yarmouth, and of basking again in the sun, for it had rained incessantly since he had left. He also enjoyed "the sight of this magnificent city," and no doubt old Mr. Lock, on reading his son's letter, remembered dreamily his own happy days in Venice fifty-two years before, sitting in Wilson's studio. Travelling was still incredibly complicated.

Naples, 25th June, 1801

"My dear Father,

"I arrived here last night and found Cecilia in good health. She is not yet brought to bed. My last was from Venice, which I left on the 11th in a *trabaccolo* to join the English convoy to Trieste. On my arrival I found it had sailed the previous evening, understanding however it had put into Perano Bay in Istria, I proceeded in quest of it, and had the good fortune to overtake it. Captain Ogle having the goodness to offer me a passage, I embarked on board the *Greyhound* frigate. We sailed on the 13th, but a contrary wind obliged us to put into Porto Quieto 30 miles beyond Perano, where we remained 24 hours and I spent the day on shore. We had from that time a succession of calms and baffling winds which prevented our making much progress. On the 22nd, finding we were off the Islands of Tremiti and growing very impatient to get to my journey's end, I desired Captain Ogle to land me, which he did, when procuring a boat from the Commandant of the place I left that miserable spot and reached Fortone, a creek on the opposite shore, the same evening. I procured a couple of horses from some fishermen and got that night to Serra Capriola and from thence travelled about 50 miles on horseback and carts till I got into the high road at Bovino, but the delays and trouble I experienced in traversing this short distance, the badness of the roads and the heat of the sun, fatigued me more than the whole of my journey put together. I obtained at Bovino a little open carriage in which I came to Naples.

". . . I have not drawn for any sum since the £150 at Hamburg. My carriage cost me £45 tho' a very indifferent one. I have left it at Venice in the hands of the English Consul, Mr. Watson, for sale. I have yet remaining of the £150 about £20. Cecilia received from her father a credit on Martorelli for £200 and whatever else she might require during my absence. On my return this credit was to cease!"

On 26th June Charles briefly announced the birth of their third daughter, Lucy, and a few days later was already involved in a fresh quarrel with another compatriot.

" It is possible that you may hear of a disagreeable affair I have had with a Mr. Campbell, a man William was acquainted with in Italy, and who, as he introduced himself to me in Sicily with that recommendation, I showed many civilities to, which—as he wished to pay his court to Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson—he received churlishly enough, so I dropped him. He came to Naples last winter with Sir John Acton to whom he had paid assiduous court, and wormed himself by degrees into favour. During the negotiation between this country and the French in the month of February and March, the English Merchants held several meetings to consult respecting the security of their property, and as Sir John Acton was rather displeased with them, from an apprehension that their object might cause an alarm in the town, we judged it prudent to keep the result of them secret. Mr. Campbell being very inquisitive I cautioned 2 or 3 of them against unbuttoning themselves to him who I consider as a spy and informer. This probably was repeated to Campbell, who took occasion in a letter he wrote my wife during my last absence, in answer to some business which Sir J. Acton charged him to correspond with her about, to speak of me with great impertinence. This Cecilia gave me account of on my return. I thought proper therefore the first time I saw him, which was at a horse race at Bagnuoli where all the English of Naples were and a number of French, to take him aside in the presence of Col. Bayley, a Scotch officer in the Russian service, when I said to him : ' Mr. Campbell, I understand that during my absence you sent an impertinent letter to Mrs. Lock : now I caution you against ever addressing her again. Let me add, Sir, that if you conceived yourself offended with me a ready road of satisfaction lay before you by applying to me. . . .' He interrupted me before I had finished by saying : ' And you are an impertinent fellow to affirm any such thing : show me this letter.' I answered it was sufficient my wife had asserted it was an improper one. He rejoined, raising his hand and his voice, that everyone might observe and hear him : ' It's a lie and you are a notorious liar and an impertinent scoundrel.' I fell back a few steps as he advanced upon me perceiving he was violently heated, wishing to seize an interval to tell him that another place was fitter to discuss such an affair, but his voice growing louder and his abuse more foul as he stood looking me in the face with his arms akimbo and his hat on the back of his head, I took his hat and threw it down. On his reaching out his hand to do the same to me I struck him a blow in the face which brought him to the ground. Before I did this the Russian General, M. de Borisdin, who

does not understand English, was so struck with the offensive manner of Campbell that he went up to Bayley and said : '*Je m'étonne que Lock ne casse pas les dents à cet insolent mâtin.*' And one of the merchants said to another : 'If I was in Mr. Lock's place I would knock him down.' M. de Borisdin and Bayley laid hold of Campbell, who as he could not use his hands endeavoured to kick me. I told him 5 or 6 times that he knew where to find me. This he made no answer to and he suffered himself to be conducted to Col. Bayley's carriage who brought him to town. On the road he asked Bayley what he advised him to do ; who said he knew what *he* should do, but declined giving his advice. . . . I refused having any verbal explanation with him. . . . He attempted to see Mr. Paget and Mr. Jackson repeatedly, but they would not receive him. They and everybody else have approved my conduct in this affair, so that I am at ease on that head though mortified at having had to do with a man . . . who obliged me to act a part in the indecent scene I have related, and which took place before so many foreigners, who could understand but imperfectly what passed. Campbell has since written an apology to my wife. . . .

" . . . I have desired Mr. Paget to inform Acton of the affair, and to give him his opinion of Campbell's behaviour ; this he has promised to do.

" . . . This country is become a French province, its shipping, its cannons, its stores of every kind are at the disposition of the invaders. . . . The Neapolitan Jacobins are all returned and reintegrated in their possessions."

Lock's stay in Naples was drawing to a close. He had not made himself popular, either with his own compatriots or with the Neapolitans. Cecilia, who possessed a far more attractive manner, in after years remembered with pleasure Naples and the friends she had made there. Charles managed to get into trouble up to the end, and was still unable to procure passports with which to cross France, having somehow antagonised the French authorities and his father's old friend Talleyrand.

At the end of August he resigned his post as British Consul, and accompanied by his wife, three small daughters, two nurses and, presumably, Tiger, started on the long overland journey to England, taking a roundabout route, in order to avoid France.

Florence, 11 Sept., 1801

" We arrived here this morning. My last was of the 25th August from Naples in which I informed you that I had drawn upon Messrs. Martin that day, at three months date, for £153 1*s.* 9*d.* sterling, and that I

was on the point of embarking in a Fellucione for Leghorn. I had fitted up a plank awning in the after part of the boat, which was one of the largest of the kind, rowing 16 oars and manned with 18 Lucchesi. Another boat nearly as large, the property of the same owner, accompanied us. Reflecting upon the various difficulties and accidents which might occur by sea and by land in so long a journey as the one we were about to undertake, with only one man servant and he a Neapolitan, I offered Mr. Selliard, a Swiss officer in our service, who was in search of an opportunity of going to England, a share of our accommodation on board, and when we landed a place with me in a small carriage which after all the possible diminution of our baggage, I have been under the necessity of adding to my equipage. He accepted the offer and I have great reason to rejoice in having taken this measure, as he has been, and is, of infinite service to us. Cecilia expressed so strong a desire to see Rome which she will probably never have another occasion of doing, that I determined to stop at the mouth of the Tiber for that purpose, and so wrote to my friend Mr. Fagan * at Rome to send a carriage to Fiumicino to convey us thither, and agreed in compliance with his request to take up my abode with him for the two or three days I purposed spending at Rome. On the third morning of our voyage and within twenty miles of Fiumicino we discovered a Galeot which gave us all uneasiness, particularly the seamen, as we had spoken to a boat the preceding evening which informed us that there was a squadron of 9 Barbary Rovers cruising on the Roman and Tuscan coasts. We soon with our glasses perceived she was armed with cannon and full of men, and when she put before the wind and bore down upon us, getting out her oars, which she used with surprising regularity and force, the agitation among the Italians was very great indeed. They pressed me in the strongest manner to make for the shore, which after having hoisted English colours, and finding that the Galeot continued to approach us, I consented to for a reason which struck me at the moment : though it is true that we are at peace with all the Barbary Powers I considered that the vessel in sight, which we now ascertained to be Moorish beyond all doubt, might prove a pirate owning subjection to none, and that in that case I should not only be unable to protect the vessel I was embarked in but that possibly my family and self might be carried into slavery. I therefore ordered them to take to their oars, which they did with singular alacrity and moved towards the shore which was

* *Robert Fagan*, an amateur painter, was British Consul General in Sicily for a time. He afterwards lived in Rome some years and married a very beautiful Italian. He painted the well-known portrait of Lady Webster, later Lady Holland, while she was in Naples.

distant only five or six miles. The boat in company with us followed our example. I hailed her master and bid him run her on shore as we intended doing, immediately under a large house on the beach, a casino belonging to the Prince Borghese, which I discovered had a parapet round it and where I was of opinion that with our small arms we might not only defend ourselves but cover the boats. The Galeot gaining upon us very rapidly our Italians lost their heads completely, and before the boat grounded many threw themselves into the water and swam ashore. I, however, detained the master of our felucca who was preparing to leave us as all the rest had done, and made him bring the shallop alongside, in which I made my wife and children enter with the two women, and entrusting them to the care of Mr. Selliard sent them on shore. The country was a continued forest for many miles and I was satisfied they would soon be out of all danger from the Moors. I resolved myself to stay alone in the felucca and wait the arrival of the Galeot, as the only chance of saving the vessel from plunder. I took out my commission and by the time I had fastened a brace of pistols round my waist with a handkerchief and had armed myself with a sword the enemy was nearly alongside of me. I perceived them occupied in casting loose a couple of guns they had in their bows, and their cries of '*Cani, Cristiani, Ladri,*' * etc., was not a very favourable augur of their intentions. When they were within hail I asked them what they wanted, and informed them who I was. The commander of the Galeot after silencing his tumultuous crew (who seemed near a hundred in number, most of them naked to the girdle as they had stripped for the purpose of rowing) asked me in good Italian if I was English and ordered me to go on board him. I answered that my people were Italians and *coglioni,*† who would not trust to my assurances that they might remain in perfect security under British protection, with regard to going on board it did not become an English officer to take the first step, that if the commander wished to be satisfied who I was I would admit on board the felucca but him only, and show him my papers. Before he could speak again I asked him if he had seen two English frigates I expected to find off Civita Vecchia. The idea of the neighbourhood of an English force (though I knew of none) perhaps checked him in his intention to violence, for after some more conversation in which I told him that the other boat was mine also, he hoisted his sails and went after a cluster of boats that were in sight, and which I fear did not escape as well as ourselves. We

* "Dogs, Christians, thieves!"
† A coarse word for "fools."

re-embarked and next morning landed at Fiumicino where we found a carriage waiting for us and proceeded to Rome. I had ordered a boat to Civita Vecchia there to wait for us. However, I determined at Rome on hearing of the depredation committed by these Barbary Corsairs, not to risk another encounter with them, which might not in the event prove so fortunate as the first. I therefore sent my servant to Civita Vecchia with orders to disembark my carriage and effects, and discharge the boat, resolving to continue my journey by land. We took the route of Terni and Perugia. Cecilia is much fatigued, the jolting has given her great pains in her body, nevertheless she thinks that by resting here till the day after to-morrow she will be enabled to proceed. She is otherwise in good health as are also the children. How my heart rejoices at the idea of our meeting ! I know not whether in my last I informed you that I could not get a passport for France. The French Minister . . . could only give me a passport to traverse Italy. I go to Verona, Insbruck, Augsburg, Hanover, and so to Hamburg. Cacault, the French minister to Rome, on whom I waited to get my passport countersigned received me very coldly."

No further letters written on their journey have survived, but the little family got safely back to England and came to rest in the quiet haven of Norbury Park.

XX

OGILVIE, FITZGERALD AND LOCK WEDDINGS
1799

LET us now look back and see what was happening to their respective families while Charles and Cecilia Lock struggled with their troubles in Italy.

To begin with, in 1799 Cecilia's sister, pretty Mimi Ogilvie, married Charles Beauclerk. This young man's father, Topham Beauclerk, was a great grandson of Charles II and Nell Gwynne, and had an inexplicable friendship with Dr. Johnson, with whom he quarrelled incessantly. "You never open your mouth but with intention to give pain," Johnson once growled in exasperation, "and you have often given me pain not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention."

Topham married Lady Diana Churchill, and Dr. Johnson disliked the poor lady. "The woman's a whore and there's an end on it," he snapped back at Boswell one day, when he attempted to defend her.

Charles was an intimate friend of the third Lord Holland, nephew of Charles James Fox. Lady Holland had been Lady Webster, and her long liaison with Lord Holland ended by marriage after Sir Godfrey Webster divorced her in 1797. She was witty and clever, but her arrogant manners and imperious temper kept the *habitués* of Holland House in a constant twitter of fright. Her salon was attended chiefly by men, as the prudery of the times did not allow the fact of her divorce being forgotten. The Duchess of Leinster did not like her much, but she was devoted to her great nephew, Lord Holland.

It was in March, 1799, that the Duchess and family went to stay at Holland House where Charles Beauclerk was a fellow guest. "Beauclerk is come on purpose to see her (Mimi). I abhor the character of a meddler, but I should be delighted at succeeding in bringing two such delightful people together," wrote Lady Holland in her journal. When she had first made his acquaintance she termed him silent and sulky, adding: "I am told, however, that he is remarkably sensible, good humoured, and pleasing

for those who know him, but this must be taken upon trust. . . . I understand that I am odious to him : *je me venge* in feeling as much against him as he possibly can towards me." But whatever her motives were, she was genuinely anxious to arrange the match and triumphant when it came off.

" 10th April, 1799. My wishes have succeeded : Mimi's beauty and charming character have captivated Beau. He has obtained consent, the settlements are drawing and their union will soon take place. Their dispositions suit exactly and I never saw a fairer prospect of happiness than they have before them. She is uncommonly sensible, her temper is mild and her manner serene ; although cheerful her turn is rather serious. Her person is lovely, her complexion a clear brown, black eyes, white teeth, and a very small head, a fine-shaped throat and neck, pretty hands and feet. Altogether she is as beautiful and fascinating as a woman can be. A very favourable proof of the goodness of her understanding and temper is her being so beloved by a numerous family, the interests of which must often jar."

Far away in Hamburg, the lovely widow, Pamela Fitzgerald, was interested to hear the news. " Are you still happy about Mimi ? " she wrote to her sister-in-law Sophia. " I love her ; tell her I do not write to her because I am afraid it might make her father angry, and that would not be worth while for my scrawls. I suppose he is more unjust than ever."

The wedding took place at Holland House, after which the young couple settled in a small place in the country called Money Hill. In October they visited Holland House and Lady Holland had her first misgivings. " She wished very much to stay, as her health requires repose ; the motion of the carriage disagrees with her always and she was not recovered from the journey of the day before. This consideration, added to her being far advanced with child, had no effect on Beau : he was positive. I fear he is disposed to be peremptory in trifles. I do not like to give way to all my fears upon the score of his temper, but she is all sense and gentleness."

But Lady Holland was to find Beauclerk far worse as a host than as a guest, and after she had been to Money Hill in May, 1800, her indignation overflowed. " Beauclerk did not articulate ten words ; he seems happy but it is the bliss of torpor. She resides, reluctantly, in the dignified solitude of a *guinguette* in the skirts of a pretty town. From Beauclerk's practice one should think his precept was that conversation spoilt society, he rarely incurs that risk. It is to be regretted, as he has a most acute perception, and

an uncommon degree of subtility in his argument. No person is clearer on the *obscure* subject of abstract metaphysics ; his definitions are ingenious and brilliant. Finance is also a branch of political economy he is profound in, and had he entered Parliament he would have distinguished himself. At present he is lost : shyness, indolence, and a sort of content, deprive society of his exertions and his friends of his company."

The Duchess of Leinster, with all her tender heart, had an infinite capacity for recovering from grief. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was at least the twelfth child she had lost, and though his death had been more tragic than the others she was soon making the best of things in her usual serene manner. We find her staying with the Henry Fitzgeralds at Boyle Farm in the summer of 1799. " I am quite well again in Health and enjoy as much comfort as I can ever hope to do again in this world. We are out of doors all day long with all the sweet children about us. The Place, the Flowers, the Birds, are all enchanting and have a wonderful effect, as you know, in relieving my animal Spirits, a Blessing from Heaven not to be overlooked."

About this time the Duchess of Leinster bought a little house at Wimbledon, and was pathetically anxious that Lucy should not reprove her for extravagance. " . . . my taste has not returned for anything but the air, birds and flowers that I find I still enjoy, and dear Mr. Ogilvie has got me a dear little odd spot at Wimbledon that I think will just suit me, I can drive to it from London with a pair of horses and breathe the sweet Air whenever I like. It was Lady Lucan's, and is quite a little thing that can't be called a *Place*, for it is merely a little Bit of Kitchen garden surrounded with Roses and Honeysuckles and *one* little Field ; the front is to the Common which, you know, is a very pretty one. . . . It exactly suits me now, for I really cannot walk. There I my sit out all day long under a pretty awning with Sweet Briar all round me, and be in and out of my room just as I like. . . . The House, though small, is comfort itself, and you, my Lucy, can have either a North Room or a South Room just as you like according to the season and your own feels, all small but not stuffy, very cheerful and the tidiest offices that can be, all new and clean. The worst of it is that they say it is *so dear*, but Mr. Ogilvie was determined not to mind that or his own convenience or pleasure, but just to get me what I have so often wished for : . . . His Idea is that I must always have a House in London, for retirement in the Country in Winter would lower my spirits and that seeing a few people does me good. . . . With the help of a good Story Book the even-

ings in winter go off very well, but certainly being in the way of seeing my friends, which one always is in London, is pleasant too, so perhaps he is right. I also think that for you it is better to be a little in the world, for though I don't think you will ever like it in the way you have done, there are many People and many things in London that you will enjoy at times and that amuse and dissipate you a little. I hope, upon the whole, this won't be disagreeable to my dear girl. . . . It is just seven miles from hence (Boyle Farm), a pleasant distance, and if you ever can afford yourself a horse you can ride over here at any time you are tired of it."

The Wimbledon "folly" proved a success, for the Duchess loved gardening and Mr. Ogilvie became bitten by the same craze " working in his garden like a labourer, which he does every day, and he is as Busy and as Eager as ever you saw about a Bit of Ground where he is planting Potatoes, Carrots, Turnips, and Cabbages. Keen about *everything*. I am delighted at this as it is such good employment and that is what we all want, but nobody so much as him." The Duchess found her health improving. " I have really lived in my little garden and under my *treillage ;* it has done me all the good in the world. Another thing that has been of use to me is drinking my three glasses of Port Wine, which I had left off for Gin and Water, but I really find they give me strength. I expect my pretty Mim to-morrow which will cheer me much. She looked vastly well the other day, and is not as full as our Cissy was, which pleases me better, I suspect our dear Mrs. Lock had stuffed our Cissy with too many good things at Norbury at that time. My Lucy, you must not think of coming to me, so far from being of use to me, Angel, I should only fret ; no, no, you cannot be better than where you are, taking Cheltenham waters. I hope Mr. Wild will sell you his horse as it is such a treasure, men can always be mounted well, but a woman's horse is a much more difficult thing to meet with." The Duchess was plainly anxious to get Lucy married. " Lord Loftus, I hear, is engaged to a Lady in Ireland, else he would have been a good *Epouseur* for you, he is reckoned so very good humoured. . . ." Lord Miltoun's son, Henry would be a nice match, but he was in the toils of another lady. " You have a difficult card to play with Mrs. Stratford and you are but a bad hand at keeping people off that are agreeable. . . . I am sorry you left Bath just as Henry returned from escorting the Lady to Town, for when she was once out of the way you soon would have made him yours if you chose it and he is very much to be liked and a good young man. It is a thousand pities that Witch should get hold of him. Sophia tells me he

admires you exceedingly. I hope your success at Cheltenham will have put you a little in conceit with your dear self, I hope too that it will in the End produce something good in the marrying way, to see you happily settled, my sweet girl, is the first wish of my Heart. Everybody says you never looked so pretty, so make hay while the sun shines : bile and swelled noses may come again, though I hope not this great while ! "

We have no details of how and where Lucy Fitzgerald at last met the right man and became engaged to Captain Thomas Foley, R.N., but it was in 1801 and she married him shortly afterwards. The Duchess was frankly delighted at getting her highly strung, excitable daughter finally settled. Captain, later Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, probably subdued her violently Jacobin sentiments and they seem to have lived together contentedly enough, though they had no children. " Yes, my sweet Lucy," wrote her mother to her in April, 1803, " I do remember those pleasant little cold Meat and Bread and butter dinners this time two years at Wimbledon. Mr. Ogilvie and I recollected them with pleasure t'other day when we were there. Dear Ciss in part supplied your place, and the pleasure I enjoyed with her recalled that we had felt with you still more powerfully. We were then, if you remember, very anxious about her, dear Angel ! She is now restored to us. Your dear Health was very precarious and you often suffered ; your dear Mind had not recovered strength since the dreadful tempest that had so disturbed and strickened all its faculties and your dear Heart, still sunk at the recollection of past woes, kept down your spirits and prevented them from rising again to their wonted cheerfulness. Let me compare my situation *then* and what it is *now* and be thankful. Your health amended, your spirits cheered, passing your days with one of the most amiable men on earth, fondly attached to each other : what a happy change, my beloved Lucy ! Mr. Ogilvie bids me assure you of the sincere part he takes in all you feel for that dear husband whom he loves and values as he ought. Did I tell you I had dined with Charles Fox ? We were very pleasant indeed." And the placid Duchess winds up her letter by giving recipes for green soup and exquisite gooseberry tarts.

During this time the Locks continued to live at Norbury Park, dispensing hospitality to a chosen circle of friends. In February, 1798, they moved to town for a few weeks, having lent the place to Lord and Lady Hervey for their honeymoon, but a year later there were rejoicings in the quiet house surrounded by its spreading beech trees, for Amelia Lock and John Angerstein were now engaged. Nothing could have pleased Mr. Lock better than

to see his daughter married to the son of his life-long friend, and from the worldly point of view Amelia's marriage to the heir of the great financier was an excellent one.

John Julius Angerstein, to whom I have already referred, was supposed to have been born in St. Petersburg in 1735, but his later biographers claim that he came from a respectable Hanoverian family that emigrated to Russia. In any case he arrived in England when he was fourteen, became a broker and underwriter at twenty-one, showed exceptional ability and rapidly made himself a name in the City, where he was associated with Lloyds. Between 1793 and 1802 Angerstein was on the crest of the wave ; he had amassed a large fortune and was known and respected for his integrity. His judgment was so highly thought of that when his name appeared on a policy it was a sufficient recommendation for others to follow where he led, without further examination, and the policies sanctioned by his subscription received the honourable nickname of "Julians," that clung to them for many years.

Early in life Angerstein began forming his collection of pictures, and was indifferent to the price he paid, provided he got what he wanted. He gave what for those days were enormous sums : 8,000 guineas for two Claude Lorrains, 5,000 guineas for a Rembrandt, and £42 to Turner for a drawing of Carnarvon Castle as he had a taste for modern work as well. His commercial standing and personal charm impressed William Pitt in 1793, for he listened to his advice on financial matters, and took it. Nelson wrote him letters of thanks for Lloyds' work in the navy and their contribution to war funds.

It was in 1770 that Angerstein built Woodlands, his country place near Blackheath ; four years before his friend William Lock created Norbury Park. He also possessed Weeting, a property in Norfolk, which remained in the Angerstein family until comparatively recent years. His fine home in Pall Mall contained a gallery that housed most of his best pictures.

By his first wife, the widow Crockett, Angerstein had two children, John and Juliana. The anonymous writer of the " Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV " says that Juliana was a very pretty and agreeable looking person ; he met her and her husband General Sablonkoff at Woodlands, when they were " just imported " from Russia ; the General who had been an eye witness was *very entertaining* about Napoleon's campaign, " relating horrors that made one's flesh creep ! "

Mrs. Angerstein's daughter Emily—by her Crockett husband—married

Ayscoghe Boucherett, M.P., who came of a Huguenot family and lived at Willingham House near Market Rasen. This pleasant young woman had inherited a great deal of her mother's charm and was adored by her step-father who often stayed with her and her husband. The Locks were also great friends of the Boucheretts, even to the third generation.

John Julius Angerstein was hospitable on a grand scale and liked interesting conversation. Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Jonas Hanway the philosopher, were frequently grouped round his dining-room table, together with Mr. and Mrs. Lock. Farington often speaks of this remarkable man. On one occasion, when he dined with him at six o'clock, he was impressed by the enormous amount of food served, but he noticed that Mr. Angerstein drank very little wine *after* dinner and went to sleep during the conversation, waking to eat an orange with sugar. Once Caroline Princess of Wales both dined and supped at Mr. Angerstein's with a small party and remained till half-past three in the morning.

At the time of John's marriage to Amelia Lock, which took place on 28th September, 1799, his mother had been dead some years and old Angerstein had married again.

Amelia Lock was lovely and loving : it would have been asking too much of Providence to expect her to be brilliant as well. Sir Thomas Lawrence has been quoted as one of her many admirers, while we hear of Lord William Gordon dying of love for her, and a Mr. Hammenday being quite in despair at her refusing him. She was an admirable daughter, wife, and mother ; her father-in-law became extremely fond of her and no doubt ruled her as he did all his family, with the authority tinged with arrogance, which extreme wealth usually develops. In the late autumn of 1801, two years after her marriage, Amelia gives us a fleeting vision of the general rejoicing in London caused by the announcement of peace with France.

"My most beloved Daddy, Mammy and Augusta,

"Your child will bless the Almighty with you for this truly heaven sent news which has filled her, as she is sure it has you, with joy and gratitude. I shall never forget the effect the word *Peace* produced upon me when I first heard it pronounced (which was at about eleven o'clock yesterday on our way to London) by Lord Hood, who had received an express to that blessed purpose. The thought of the many thousands of anxious hearts that will be set at rest by it struck us both so forcibly that—you will not love

him the less for it when I tell you—my John, as well as I, could not refrain from tears. We flew on to London where the expression of joy on every face was singularly striking, also the happy looking groups you saw congratulating one another. We arrived at the Exchange too late, that dear important Angel Mr. Ogilvie had met Mr. Angerstein before he got there. As soon as we reached the West End of the Town, John sent off the Gazette, though *almost* certain you would have long ere heard the news. Just as we were going out of town we had the great satisfaction of meeting Lord Hervey who shook hands very heartily with us and said that *every Lover of his country would be satisfied*, that was all he could say, and that he entertained no doubts of peace. . . . God grant our hopes of this blessed peace may not have been too sanguine ! "

The Peace of Amiens, eventually signed on 27th March, 1802, was succeeded by open war on 18th May, 1803, when, for years after, Napoleon determinedly attempted to carry out an invasion of England.

The next marriage from Norbury was that of William with the beautiful Elizabeth Jennings, of which more presently. Augusta Lock was less good looking than her sister, her bright complexion was her best point, but her retroussé nose, unfortunately, was not fashionable in those days. She was generally voted " comical " and very good company. She wasted the best years of her life on a romantic attachment for Graham Moore, and married much later than her sisters and brothers, becoming the second wife of Sir George Martin, Vice Admiral of the Fleet.

Mr. Lock employed Lawrence to paint the portraits of practically all the members of his family. The artist spent a great deal of his time visiting his friends, passing from the Locks at Norbury to the Angersteins at Woodlands and on to the Boucheretts at Willingham in Lincolnshire. He loved them all and made countless sketches of them. He used to refer to Mr. Lock's eldest son as " Raphael William." Mr. Angerstein proved as good a friend to the artist as Mr. Lock had been, and made him a very considerable loan of money which tided him over his first difficult years. Some of Lawrence's finest portraits are those he painted of the Angerstein family, notably the grand, full-length picture of Mr. Angerstein and his first wife the widow Crockett, that dates from 1792 and now enriches the Musée du Louvre in Paris. In 1800 he exhibited a portrait of Amelia, which was not, however, received with undiluted praise by contemporary critics. " The portrait of Mrs. J. Angerstein is perfectly graceful in point of design,

but the colouring is flat compared with the generality of this gentleman's productions. There is likewise a vacuity in the background extremely unpleasant. This picture conveys the idea of a beautiful female wandering over a desolate and unfrequented island."

The critic makes no mention of the child in the picture, for the simple reason that it was not yet there. When the portrait was shown at the Academy Amelia had been married only a few months ; it was three or four years later that Lawrence, discontented with the too vast expanse of unrelieved white in the picture, tried to improve it by painting little John Julius, then a toddler, against the background of his mother's muslin dress. It is curious that Lawrence's first biographer, D. E. Williams, was not aware of this fact, which has been preserved by oral tradition in the Angerstein family, when thirty years afterwards he defended the picture vigorously against its critics.

Though John Julius Angerstein spent large sums collecting pictures and living in a princely manner in his various homes, he did not encourage extravagance in his son. On one occasion he wrote to him with asperity : " I did not understand your meaning, which is that your Income will not bear your conveying your family to Bath, for the time it may be necessary for Amelia to remain there, while retaining your house in Town at the same period. The letting of this offers itself as the most natural and best object for covering the extra expense, and this is so generally done, and that by men of much greater consequence than either you or I, so I can but approve it. I very seldom complain of Losses to my family, though I feel the hard times as well as others, and if things continue not much worse—I wish we may go on as we have been—when it pleases God that our John Julius is to go to the University I will pay his expenses there. My kindest love and affection to Amelia and your dear children. . . ." But to his son he was only " very truly yours, J. J. Angerstein."

He died on the 22nd of January, 1823, having made his will the same month. His pictures at Woodlands were entailed, but he directed that those in the gallery at his Pall Mall house—thirty-eight in number—were to be sold. They were purchased by the British Government for £57,000 and formed the beginning of the National Gallery. So the Angerstein collection came to rest eventually in Trafalgar Square, not far from its first home.

George Lock had been christened in the parish of Marylebone in 1771 and educated with his brothers William and Charles at the Rev. William

Gilpin's school at Cheam. He took orders and was given the living of Mickleham when he was only twenty-four. His clear signature is to be seen many times in the parish register. Later on he was appointed Rector at Lee, Blackheath, where he remained over forty years. His portrait by J. P. Knight, R.A., showing him as a fine old man with an aquiline nose and a benevolent expression, was presented to him by his parishioners.

He married Harriet Poulett Thompson and had three children, George and Charlotte who died unmarried, and Julia who became the wife of H. Hanson, Canon of Norwich, and left a family. The life of the George Locks was quiet and uneventful. Caroline, Princess of Wales, appreciated George Lock's worth, and wrote to him signing : " my sincere sentiments of high regard and friendship." When she lived at Blackheath, as she did for some years, she was his parishioner. Miss Mary Berry mentions having gone to church with the Princess, on a fine winter day : " The parish of George Lock is a mile from here, a small country church in a charming situation. After church we went into his house : the prettiest parsonage, with the gayest and most agreeable view. His wife was ill and could not see the Princess."

The Princess of Wales wrote to George Lock in November, 1806, giving him an account of Bonaparte's iniquities and the troubles of her family in consequence. Her father, the Duke of Brunswick, who was in bad health, had been requested by the conqueror to quit the Prussian army and no longer fight against France, but he had answered that he would defend his King and Country as long as he could use his limbs and " vital air was in him." (The Princess's English was known to fail always at the crucial moment.) George Lock answered with grave courtesy :

" Mr. Lock present his humble duty to the Princess of Wales with his most grateful thanks for her condescending communication of the melancholy account of the alarming progress of the French arms. May he presume to offer his respectful and sincere sympathy with her Royal Highness in the accumulated distresses of her august Family, with fervent prayers for the speedy recovery of its heroic chief, whose firm and manly answer to the general enemy of the peace and liberties of Europe furnish so noble an example of the spirit which should animate all its Princes ? "

Mrs. George Lock had poor health and the other Locks do not seem to have cared for her. Only one of her letters has survived, addressed to her daughter Charlotte, who was staying at Brighton, probably written in the early 'thirties.

"... My wits are exhausted by all the Labours of the Day, twice Church, concluding with a more than usual somniferous effusion from Mr. Proper, whose voice, the railroad by which he returned from a morning's duty in London, had completely extinguished and annihilated. ... His words were all but inaudible, as if he had been *propelled* so rapidly by this new fangled invention for speed that his wits had fallen a sacrifice, the more glaringly unfortunate as your dearest Daddy literally outdid even himself this morning. His language and subject both were eminently sublime. Oh, that he could but have preached in the populous, fashionable resort in which you, my child, are residing ! What a sensation would not such a composition in such a Place occasion ? *À propos*, is my dear old Parish Church on the Hill, about a quarter of a mile from the Wick, still in existence ? and is our large family pew in the Gallery, with its own peculiar and private door outside, intact ? What would I not give for a good blow of that delicious, always soft, but blustering wind. ... Can I hope for such happiness ere I die ? To visit once more, and at this season, those loved haunts of my youth ?"

XXI

THE WILLIAM LOCKS AND THE PRINCESS OF WALES

1799–1809

IT is not known where William first met the lovely Elizabeth Jennings: possibly in Lawrence's studio, towards 1798. The good looks of Miss Jennings were so remarkable that she was without a rival for two or three successive London seasons, and "the object of general attention," according to a contemporary account. Lawrence painted her at least twice before her marriage, and one portrait, now in the possession of her great, great granddaughter, the present writer, represents her with enormous eyes that can only be described by the hackneyed term of "liquid"; a rich complexion, and masses of auburn hair, while a string of scarlet corals encircles her exceptionally long neck. In 1799 Lawrence exhibited another portrait of Elizabeth at the Royal Academy which, according to Farington, created a sensation.

". . . Lawrence and I breakfasted this morning at his desire to see a whole length of Miss Jennings. I told him that it was a picture of a higher order than any female portrait I had seen of his painting, more sober and solid and free from flickering light. The principal defect appeared to me to be that the arms did not seem to be the same flesh as the face and neck, but too cold and purply, and that the light sash which was thrown round the arms and waist was too much the same colour as that of the skin: the whole too pinky. He asked me if I thought he should put into the Exhibition any other whole length portrait of Ladies, and I told him by no means, unless they are as well painted as that of Miss Jennings, it would be only showing something like that of being *great* and *little*. He said those were his sentiments."

". . . Lawrence's picture of Miss Jennings was last night brought to the Academy and caused great alarm amongst portrait painters. Beechy said if he had seen it before he sent his pictures he would only have sent his portrait of Lord Cornwallis. Opie and Northcote also appeared struck with it. West said it made all the other portraits of women look like dowdies."

Elizabeth Jennings
(afterwards wife of William Lock II)
From the oil-painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

William Lock, with his worship of beauty in all its forms, must have fallen deeply in love with Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Henry Constantine Jennings, "a very singular man." Jennings dressed like a pauper, his boots were never cleaned and he had worn the same hat for the last thirty years. He married Elizabeth Catherine Nowell, who seems to have been uninteresting, touchy and ready to complain of everything, but no doubt she had a great deal to put up with. In later years she called herself Mrs. Nowell, probably preferring to drop the name of Jennings once it became discredited.

A gentleman who visited Constantine Jennings at Chelsea in 1803 wrote the following description of his visit.

" On the left hand of the drawing room door was to be seen a very old, decrepit man, clothed in a brown suit of coarse cloth, with immense silver buttons awkwardly fastened to the breast of his coat. He constantly wore a small hat, both at home and abroad, and possessed both a white and a black beaver, the former of which was always selected for great occasions. Sitting in an immense armchair lined with carpet, his body was placed in a reclining position approaching nearly to the horizontal. This was effected by invariably reposing his legs on a Roman triclinium which he valued greatly. This venerable figure, with a sharp and croaking voice, saluted the visitor whom he recognised by means of a mirror, and to whom he scarcely deigned to turn his head. He appeared to all enthroned in all the majesty of *virtu*, amidst his books, his pictures, shells, etc., and never willingly arose but to gratify himself and his guest by exhibiting all or some of these objects."

Constantine Jennings's life was as original as his personal appearance. Born in 1731, and therefore practically the same age as William Lock senior and John Julius Angerstein, he was the only son of a gentleman who owned a large estate at Shiplake in Oxfordshire, of the same family as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. He was educated at Westminster School and held a commission for a brief time in the 1st Regiment of Footguards. When he resigned he went to Rome together with Lord Monthermer, son of the Duke of Montagu. One day, on rummaging in an old curiosity shop in an obscure street, he found, partly concealed behind a heap of rubbish, a huge marble statue of a dog, and saw at once that it was a very fine work of art. The dog was without a tail. He concluded that it was the long lost portrait of Alcibiades's dog, bought it for 400 scudi and conveyed it back to his home in Oxfordshire. By the time the statue reached Shiplake

it had cost Jennings £80. It aroused at once the admiration of all connoisseurs. Jennings himself said he was immediately offered a thousand pounds for it, and that a person sent, he believed, from Blenheim, proposed the sum of £1,400 for its purchase, but he would not part with his dog. It became celebrated, and was the topic of conversation at a dinner attended by Dr. Johnson and Boswell.

Constantine eventually had to sell his statue in one of his financial crises, but he was nicknamed " Dog Jennings " to his dying day. The marble is now at Duncombe Park in Yorkshire, the property of Lord Feversham.

When Jennings returned from Italy he inherited Shiplake from his father who had died during his absence. He now led the life of a man of fashion, keeping race-horses and throwing away his money like a drunken sailor, in every sort of expensive folly. The consequence was inevitable. He went to prison for debt, spending several years as an inmate of Chelmsford Gaol. His Museum was sold by auction for a comparatively small sum to satisfy a claim of the Government, and he died in February, 1819, apparently having lived apart from his long-suffering wife for many years.

The fastidious Locks can scarcely have been overjoyed at William's marriage with the penniless daughter of " Dog " Jennings. Charles, in his letters from Palermo and Naples, makes no comments on his brother's engagement, except to wish him happiness. But the breath of scandal had never touched the lovely girl and the Locks took her into the family with all the affectionate grace that was their great characteristic. There are no details of the wedding, which probably took place in the summer of 1801, the same year as that of Lucy Fitzgerald. In September the young couple were staying at Norbury and went to call on Madame d'Arblay at her cottage in West Humble, when her little boy aged six was fascinated by the young woman's overwhelming beauty. " My Alex went up to Mr. William Lock who was here with his fair bride and said : ' How did you get that wife, William ? Because I want to get such a one, and I don't know which is the way.' "

Farington visited Norbury Park together with Hoppner and Edridge ; on another occasion he went there with Sir Thomas Lawrence who told him on the way that William Lock " could bear so little contradiction or difference of opinion that it becomes unpleasant. It proceeds from much pride and grows upon him, and makes his intercourse with his Father not as agreeable as it might be. His wife, the beautiful Miss Jennings, has very good judgment and has great ascendency, by exercising it with good temper and without any pretension."

During the first years of their married life William and his Elizabeth lived a good deal at Norbury Park and it is probable that their three children, William, Elizabeth, and Charles, were born there. They were a strikingly handsome family : " William and his lovely ones," as old Mrs. Lock called them tenderly.* The young couple often visited old Mr. Angerstein at Woodlands, as the elder Locks had done before them. Thomas Lawrence met both Mr. Lock senior and William Lock there in 1805 and discussed with them the " Committee of Taste " of which Lawrence and William the younger were members. It had been formed to select the monument to Lord Nelson which was to be placed in the Guildhall. Lawrence gave Farington an account of a meeting of this Committee which his friend has recorded : " When the Committee met, with Mr. Long in the Chair, William Lock expressed his opinion of the propriety of consulting or referring questions upon the merits of the designs laid before the Committee to the members of the Royal Academy, or to such artists as might be thought best qualified to give judgment. This was warmly opposed by Mr. Payne Knight,† who was the chief if not the only speaker ; Mr. Long seemed to sit as Chairman only to see how the Ayes and Noes counted. Knight carried it. Mr. Banks gave as proof of Knight's taste his observing on the advantage which sculptors would derive by the great Altar at St. Peter's in Rome, a design of Bernini's in which *twisted columns* and many flourishing fancies appear. Lawrence observed to them that Mr. Knight's taste was just that which should *not* be adopted. It was founded on sensual feeling, the simplicity of Raphael, his purity etc. afforded no gratification to Knight, his pleasure was derived from the luxurious displays of Rubens. William Lock said he had noticed this at the Marquis of Stafford's, where Knight was profuse in his admiration of a sensual picture by Rubens, but did not notice pictures by Titian to which Rubens himself would have bowed. . . ." A little later Farington made another entry on the same subject : " March 12, 1806 . . . 27 or 28 models have been presented to the Committee for Lord Nelson's monument at the Guildhall. It has been resolved to request that Sir George Beaumont, William Lock, and George Hibbert will give their opinion of the merits of the models, to enable the Committee to decide which ought to be preferred."

Caroline, Princess of Wales, was very friendly with Elizabeth whom she

* One of Lawrence's finest portraits is the so-called " Boy and Dog," representing the third William Locke, as a singularly beautiful child with clusters of thick curls, wearing a little white robe and holding a large Newfoundland by the ear.

† J. P. Knight, R.A., who painted the portrait of George Lock.

sometimes called "Zenzie," a pet name presumably derived from "Jennings." Old Mr. and Mrs. Lock, so exquisite and gentle, seem to have actually liked the noisy Princess, who was always making enemies by her tactlessness and vulgarity, or at any rate they were sorry for her. They knew how her heart ached under her ridiculous exterior, that she suffered deeply from the cruelty of her husband, longing all the time for a little love and kindness in her empty life. Therefore she was welcomed at Norbury Park with the same quiet courtesy that greeted the artists and the writers who were far more in tune with its owners. It must have been a comfort to the Princess to have friends whom she could trust, for many were the snubs she received in the bitter years when her husband persecuted her so relentlessly. She met Lady Buckinghamshire at Mr. Angerstein's, "Who like a true vulgar *ran off* the minute she saw the Princess enter the room and nothing could persuade her to come back, instead of standing still, making a curtsey, and taking her departure quietly." It seems unfortunate that the Princess should have met Lady Buckinghamshire on a second occasion, also at Mr. Angerstein's, when her ladyship "behaved again very rudely." But this did not discourage Caroline from frequenting the house, and a little later she wrote: "I passed a pleasant evening last night at Woodlands, where I found the *Sweet Williams*, but I must perhaps give you the key to that *Lock*."

The Princess of Wales was looking for trouble when she adopted a little boy called William Austin. Her enemies, always striving hard to expose her immoral conduct, stated openly that the child was her son. "Prove it, and he shall be your King!" she once answered proudly. Charges of immorality had been brought against her by Sir John and Lady Douglas, and laid before a Committee of the Cabinet for investigation. The Princess had no secrets from her friends the Locks, and kept them constantly informed of her many troubles and few joys. She wrote to William from Montague House on 27th April, 1804: "The Princess of Wales takes the first opportunity to communicate to Mr. Lock the two most happy events of her life which have taken place within these few days. The first consists in His Majesty's consent and agreement to the Duchess of Brunswick's coming to this country. The same frigate which will carry Lord Pembroke and Lord Leveson Gower to the Baltic will bring the Duchess to her native country. The Duchess has preferred to live at Blackheath instead of Hampton Court which has been offered to her, for which reason the Princess has taken two houses opposite her own small

Residence, that the Duchess should find it more comfortable for herself and her suite.

"The second event to which the Princess alluded before is the happy termination of the very intricate Business" (the poor Princess spelt it Busness) "about the Investigation against her honour, which is concluded in the most glorious and satisfactory way for the Princess, and even, it may be added, equally for the Prince. The result of the opinion of the Cabinet was presented yesterday through the means of the Duke of Portland to His Royal Highness. The Duke was, on the whole, very much satisfied with his reception, and the Prince put all the blame upon the former administration, that he was misled and ill-advised, and desired the Duke to repeat this to His Majesty, that he could have no further objection that the Princess should be received by their Majesties as formerly. The Princess takes the liberty of sending Mr. Lock a copy of the papers in question which she received only yesterday from the Lord Chancellor, who verbally referred to her that if the King should remain for a few days in town on account of the dissolution of Parliament the Princess would certainly be summoned to His Majesty. The Princess has only now to add that she hopes Mr. and Mrs. Lock are in perfect health and that she shall soon have the pleasure of assuring them in person of the sincere friendship and regard which the Princess feels for them."

It was on a fine autumn day in 1806 that Caroline set forth in her barouche, accompanied by Lady Sheffield and Miss Cholmondeley, to visit the owners of Norbury Park. When near Leatherhead the driver took a turning too close, the carriage overturned and the three ladies were pitched out. The Princess was slightly bruised, Lady Sheffield unhurt, but Miss Cholmondeley fell on her head and died almost immediately, having only opened her eyes once. The Princess went on to Norbury with Lady Sheffield, and spent the night there; on her return to Blackheath she sent a note over at once to Amelia Angerstein at Woodlands :—

"My dear Mrs. John Angerstein,

"I feel myself happy to be able to give You a very comfortable account of Mr. and Mrs. Lock. I am as well as the melancholy Catastrophe will enable me to be. I am only a little bruised on my Elbow and my nose is a little scratched; but oh poor Miss Cholmondeley! that worthy, amiable, good Creature! who has been the Sufferer and the Martyr of this unfortunate journey. She will never be forgotten by her friends and her

departed Spirit will often smile upon us. Whenever her rare merits will be mentioned her good humour and liveliness will be recalled to the memory of her friends.

" On my return, which is only an hour since, I received the melancholy account of the Death of my eldest Brother, which surprised and affected me too much to be able of seeing anybody to-day. If it will be possible for You to come to-morrow morning, if it was merely for half an hour, I shall be but too happy to see You. Besides I have some commissions for Mr. Lock which I would wish You would carry to him on Sunday. I can never forget their kindness and their attention with which they received us *Tutti quanti.* The presence of mind of Mrs. William Lock has most astonished me, and I admire her. And so your Brother William.

" Believe me for ever, my dear Mrs. John Angerstein,

" Your

" most sincere

Friday Oct. 3rd, 1806. " C."

It was in the following year that the Princess spent another night at the Locks. Lord Arden had asked her to arrange a dinner at his house after the races—presumably at Epsom. The Princess was full of the plan.

" My dear Elizabeth,

" I am sorry to trouble you once more about our arrangements for Thursday. I am told that the same gentlemen are engaged at Norbury whom I had invited to dinner at Lord Arden's house after the races. I hope you, Mr. William Locke and all those good gentlemen will partake of a frugal dinner at the above mentioned house. Lady Charlotte Lindsay is the only Lady I bring with me, and if you could give us a bed for her and myself I should be very thankful for it, for it will be late before we leave Lord Arden's place. I take none of my attendants with me except my horses and footmen whom I intend to send to the Inn, and pray let me have the little snug room where Lady Sheffield slept, downstairs, the night I remained at Norbury. A dressing room is quite unnecessary for me on that occasion, as the next morning, I suppose, we all set out for the races again.

" I have not yet received any answer from Mrs. Beauclerk ; the Harrowbys, Beauforts, and Lord Grenville will be at Clermont and perhaps Mrs. Beauclerk may be invited to pass the night there, at least, it is not my fault if she shall not enjoy that day much.

" All the news I can inform you of is that Lord Paget is on the point of returning to Lady Paget and leave poor Lady Charlotte to her fate. I hear Graham Moore is arriving at Portsmouth ; I suppose that in a few days he will be with you all. I am all anxiety to see him again. I am now concluding : though my supper was very pleasant last night you were both very much wanted, but I will say nothing more upon that subject as you might think it flattery, and only add that I remain forever yours

" C."

A contemporary description of the Princess of Wales at a ball makes one hope that the dignified old Locks did not attend Lord Arden's party, for it would have proved a severe strain on their friendship. The " Sweet Williams " no doubt were accustomed to her strange appearance on festive occasions. " What was my horror when I beheld the poor Princess enter dressed ' en Venus,' or rather *not* dressed further than the waist. I was, as she used to say herself : ' all over shock.' A more injudicious choice of costume could not be adopted, and when she began to waltz the *terræ motus* was dreadful ! Waltz she did, however, the whole night, with pertinacious obstinacy, and amongst others whom she honoured with her hand on this occasion was Sismondi. The two large figures turning round together were quite miraculous."

One cannot grudge the poor fat Princess her enjoyment of waltzing, for she had troubles and exasperations enough to fill a dozen lives. No doubt her conduct was foolish, but it did not justify the persecution against which she fought so valiantly. In the same year, 1807, she was still struggling to be received by her father-in-law, the King, so as to defend herself personally from the charges of immorality that were again being brought up against her. Amelia Angerstein was her confidante on the bitter day when George III communicated his decision to put off the meeting he had practically promised.

February 12th, 1807

" My dear Mrs. John Angerstein,

" You must have been astonished and surprised not to see in the Papers that the King had received me again in his presence, but instead of that to see the Prince of Wales' name twice on a visit to Windsor, which has unfortunately been too true and he has succeeded but too well, having made Machinations and new trials for my patience and resignation, by not being allowed to see the King. But as my conscience is quite clear, and

don't accuse me of any allegation from morality or enticement from the path of virtue, I trust Providence will be kind enough to endow me farther with so much fortitude as she has done these eight months. I send You the Copy of His Majesty's Letter, for Your own perusal and that of Mr. Locke, but beg of You not farther to shew it, and believe me for ever

" Your
" Most sincere and truly
" attached Friend
" C."

Here is the copy.

Windsor Castle, Febry. 10th, 1807

" As the Princess of Wales may have been led to expect from the King's Letter to Her, that He would fix an early day for seeing Her, His Majesty thinks it right to acquaint that the Prince of Wales upon receiving several Documents which the King directed His Cabinet to transmit to Him, made a formal Communication to Him of His Intention to put them into the hands of His Lawyer, accompanied by a Request that His Majesty would suspend any farther Steps in the Business, until the Prince of Wales should be enabled to submit to Him the Statement which he proposed to make. The King therefore considers it incumbent upon Him to defer naming a day to the Princess of Wales, until the Farther result of the Prince's Intention shall have been made known to Him.

(signed) " G.R."

Old Mr. Angerstein's stepdaughter, the charming Mrs. Boucherett, dined with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath on the day when George III finally consented to receive his daughter-in-law. She sent the news at once to William Lock, at Norbury Park, forgetting in her haste to date the letter.

" I have it in commission from the poor Princess to communicate to you the very joyful tidings of her being this day at two o'clock to meet the King at Buckingham House. She received the order just before I got to Blackheath yesterday. One of her first wishes was that you and all your dear ones should hear it, she was in a state of tempered joy, as if she feared to be too happy. We spent a quiet, pleasant evening, surrounded by her little Court—such a one as Queen Catherine might have had—her Physician Bayley, Walter Scott the poet and Lord Rivers ; Boucherett, Mrs. Lisle and myself in the characters of attendants. Great happiness is no friend to

noisy mirth, and we were all very grave though very happy : the Princess uncommonly so.

"I am longing, my dearest friends, to be with you, enjoying all the peace and sunshine of dear Norbury, the very sod of which is so dear to me, but the fates at present have decreed I should not come. Mr. Angerstein is really unwell ; this Jaundice hangs about him longer than usual, and he is in a state of great languour. I believe the sudden heat has increased that part of his malady. Pitcairn thinks him getting well but slowly ; as he is confined to the house except for his morning ride we cannot think of leaving him. I fear Boucherett will soon be called into Lincolnshire by the Election for the county, which we had hoped would have been a quiet one. Our dearest Amelia writes to you herself, therefore I say nothing about her ; her heart is at present forestalling the delights of Norbury and counting the hours till she gets there. Adieu, my dearest friends. I am ever your most most affectionate

"EMILIA BOUCHERETT."

"P.S.—Mammy is in a great state of Profligacy, I see by some little bits of her letters to Amelia. I long to come and help her grow even worse."

The poor Princess had the illusion that now the King would protect her and her troubles finally be ended. It is amazing how she persisted in keeping the boy William Austin in her house and lavishing maternal fondness on him, thus giving a handle to all her foes.

"It seems to me an age that I have not seen You, my dear Mrs. John Angerstein ; nor that I have heard anything of your dear, lovely children. I hope they are all recovered by this time. I would have called myself, but little William has also had the measles, and I have never been from his Bedside. He is as well as possible, and plays in his Bed. He had them very slightly, and I wait for Baillie, as this is the fourth day, to know whether he will allow him to get up. I shall be very glad to see You if You can come to-morrow by three o'clock, or on Saturday. I am not allowed to go out, as I have a long Blister upon my chest, and Baillie assures me that I cannot escape having the fashionable children's complaint. I don't feel, to say the truth, very ill, and with all his skill, I think he will be for once in the wrong.

"Your Brother George is informed that he is banished for some time from my house. I had the Blessing yesterday evening to receive Letters from my Family from the Continent. They are all well and still remaining

at the same Place ; only complaining hardly of not receiving any sort of account from England and letters.

" The only news I can tell You is that Lady Louisa Legge is going to marry Lord Bagot. What disappointment for the two new married Couples ! Both Brothers married in the firm conviction that their eldest Brother had no more intention to try a second time his happiness in conjugal felicity.

" This gives ample matter for thinking how little is to be expected of People who merely put their happiness upon riches, honor, etc.

" I am quite shocked at my long Epistle. I rattle and prattle and gossip like an old Maid. I have only to add my most sincere sentiments of high regard and friendship, with which I remain for ever, my dear Mrs. John Angerstein

" Your

" affectionate Friend

Dec. 27th, 1806. " C."

When Sir John and Lady Douglas, under pressure from the Prince of Wales, raised charges of immorality against the much bullied Princess, Lawrence was suggested as one of her lovers. The Princess in her defence stated : " Mr. Lawrence lives upon a footing of the greatest intimacy with the neighbouring families of Mr. Lock and Mr. Angerstein, and I have asked him sometimes to dine with me to meet them."

Two years later when the William Locks were staying at Portmouth, " Willikins " called on them and was received very kindly. The Princess wrote, full of gratitude.

Oct. 22, 1808

" My dear Elizabeth,

" I can no longer omit resuming my pen to thank you for your kind letter and the good natured reception you have given to my little rough sailor-boy. Though he is not very polished, he is not insensible to your beauty or your kindness, and he is all gratitude. He was doubly welcome to me as he gave me so good an account of yourself and all your family, and I trust that little Willy will find much benefit from Sea bathing. I wish to be remembered to Mr. William Locke and assure him that I have tried to attempt some new efforts of genius in landscapes with Mr. Glover, but I am sorry to acknowledge that I am not satisfied with my expectations though I admire his talents for landscapes beyond measure.

" I went to Mr. Angerstein to admire his copy of the famous picture by Gasper le Poussin, and it is impossible to admire it enough. I should wish to know William Locke's opinion upon it as nobody possesses so much judgment and exquisite taste than himself. I am very happy that it is in my power to assure you that Mr. and Mrs. Lock are perfectly well and that the vicinity of Blackheath is so beneficial to them. I trust you will give me leave, my dear Elizabeth, to hear from time to time from you and your amiable family, as I am afraid it will be a long while before I shall have the happiness of again seeing you. Accept in the meanwhile my true and sincere attachment, with which I remain for ever

" Your affectionate,

" C."

It was during the early spring of 1809 that old Mr. Lock fell seriously ill of a low fever, and the Princess wrote constantly for news of him. She sent him a new poem, " Marmion, or a Tale of Flodden Field," to offer him " a trifling amusement," and " two small Boxes and two Columns with Workbags " for Mrs. Lock. In a letter to Amelia, the Princess said that her valuable and venerable parents had given an Example of Charity to all mankind, no doubt alluding to how other people had treated her.

Mr. Lock recovered and the Princess rejoiced.

May 25th, 1809

" My dear Elizabeth,

" I hope that yourself, Mr. William Locke, little Willy and all the Lockes *tutti quanti* are well. I had the pleasure of seeing Graham Moore for a moment. I understand that he comes next week to town again. I should be but too happy to receive him Wednesday, either at twelve o'clock before the Levée or after the Levée, at four. I stay at home that day till seven o'clock when I go to Mrs. F. Hope's dinner and christening. . . . I wish you were here to-day as you would be a great ornament at my little Ball ! "

XXII

GRAHAM MOORE, B. 1764—D. 1843
A FRIEND OF ALL THE LOCKS

WE have already met Dr. Moore during the Golden Age of Norbury Park, the physician who attended all the members of the Lock family in their various illnesses, and was so disliked by Susan Phillips on account of his gruffness. His three sons were more or less of an age with the eldest Lock brothers, John became the famous General, while James followed his father's steps and took up the medical profession. Graham, who entered the navy in 1777 when he was thirteen, was a gay and handsome youth with attractive manners, qualities that he certainly had not inherited from Dr. Moore. Many years later, when Elizabeth Locke met Maréchal Marmont in Paris, she said he reminded her of their old friend Sir Graham Moore in his handsome days, with his dark hair and white teeth. Graham spent most of his life at sea and achieved a distinguished career. He was an intimate friend of William Lock with whom he corresponded regularly, covering large pages with a neat, copperplate handwriting, rather unexpected in a hard-fisted sailor.

In 1797 two of the worst mutinies in the whole of England's naval history took place, and, curiously enough, during the period of her greatest triumphs at sea, when she was at war both with France and Spain. We know how bitterly Cecilia Lock, then under the influence of Edward Fitzgerald, blamed Pitt for the loss of life the Mutiny of the Nore entailed. Graham's point of view about what occurred seems a fair one.

Portsmouth, April 24th, 1797

" DEAR WILLIAM,

" I daresay you are somewhat interested in the mutiny at Spithead, but you would be much more so if you saw the business in its true light. The pay of the Seamen was shamefully small, even in peace they had very near double in the Merchant service, but in war they had more than triple what they have in the Navy, after being forced by great violence into it. The

dislike of the seamen to the Navy is chiefly owing to the little encouragement they meet with in it, and the nation is put to a greater expense by the high bounties they are obliged to give to make up for Desertions, etc., than the additional pay would amount to. All the Seamen in the Navy may be said to be pressed ; the number that are not so are few, and those chiefly bred in the Navy. The proof that the great bond of connection among the Mutineers was the want of what they demanded, is that as soon as it was granted, together with pardon, they gave up and returned to their duty with great cheerfulness, except one 74 and two Frigates who are disgusted with their officers. This exception is a trifle and will soon be put to rights : it is not a common interest.

" The Line of Battle Ships of Lord Bridport's Fleet were eight days completely in the hands of the Seamen, and the Frigates only did not join because the Seamen of the Line of Battle Ships ordered them to do their duty as usual, being conscious that they themselves were competent to the business they took in hand. Very few excesses were committed during this critical interim, . . . they asked what it was ungenerous and shameful not to have voluntarily bestowed upon them, and the only thing to be regretted is that People were so shortsighted as to let things go on until they came to this crisis—there was no fault on the side of the Navy officers : few Fleets were better appointed, and I'll take upon me to say that the *Royal George*, which was one of the most violent in the Mutiny and one of those which most readily returned to her duty, is the first Man of War that Europe ever saw, and the most formidable to an Enemy. . . ."

But a fortnight later the situation became worse.

Portsmouth, May 10th, 1797

" This vile Mutiny continues, and . . . the best I can hope is that we may be able to get them out to defend the country, mutinous as they are, for I am perfectly convinced that Naval Discipline is at an end for this war. . . . I have some hopes from the effect of their Divisions, as they are not united as when they had real grievances to complain of. In the mean time the danger is that time may be lost and the French get over to Ireland while the Fleet is deprived of officers, for many of the Ships have sent their officers on shore. The opposition have concurred with the want of prudence and foresight in the Administration in producing this. . . . You must persuade them, but you cannot force them to return to their duty, I believe that the Majority are well disposed, . . . and do not know their own strength. . . .

I think this Mutiny the greatest calamity that has befallen the country, and probably the forerunner of the worst events. . . . I believe the Admiralty will keep us all in the harbour until the business is settled. Meanwhile we are not yet ready in other respects.

" The officers of the Fleet have acted uniformly well in the whole of this cursed business, Sir Alan Gardner ought to have been thanked by the Admiralty, they instead sent down a very injudicious and ill-timed order, which was in fact a reflection on all the Officers, and the real and immediate cause of the shocking affair on board the *London*."

Melampus, Downs, June 20th, 1797

" Since this expedition we were ordered off Harwich for the purpose of preventing the mutineers from buoying the Channel in order to carry the Ships to sea ; happily nothing was attempted, and we lay off Harwich for five or six days doing nothing.

" I believe if I were able to keep clear of the Fleets that we should do well enough. I go on much in the old way and have been under the necessity of punishing a number of men since we left Spithead. Each time I was expecting a riot, but all went off quietly. . . .

" It was good news to me when I heard of the excesses at the Nore, it was much better that a Mutiny should end so, than had they been moderate and firm and come to terms. They were luckily very extravagant and very absurd. God send us a good peace and me a good riddance of my ragamuffins. . . ."

Graham Moore was not destined to be rid of his " ragamuffins " for many a long year. It was clearly not the moment for a decent officer to resign from the Navy. Besides which, he could never have reconciled himself to living on land.

In 1798 he was dealing with the Irish rebellion.

Melampus at anchor off Wexford, June 23rd, 1798

" Civil war is a dreadful scourge to humanity, and woe to those who, . . . rouse up the lowest classes . . . to abet their ambition. Yesterday I saw a scene which can never be effaced from my memory. The night before last the army came into Wexford in time enough to save part of the victims in Prison, which the Rebels had doomed to be massacred. That day in the forenoon these miserable and deluded miscreants dragged out near 100 by fifteens or twenties at a time to the middle of the Bridge at Wexford, where they were savagely piked and thrust over the Bridge into the River ;

they were proceeding with the remainder when the approach of the Brigade commanded by my brother, who had just beaten, after a sharp fight, a large body of Rebels, saved their lives. General Lake beat them at Vinegar Hill . . . and marched into Wexford yesterday. The Rebels are, I believe, totally dispersed. Mr. Hay, a man of very considerable fortune, who commanded at Vinegar Hill, was taken by an Irish Dragoon in his own shrubbery. I was in the market place of Wexford yesterday and saw this man brought to a Court Martial which lasted about half an hour, he made no defence but that he was forced into the Rebellion ; he was taken to the Bridge, stained and clotted with the blood of those who had been cut to pieces on it the day before, and hanged up to a lamp without the least ceremony ; when quite dead he was thrown over among the unfortunate men who were killed by his party. . . .

"I had the supreme happiness of meeting my brother for about an hour, when we were forced to go on board our ships. Jack is high in health and vigour, the soldiers seem very fond of him, some of them cried out : 'We hope, General Moore, you will not be taken from us.' . . . Oh Lord ! I hope the Rebellion is over, it is dreadful to be opposed to our countrymen. . . . I believe these fellows will now find they have been deceived with the hopes of the French landing, and that they will not readily take up arms again."

"I have now some faint hopes that some other hands will be entrusted with the protection of the North Coast, and that we may, in our turn, have a chance of roaming in search of prey. . . . I am so constructed that after seeing those I love for a short time the parting unhinges me for a long time afterwards. I am sick of the sea, except when there is the appearance of business, when I feel myself another animal. It is then something like the sensation I can imagine a view hulloa to be."

In October Graham cheered up, for he heard the "view hulloa" that his soul hungered for. On the 12th he assisted in the defeat of the French squadron, and on the 14th captured the *Resolue* of 40 guns with 500 men on board. His own account of what occurred was modest.

Melampus, Greenock, October 25th, 1798

"Fortune has taken the freak of showing me some favour. . . .

"We have had the luck to do the State some service : . . . a very great exertion was used from the time of our getting sight of the Enemy on the 11th at Noon until they were brought to action on the 12th ; our ships

being much scattered in the chase cameinto action. separately. . . . We had our share at the beginning of it, the *Melampus* was the only ship engaged with *La Coquille* when she was struck, we passed on in pursuit of the rest without staying to take possession of any of them. The following day only two of the enemy were in sight a long way to windward, the remaining three I told Sir John I was persuaded were in shore of us ; he said he believed there was only one in shore and desired me to search the bay of Killibegs for her. At sunset all our ships were out of sight and we were not close enough to the entrance to see what might be there ; we continued working up towards Killibegs in the night, intending to look in at daylight. At midnight we saw two large ships coming down to windward of us. Convinced they were enemies, we chased instantly, I ordered the men to aim at the rigging, thinking that the best means of securing one of them. Closed with the nearest, hailed, and ordered her to heave to : no answer. Fired a shot into her—a broadside—no return, but an attempt to make off to leeward of us—prevented this, and gave them two more terrible broadsides. They cried out they had been struck, but as they persisted in not heaving to and the night was stormy and dark, I told them repeatedly (stopping the firing for that purpose) that I would sink them if they did not put their helm down and bring to. This they did not do, although they never fired at us until we had reduced her to a wreck with five or six broadsides. I guessed at her true situation, which was that the men had run below and the officers were the hopes of getting away. We could only throw a Lieutenant and two boat's crews on board of her, on account of the weather. It was two days before I got even the officers out of her, and increased our own number on board of her to fifty men. In this situation we beat about with the Prize in tow for near a week, trying to get into Ireland. At length, with great fatigue and exertion I got her into the Clyde, where we have been received in the most flattering manner : nothing too good for us. This business will, I hope, altogether bring me, besides credit, two or three thousand. . . ."

March 6th, 1799

" I received my orders this day to accompany *Le Volage* with her convoy a certain distance on their way to the West Indies, and after seeing them safe so far, to cruise back. This may turn out well or ill, but it is the best job I have had since I have commanded a ship. I therefore go forth strong as a tower in hope, determined to make the most of the chances I may have. . . ."

Graham Moore broke down completely during the torrid summer in the Gulf of Mexico, and he was invalided home in 1801. William was anxious that Graham should come and recuperate his strength in the green woods of Norbury Park, and it was old Dr. Moore who answered the letter.

" I have to inform you that my son Graham returned emaciated to a skeleton and still remains in a precarious state of health—an unwillingness to quit his ship in the time of war made him continue in the West Indies long after his health became impaired. We entertain hopes that British air, a proper regimen and his Mother's care may gradually restore his health. . . ."

Graham Moore saw a great deal of the Locks during the time he stayed in England recovering his strength, and his romance with Augusta—already in bud since several years—came to full flower during his visits to Norburys But Graham at that period was not a marrying man and fighting at sea was his dominant passion. On the renewal of the war in 1803 he refused to remain on shore any longer and was appointed to the *Indefatigable*, while in September, 1804, we find him in command of a small frigate squadron of four watching off Cadiz to intercept the treasure ships sent by Spain to help France. He sighted them on 4th October : four frigates under the command of a rear admiral ; he captured three and blew up the fourth, The treasure taken amounted to more than three million dollars.

There are no letters of Graham Moore to William Lock during this period. Old Mr. Lock alluded to the love affair between the gallant sailor and Augusta when writing to his other daughter two years later.

4th February, 1806

" I conclude my sweet Amelia has received from our Augusta the details of her last visit, which confirms the opinion we had formed of the motives which have governed the conduct of X during the last ten years. His Mother explicitly said that the difficulties and hazards he foresaw in taking his wife with him in any service he might be called to, or the pain he should feel in leaving behind him a woman who wished to share all his fortunes and the most adverse more than the rest, had hitherto prevented his marrying and would probably continue to do so as long as the war lasted. This, you know, was our opinion. We might have expected no less from a man of principle, without being surprised to find him at the same time seeking an Interest with a woman without exposing her to the eventual evils of an engagement, if he might hope, when the time came, to find she had been looking towards it with as much anxiety as himself. No part of the

Mother's conversation appears to me accidental, but studiously contrived to excite hope and patience."

In 1807 Graham Moore was appointed to the *Marlborough* and ordered to escort the Prince Regent, Don Joao, and the Royal Family of Portugal to Brazil. Sir Sidney Smith, who was commanding the English ships in the Tagus, on seeing the impossibility for the Portuguese to resist Napoleon's invasion, brought his influence to bear on the Prince Regent, persuading him to transfer the seat of his Government to their great colony, and they eventually sailed on the 27th of November, accompanied by a number of English and Portuguese ships, arriving at Rio de Janeiro on the 7th of March, 1808.

As soon as Moore reached Rio de Janeiro he wrote to his friend.

Marlborough, Rio de Janeiro, March 13th, 1808

" The Surveillante from England in 43 days (a good passage) brought me yours of the 27th Dec. from dear Norbury, a place that I never can think of but with contending feelings, which has occasioned me such happiness, such misery, and much happiness again. . . . This business I have had in hand has worried me to death. I had to do with Court imbeciles, wavering like the wind, and the consequence was that I could never depend on what they said or their plans. . . . However, thank Heaven, they are all safe in the Brazils : we have not lost a ship of them. I am involved in petty intrigues, pitiful jealousies for the most grovelling of objects. . . .

" This is a noble country, with immense means, but inhabited by Portuguese. There is a game in prospect which if played well would compensate for all Bonaparte can do on the Continent. It depends on good management and *that* I despair of seeing. . . ."

In 1809 Graham Moore was back in Europe and, still commanding the *Marlborough*, formed part of the Walcheren expedition. When the Dutch island had to be evacuated Moore was charged with the destruction of the basin, arsenal and sea defences of Flushing.

Marlborough, off Flushing, Nov. 14th, 1809

" I now think we shall very soon commence our retreat from this place. We have retarded it too long, since it was to be abandoned, . . . and . . . while they were going through their formal consultations, adjourned from day to day, the soldiers were falling down and dying in these swamps. . . .

" They have not molested us since I have been here, but our men are

very much exposed in the Gun Boats to the weather, and desertion prevails now among them and is gaining ground. It is cruel and absurd to think of keeping men in them, no constitutions can stand it during winter. . . . Some vessels are just arrived from England with new bedstead or cradles for the soldiers, they are landing them this day and I know that orders are here now for the evacuation of the place. The sick soldiers had been lying in the fever on the ground in their greatcoats with no Blankets, while vessels laden with Blankets were here for them. Nothing can exceed what is related here by eyewitnesses of the confusion, neglect and want of arrangement. . . . Our army is composed of very fine gallant fellows, but there is something radically defective in the practice if not in the system. The money which we can see too, thrown away to right and left by the commissariat is quite shameful. . . ."

Marlborough, in the Downs, Dec. 27th, 1809

" We shall never have peace and I am trying to make my mind up to eternal War and everlasting Separation from every thing I love.

" If these People can remain in power after Walcheren, when Parliament meets I must change my opinion of the English character. . . . Our Army is fit for nothing but Parade and fighting : they cannot take care of themselves. The officers are brave men but few of them are Military men. . . ."

No other letters of Graham Moore to William Lock survive. Lady Holland, who made his acquaintance in 1810, has left a favourable description of him.

" Captain G. Moore, the brother of the General, is a pleasing, well informed, manly, gentlemanlike person. They are an affectionate, united family, and full of amiable qualities ; he alluded to Sir John with feeling, his eyes were full of tears when in the course of some conversation he mentioned the narrative written by his brother James." (Dr. James Moore wrote two books on his brother's life and campaign.)

Sir John Moore had died at Corunna the year before. An account of the event was told Mrs. Charles Locke by Major George Napier, her first cousin, and she includes it in a letter : " . . . George had but just turned from him to carry an order to General Paget (*the order* for the Guards to charge, which was notably and gallantly executed) when the Ball struck the General (Moore). George heard a confusion and looked round. The shot had carried him off his horse ; he fell on his back on the ground but almost as

soon rose again. George then lost sight of him as he went to carry his orders, but Colonel Graham the officer he was speaking to at the time, said *his countenance never changed and he went on giving the order he had begun before the ball struck him.* Colonel Graham looked at him with astonishment and said : ' Well, thank God, Sir ! you have escaped, you are not wounded ! ' ' Yes, I am, my friend, look here,' (raising his hand off his shoulder) ' and mortally too, I feel it.' He continued in spite of every entreaty *for some time* giving orders to General Hope, just come to him upon hearing he was wounded. It was about ten minutes before he suffered them to carry him away, which they did in a blanket by the help of their sashes ; George Napier was then returned near him and assisted in carrying him. He said nothing till he was met by Colonel Anderson, who was returning from the town where he had been sent early in the action with an order. He knew him immediately, took his hand, and said ' *Don't leave me.*' This was at 4 o'clock, and he lived till a quarter past 6. His countenance, as I before told you, never changed, and he seemed to have but one idea : the hope of Victory. When this was confirmed to him he appeared quite easy in his mind and retained all his faculties till the last ten minutes before his death when he lost them together with his sufferings, for he looked like a person in a slight slumber and went off without a struggle. But till the last ten minutes I have described, his sufferings were terrible, though he never complained or seemed to regard the pain ; the convulsed state he was in betrayed it. . . .

" He was buried the next morning at 7 o'clock in his full dress Regimentals, carried by 4 of his Aide de Camps one of whom was George, who says that his countenance was the *most serene* and *beautiful* he ever beheld, that it wore a smile and bore *no trace whatever* of Death upon it. The Army were much against leaving him behind, and Colonel Anderson was obliged to explain that it was his own wish and order. He was laid by General Anstruther just out of the town of Corunna, under a green sod ; a sequestered, pretty little spot to the East of the Town."

James Moore, who had succeeded his father as family doctor to the Locks, wrote to William about the monument that was to be erected to Sir John's memory in Glasgow.

Brook Farm, Feb. 16, 1809

" My dear William,

" You will not be surprised that the Town where my Brother was born feels with most peculiar interest his loss. The whole Inhabitants

on the Sunday insuing put on mourning. . . . and it has been unanimously determined to erect a Monument to his Memory.

" £1,500 was instantly subscribed, and it is thought the amount will soon be £3,000.

" Our sentiments are wished to be known. . . . I should imagine a Marble Statue on a handsome pedestal would be the best monument, if well executed. But we all wish for your opinion to communicate it to the Inhabitants of Glasgow.

" The High Church of Glasgow is a fine old Gothic structure . . . it it stands high, out of the Town . . .

" Many of our Forefathers are buried in that Churchyard. . . . Would you prefer the monument being erected in the inside, or in the Churchyard ? . . ."

Graham Moore continued his distinguished career for many years. In 1812 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral ; two years later he was Captain of the Fleet to Lord Keith in the Channel ; in 1820 Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean ; in 1837 Admiral, and Commander-in-Chief of Plymouth from 1839 to 1842. He died in the following year.

Why his long romance with Augusta Lock never ended in marriage is not clear ; he eventually married Dora, daughter of Thomas Eden, brother of the first Lord Auckland.

XXIII

CHARLES LOCK LEAVES FOR EGYPT *VIA* DENMARK HIS DEATH AT MALTA

1804

CHARLES LOCK would have been perfectly charming if he had only been a millionaire. Instead, his life was perpetually embittered by debts and the endless struggle to make both ends meet.

After his return from Naples he spent three years in England with his wife and little daughters, dividing their time between Norbury Park and the Duchess of Leinster's house at Wimbledon. "Dear Ciss and I talk you over continually," wrote the Duchess to Lucy during the summer of 1803. "She is often cheerful, which she never was in town. She has had two very pleasant days here in the hayfields with the children. . . . Charles Lock wheeled me in my chair yesterday evening."

Undaunted by his first unfortunate experience, Charles succeeded in being appointed British Consul at Cairo early in 1804. He was now full of hopes once more. Cecilia and the children stayed behind in England, while Charles started on an extraordinarily roundabout journey with Egypt as ultimate goal, for, owing to the Napoleonic wars, crossing France was impossible and the seas unsafe. He arranged to travel with a young man called à Court, and a Mr. Paget, who was going out to Vienna to stay with his brother the British Minister, Charles Lock's friend, who had formerly replaced Sir William Hamilton at Palermo.

During his weary wait at Yarmouth, the usual prelude to most voyages in sailing days, Charles wrote no less than eight times to Cecilia :

"Be persuaded that whatever has passed that was unpleasant between us is entirely forgotten on my part, and I trust that you will evince your desire to co-operate with me in accomplishing the object which sends me abroad : that of paying the demands my father has made upon me and by laying by a provision for us all by a rigid adherence to the plan of life I have laid down for you. Remember that privacy and economy will ensure you respect from the world whose eyes will, during my absence be turned towards you with more jealousy than while you continued under

my protection. Heaven guide and preserve you and my dearest children is the earnest prayer of their fond father and your affectionate husband."

Charles's other letters were full of commissions that she was to execute.

"I wish you would send to a bookseller's shop in Swallow Street near Oxford Street kept by one Mudie, of whom I purchased some books three or four months ago, which having paid for he was knave enough to keep. He had, however, agreed to let me have Debrett's Peerage, the new edition of which cost 14/6, the precise sum he was indebted to me. I am in want of such a book, therefore pray see about it." * His servant, James Woodyer, who would meet him at Malta, was instructed to bring out a variety of objects, mostly expensive. Charles had never got on with Mr. Ogilvie, and something fresh had occurred which made relations between them very bitter. "I wrote yesterday to your dear father in answer to his letter; you may ask to see it. I have not spared him on the subject of his conduct in general."

Taking advantage of the delay caused by contrary winds, he dashed back for a few hours to see Cecilia once more. "You ask me after Charles Lock," wrote Sir Thomas Lawrence; "to the astonishment of all, he returned yesterday from Yarmouth to divide a day between Norbury and town."

At the last moment before sailing a presentiment threw a dark shadow over Charles's soul. "Embrace my darling girls for me, keep them in the memory of me as long as you can. Alas, it will, I fear, be totally fled before I shall see them again, should that happiness be reserved for me."

Charles was off at last. By the 27th of February he had accomplished the first stage of his journey to Cairo, and disembarked at Heligoland.

"We landed at this miserable island after a very long and stormy passage in which I suffered, as the French say, death and martyrdom. We have still five and forty miles to go by water to reach Husum, for which purpose we have engaged a boat. The rock we are upon—for it is not more than a mile in circumference—is, however, inhabited by 1,800 or 2,000 souls who exist by fishing, smuggling, and plundering such unhappy travellers as are forced, like us, to take refuge amongst them. The Price we are obliged to pay for three or four miserable rooms and very indifferent fare is three times as high as that of the most extravagant hotel in London. . . . À Court has proposed to go to Berlin, Dresden and Vienna, which, as it is but little out of my way and I have plenty of time, I have readily agreed to."

* Before Regent Street was made (between 1812 and 1820) Swallow Street was the chief line of communication between Piccadilly and Oxford Street. It was here that Mudie had his original book-shop.

Charles could never resist the temptation of seeing new places. The trip from Heligoland to Husum turned out a miserable affair. The boat they had chartered was wretched, possessing a single cabin which was inhabited by the crew who cooked their victuals on the turf fire and crowded in to sleep. Charles was extremely sick and had to spent the night sitting up on a bench ; the ceiling of the cabin was so low that his head touched it, and the hatch could not be shut for fear of stifling them all so that the keenest air he had ever felt blew in on him. Charles was furious with Paget, who had taken refuge in his own carriage that was stowed away in the hold and had therefore a place that was clean and comparatively warm, but did not invite his fellow travellers to share it. In the morning they were surrounded by drift ice on which were a number of seals, and the wind being against them they had to spend another day and night in these horrible conditions, until the vessel finally stuck on a shoal about five miles from Husum. But when the tide receded wagons were able to approach them and the half frozen travellers were finally landed with their baggage.

" You may conceive the enjoyment of a clean room, a good bed, a fire and hearty meal after the dirt, the cold and the starvation we had endured, for there was hardly anything to eat on the vessel. We are here in the very depths of winter—a deep snow and a hard frost. We set out to-morrow for Lubeck and I hope we shall be able to procure a closed carriage ; we have only succeeded as yet in getting a wagon which we must stuff with straw."

By the middle of March, after driving over two hundred and fifty miles in deep snow, the travellers reached Berlin. " I am much struck with its appearance, I never saw a town so uniformly well built, or so crowded with splendid palaces and magnificent public buildings ; . . . I have just been to wait on Mr. Jackson, our minister here with whom I am to dine to-morrow. . . . The night before last there was one of the finest fêtes given in honour of the Queen's birthday that ever was seen. The Queen danced in a ballet in the character of Statira, with other ladies of the Royal family (who had jewels upon them to the shameful amount of £250,000), in company with Alexander . . . and the whole tribe of Macedonian Heroes. There were 2,500 persons present who were waited upon by 300 servants in the most superb liveries made for the occasion. The materials alone of which the Queen's and the Princesses' dresses were composed, cost upwards of £10,000. All the English here were present. Paget would not wait for it but set out for Vienna on the very day of the fête. . . . My tenderest blessings on my

darling little girls. . . . My heart is with you all and them every day, and all day you are always in my thoughts."

" Dresden, 23rd March, 1804. We left Berlin on the afternoon of the 17th. . . . We proceeded to Potsdam . . . and passed the night. We continued our journey next morning through the most detestable roads or rather no roads at all, very fortunate in not being upset. I have met the Greatheads of Guy's Cliff, who are prisoners to the French and have received permission, as a great favour, to travel on the continent for six months ; Mr. and Mrs. Peploe are likewise here in the same predicament. . . . Young Moseley is here who was a prisoner in France on parole and escaped, not very honourably they say, by breaking his word. Lord Elgin's secretary, Mr. Hamilton, who you have reason to remember from having copied his long letter for me from Egypt, is here and I was very glad to have some conversation with him respecting that country. I dined yesterday at our Minister's, Mr. Wynne, Sir Watkin's youngest brother, a good humoured lad, extremely improved, but far too young to be made a Minister, being only 21 years of age. I am going to-night to the Greatheads where all the English will meet, according to the custom of herding together wherever we are.

" Madame de Staël is at Berlin and very well received by the Court. She made inquiries after all my family when I called upon her by her desire ; and particularly concerning my father. . . . She said : *qu'elle le respectait comme si elle était son enfant, qu'il l'avait traitée de père pendant son séjour à Juniper, que c'était l'homme le plus respectable, le plus aimable, le mieux informé, et parlant le Français avec une pureté* that she had never experienced in any stranger."

Vienna, 31st March, 1804

" I found the roads between Dresden and this place bad beyond all example : we were 14 hours performing about 20 English miles. The wonderful part is that we were not overturned. The day after my arrival I dined with Paget ; he lives really magnificently. There was a Madame Specht at his table who has set her cap violently at him and has beauty enough to make her a dangerous rival for Lady Catherine Harris. She is a widow, I believe. Paget has been extremely kind to me. The environs of Vienna are very pretty. . . ."

From Vienna Charles Lock proceeded to Trieste, travelling day and night without interruption. At Ehrenhausen they ascended a very high mountain and enjoyed " a succession of grand scenery."

"Trieste. I found Captain Cracraft here with the *Anson* frigate. He sails to-morrow for Venice, and will thence proceed off Ancona; he has offered a passage which we have gladly accepted and have engaged a Trabaccolo * which will accompany the frigate and on board of which we shall embark our carriages. When we approach Ancona we shall shift on board the Trabaccolo to land and Cracraft will see us safe from the French privateers of which there are two in that neighbourhood. . . . I think it probable that on arriving at Malta I shall find it necessary to proceed to Constantinople before I go to Alexandria. . . ."

The *Anson* sailed from Trieste with the other vessel in tow; the light wind soon died away, leaving them becalmed for over twenty-four hours, after which a violent scirocco came up, lashing the sea into mountainous waves. The master of the trabaccolo, alarmed for the safety of his boat, cast off the hawser and ran into Malamocco, a small fishing port near Venice. Captain Cracraft did not dare make Venice, for the anchorage in its open roadstead was unsafe in such weather. The *Anson*, buffeted by the gale, had to roll for forty-eight hours, and during the whole time Charles lay prostrate in the throes of seasickness, while à Court groaned in almost as bad a condition. Eventually they were able to cast anchor before Venice "about ten miles from the Piazza San Marco"; the Barge was hoisted out and the Captain with the two travellers were rowed ashore, where they ate and slept comfortably at Petrillo's on the Grand Canal. Meanwhile an officer, despatched in a gondola to Malamocco, returned with the news that the trabaccolo had disappeared. This does not seem to have worried Charles, for he employed his time "very agreeably" in seeing the sights and having a passage of arms with the British Consul, Mr. Watson. Three years before, on passing through Venice, he had left his carriage with this gentleman, instructing him to sell it, and had never been able to hear any more on the subject, despite his repeated letters of inquiry. He now called on the Consul accompanied by à Court and Captain Cracraft, and forced him to admit he had never sent the money which only amounted, according to his calculations, to £13, as he claimed a fourth of the sum for repairs and brokerage. "I did not think it worth my while to remark to the shuffling fellow his meanness," wrote Charles Lock scornfully. "I only requested he would send me the balance that evening, as I was to embark the next morning for Ancona. He did so, to be sure, but to complete the shabbiness of his conduct paid me the whole in Austrian copper money,

* A large sailed boat that is still used in the Adriatic.

which as it is not current out of the Emperor's dominions on account of the baseness of its metal, I was obliged to exchange for Zecchini, with a loss of more than 30 per cent."

The trabaccolo was finally discovered anchored under the Lido, Charles Lock strongly suspected that the padrone having sold his cargo in Venice, intended running back to Trieste, taking carriages and luggage with him. Thereupon Captain Cracraft ordered two of his midshipmen and a seaman to board the trabaccolo, get up her anchor immediately and bring her out to join them, while the travellers went on board the *Anson*. But another terrific scirocco arose, followed by such a storm that it became impossible for the midshipmen to execute the order they had received, and as the *Anson* could not leave without the trabaccolo, she remained once again at anchor, heaving on the huge seas, for fifty hours. Charles, who spent all his time being sick whenever it was rough, found " the circumstance was highly irritating." On the morning of the third day the trabaccolo was brought alongside the frigate by the unfortunate midshipmen, the disgruntled padrone and crew having refused to render any assistance in getting up the anchor, or setting sail.

" We took leave of Cracraft who had loaded us with attention and kindness . . . and entered our trabaccolo, landing at Ancona without meeting with any impediment. After having disembarked our luggage I went to see the Arch of Trajan, which is a beautiful edifice of white marble erected on the Pier, then I walked out of the town to observe the situation of the Austrian, Russian and Turkish encampments when they besieged the French here in 1799. On returning, we received information that the partisans of the French in the town had given out that we were two of Mr. Elliot's family going to Naples, loaded with his plate and Mrs. Elliot's diamonds.* The drift of this rumour was evidently to excite the avarice of the ' Anconetani ' and get us waylaid on the road and murdered. I went instantly to the Pope's Legate, the Governor of the town, who I found at the theatre, related the circumstances to him, and requested he would order a guard of Dragoons to attend us as far as Loreto, which we considered sufficient to place us out of reach of danger. He very obligingly consented. We set off at daybreak, attended by our Dragoons, and travelled without stopping except to see the chapel with the picture of Our Lady that was sent back by Bonaparte and reinstated about a year ago. By the way, both Virgin and Child are as black as negroes."

* Mr. Elliot was British Minister in Naples.

Charles Lock reached Rome on 23rd April, 1804. "I called yesterday on the Duchess of Cumberland * who inquired very graciously after you and the Duchess of Leinster, and invited me to dine that same day, which I did. She sets up for a great politician condemning the war, exalting the French, admiring Bonaparte, and though not by any means deficient in cleverness and repartee, very tiresome because eternally *appuyée* on those topics. Her dislike of the King, which she takes every occasion of declaring, and the indecent joy she manifests at the news of his illness have rendered her disgusting in the eyes of all the English here, and even shocked the Romans whose society she frequents a good deal. . . .

"She had clothed an unwieldly person, sunk already into the decrepitude of old age, in a dress of the finest transparent lace, the only covering for her entire neck and arms. I admit she had a blue silk train, but *petticoats* she wears none, for I observed as she hobbled off after dinner with her body bent forward and a part that shall be nameless sticking out behind, that in passing against the light she exhibited a distinct delineation of her whole form. Her head was adorned with a Paris flaxen wig and a fine lace Mob. She was painted red and white to the eyes and her eyelashes of the deepest ebony. . . . I am aware that all this is a most ungrateful return for her civility to me, and though I think aloud with you I should be vexed if you would communicate this part of my letter to anyone."

After a few days in Rome, Charles Lock continued his journey and arrived in Naples at the beginning of May.

"Our Minister here, Mr. Elliot, has been very civil to me; his wife, who is a good humoured, vulgar woman, has been handsome. She now resembles a purring, very fat cat. I went yesterday to see the Princess Caramancia; she made numberless inquiries after you. Her daughter, Marianne, who is almost grown out of knowledge, asked me a thousand questions about my two little girls. I delivered to the Princess your letter and the different parcels. She asked me what she should do with a present you had sent for the Princess of Hesse. I wish you had consulted me before you took this step. I could have told you what I knew before I left England: that the profligacy of her conduct has been so scandalous, even in this dissolute country, that the Queen was under the necessity of ordering her away nine months ago. For God's sake never more allow that woman's

* *The Duchess of Cumberland* was Anna, eldest daughter of Simon Luttrell, 1st Earl of Carhampton.

name to pass your lips. I desired that Marianne would accept what you had intended for that infamous creature.

" The Queen, you will be surprised to hear, has for this year and a half entertained a violent passion for St. Clara, which for some time was kept a dead secret. It is now divulged, and he is considered the avowed favourite of this . . . " (word erased) " who has prevailed upon the still more " (word erased) " King to appoint him Tutor to the young Prince Leopold and to advance him to rank of Colonel of his Guards. I am sorry to have written thus openly, however my letter will go by a safe conveyance, but do not you repeat these expressions on any account. It was imprudent of me to use them.

" Costantino, my old servant, is very well. His first words as he met me in my carriage coming into Naples were : ' Servo, Signor, il cane l'ha portato seco ? ' (' Your servant, Sir, have you brought the dog ? '). How painful a question ! " For Tiger, who had survived so much travelling and such varied hardships, was now lying under the green sod at Norbury.

" I am lodged in Sir William Hamilton's former house, . . . which is kept by Pieralli. . . . It is the cleanest and best served Inn I have ever seen in any country. My windows look out upon all the coast of Posilippo, with Capri on the left. That old scoundrel Governor Ellis keeps his head still above ground, though he was so ill in the winter that everyone entertained hopes he was dying. He stopped me yesterday, and causing the door of his carriage to be opened he leaned forward with his accustomed mawkish smile, his two hands resting upon his cane. ' Your most obedient ; well, how does our amiable friend ? ' And then : ' You carry the certificate of your health in your face.' I was ready to spew. The same threadbare phrases, coat, waistcoat and breeches, the same hat and wig, and I verily believe the same shirt he wore when we left Naples. It was at least dirty enough to be so.

" I shall be glad to quit this place : the recollections are cruel and they sadden me. I send you an antique ring with two children's heads in amethyst. I have great merit in parting with it because I considered they represent my two little angels and it is only on condition that you will wear it constantly and *never on any account* part with it. . . . Remember me to dear Lucy and to that estimable Folio Volume her husband."

Naples, 13 May, 1804

" My dear Cecilia, I am to sail from hence to-morrow in an American frigate. I have sent my darling Emmy a little gold ornament

which was found at Pompeii and has been made into a brooch. It was *regalato* to me the other day by the little Marchese Genzano who I met in the street ; observing this shirt pin in his bosom I had admired it. He immediately unfastened it and insisted on my acceptance of it ; I resisted his importunity till the noise he made drew a crowd round us, and then, ashamed of the scene we were exhibiting, I submitted and he triumphantly pinned it with his own hands on my shirt, though unless I had stooped he would have striven in vain to reach so high.

" I enclose a letter from Princess Caramancia, but unless she assigns you the necessary funds, a fig for her commissions, say I. I was at a great dinner at her house ; there was a pretty girl of nineteen who was to be carried next day to be made a nun. Her friends, who are people of fashion, relations of Caramancia, have done all in their power for the last three years to dissuade her from this resolution, but in vain. By the way, she is said to have had a young confessor : I was in doubt whether to dash the interest of a pretty story, but the truth ought to be told. Here is a note from the Princess with a reinforcement of commissions : everything is to be sent by the Courier : she had better have her house furnished by the same conveyance. Admire the spelling of my name for it is a new version : Signor Leocco. Ignorant beasts ! . . ."

Summer had come by the time Charles Lock embarked on the American frigate. After a " tedious passage " they reached Messina, where a British brig, the *Morgiana*, was at anchor, and Charles was able to arrange with her Captain to be taken on to Malta. On her way the *Morgiana* lost some days in chasing a vessel that her Captain believed to be a French privateer, but after a long pursuit the strange boat escaped in the night. Charles was annoyed to find on arriving at Malta on 29th May that the *Albion*, with his servant and luggage on board, was still detained at Gibraltar, so he decided to visit Constantinople with the excuse of gathering information about Egypt. " I found Messrs. Esk and Rich here.* The former, fortunately for him, quitted the *Hindostan* at Gibraltar, and came on here in a tramp. The latter, not choosing to risk himself in an unarmed vessel, remained in the *Hindostan* which . . . caught fire in her hold, and was burned in the Bay of Roses. Only three of the crew were lost. Mr. Langford, who is appointed British Consul at Tripoli, was on board with Mrs. Langford and two maid servants. They lost everything belonging to them, to the amount of five thousand pounds. They had taken from England

* The doctor and the British Consul.

the complete furniture of a house. They are here at present, but will embark for Tripoli on the first opportunity. . . .

" 4th June. I am to dine to-day at the Palace with General Villetta, being the King's birthday, and to go to a ball at Sir Alexander Ball's in the evening. Great preparations have been made for illuminating the buildings which surround the Grand Parade. A frightful full-length portrait of His Majesty, as like him as it is to me, accompanied by the Geniuses of Britain and Malta, two square females only to be distinguished from one another by one having black and the other blue eyes, has been placed in the ballroom under the throne.

" 5th June. The dinner was very splendid at General Villetta's. We dined in an immense room hung round with portraits of the Grand Masters of the Order, and sat down 45 in number. The company consisted only of the superior officers of the Garrison, the Bishop of Malta and two of his deacons, or some such attendants, and the three colonels of the Maltese Native Infantry, among whom one exceeded in ridiculous appearance anything I can convey to you in writing. I must send you a drawing of the Senior Officer Marquis Pandolfo Testaferrata if I have time. Recollect that he does not exceed 4 feet 6 inches in height. The dance at Sir Alexander Ball's was attended by the Maltese Nobility and the females who surpassed all in a certain style of beauty were three noble virgins, sisters, of the name of Bologna. One of them, not 4 feet high, was as many broad and a fit wife for the Marquis Pandolfo. The nobility on this island, being intolerably proud, never mix their blood with the lower order of natives who are a good-looking people, but, intermarrying, perpetuate a breed of the ugliest monsters that exist.

" The heat has been considerable for some time past ; but this island, however, is uncommonly healthy. The only illnesses known are such as the officers and soldiers of the Garrison bring on themselves by their own imprudence, and indeed I wonder that the former are not all carried off by burning fever. For the science of eating and drinking seems to occupy the whole of their thought, and the quantity of wines, and those of the strongest and most inflammatory kind, which is swallowed in the long sittings after dinner is a vice which ought to and might be checked by the Commanders. I am lodged in the town of La Valetta. . . . There is a delightful terrace from whence one views an extensive prospect of the sea and of Sicily when the weather is clear. The language of Malta is Arabic—though a corrupt dialect of it. Mr. Rich converses with the natives and

they understand him tolerably well. I am sorry to perceive that Mr. Rich irritates me beyond any person I ever met : I say I am sorry because I know him to be a very good young man. But you will understand when I inform you that he speaks to me with a perfectly erect presence, his feet placed in the 3rd or 5th position of dancing, one arm akimbo and the other in active gesticulation : that his voice is loud and piercing, his tone pronounced, his language superlative, and diction extremely rapid. This you will agree forms an irritating compound when united in a very young man. I must add that owing to the sedentary life he has led, joined to a pernicious habit he has got of bolting his meat, his stomach is bad and his teeth rotten, so that his breath expelled with violence into one's face while talking to one is highly offensive. Lastly, and what I can least forgive him, he has a way of closing every period with a short and dry *ha, ha.* . . . Its effect is that of exciting my spleen in a wonderful degree, and I feel inclined to push him out of the room when he addresses me. You may suspect that he has just been with me, which is the case.

" Mrs. Langford has by the strangeness of her behaviour contrived to make herself and her husband (who she has the complete direction of) so odious that I don't think I ever knew the current of opinion set stronger than it is against these two unlucky people. I have, without regard to the prevalent *ton* of avoiding and abusing them, paid them every attention in my power and I think him a good humoured and inoffensive man. They are a good-looking couple about our own age. Everyone was inclined to show them civility on their arrival here, in consideration of misfortune they had endured in the *Hindostan*. But Mrs. Langford brought out two very handsome English maids who, of course, have attracted the attention of the whole Garrison, and Mrs. Langford's time is entirely occupied in defending them from the assaults that are made on them from all quarters. This watchful dragon of her maidens' virtue was so fortunate as to intercept a letter from a gentleman to one of them proposing a settlement of £60 per annum, and this she published high and low, appearing for some days with the letter in her hand wherever she went. Her dress, which is very singular being only a great-coat and a shift, has procured her the nickname of " Blue and Buff." But a violent quarrel she had with Lady Bickerton, a very pretty and agreeable woman here, who she accused of endeavouring to inveigle her maid from her and abused grossly, calling her ' blue skin ' (for she is a Creole), set all Lady Bickerton's friends against her.

" 13th June. The *Arrow*, sloop of war, is arrived ; she is directed to

convoy the Trade to Smyrna. I shall take a passage in her and get from thence to Constantinople as I can."

On the 29th of June, at sunset, the *Arrow* cast anchor under the Castle on the European side of the Dardanelles.

" I sent my interpreter early in the morning with a letter in Italian to the Turkish Governor requesting him to procure me a boat with which to proceed up the Straits on my way to Constantinople. He returned shortly with a Boat rowed by ten men and steered by a Janissary with a most remarkable beard, who saluted me in the Governor's name and invited me to drink Coffee with him before I set out. I therefore took leave of the *Arrow* and entering the boat rowed ashore. I landed and climbed a steep zigzag ascent to the Castle where I was introduced to the Governor, a goodlooking man about 40 with a long black beard, who inhabits a small isolated house in the Courtyard. He received me very civilly, rising from a divan where he was seated, and had a chair brought for me. After I had thanked him for his ready attention to my request, I informed him that I wished to proceed with as little delay as possible ; upon which he clapped his hands and three people appeared, one with a cup of China set in another of Filagree and holding an embroidered napkin, another with a pot of Coffee, and a third with a large glass cup containing sherbet made of raisins, sugar and water. I was constrained to drink a cup of coffee, without sugar and thick with grounds, taste some of the sherbet which was nauseously sweet ; and moreover to wipe my mouth with the Napkin which did not look temptingly clean. I declined some sweetmeats which were then offered me, rose and took my leave. I was accompanied to the waterside by a man armed with a long staff to keep off the dogs which, very much resembling wolves and about the size of Foxhounds, lay about in numbers. . . .

" I then set forth on my voyage. On arriving at the old Castles, Sestos and Abydos, I crossed over to the Asiatic shore, and was accosted by an old man, a Jew, who informed me in Italian that he was the Russian Vice Consul. On perceiving by my uniform jacket that I was English, he offered to conduct me to the house of the English Vice Consul, a Jew likewise and his son-in-law. He led me through part of a considerable Town, composed of very narrow streets, thronged with people and dogs, which latter it was often difficult to avoid treading upon, as here and there a lady had established herself in the middle of the street with half a dozen puppies. We stopped at last at a new wooden house, and on going upstairs came to a spacious oblong gallery at one end of which was a divan in the shape of a horse-shoe on which

were seated a number of Jewish women in the Turkish habit, most of them smoking out of long pipes, and at the other end a number of men and women seated on the ground in a circle, all eating out of the same dish. The Jew Consul, who was one of this party, on perceiving his father-in-law and me, immediately rose and ushered us into another room and, making me sit down, asked my business. I told him I wanted a Boat to Constantinople, which his father-in-law went immediately to provide, and returned in half an hour with a Turk, the Master of a 10 oared boat, with whom he struck a bargain, that he was to carry me to Constantinople for 140 piastres. In the meantime the Jew's wife, a woman of five or six and twenty, made her appearance with a cup of Coffee on a Salver which she presented to me. She was a most disgusting object : her neck was quite exposed till below the pit of her stomach, her breasts lying on a prominent paunch, that extended almost to her knees. The former was adorned with a string of large gold coins and the latter was embraced by a very broad girdle placed extremely low and fastened with an enormous clasp. Her hair, which was long and dyed deep red, floated on her shoulders. I offered to rise, but the Jew prevented me. I therefore received the Coffee from the hands of this beautiful creature *sitting*. A brother of the Jew's came in and asked me if I would visit his wife who had been brought to bed the day before. I answered : ' Willingly,' on which he ushered me across the Gallery into another room and introduced me to a very pale young woman, dressed magnificently, sitting up in a bed supported by Cushions, which together with the coverlet and bed furniture of crimson and sky blue satin were loaded with the richest gold embroidery. On the Divan, which occupied three sides of the room, were seated about twenty women, two of whom very handsome ; they were almost all smoking. Their various positions were not what we should call in England very decent ; they had, however, all of them wide drawers reaching to their ankles. Their habits and Turbans were generally very rich. The young ones wore their hair loose and I observed that though thick and long it looked perfectly clean. Amongst these Jewesses were two Greeks dressed in much the same style excepting that their eyebrows were painted in a very unbecoming manner. They formed two broad arches meeting in a point considerably below the bridge of the nose. None of these women cover their faces in the house as the Turks do, though when they go out they are muffled up much in the same way. After we had examined one another with mutual curiosity for a few minutes (I assure you they stared me quite out of countenance), I was

informed by the Jew Consul that dinner was prepared for me, on which I bowed to the lady in bed and the company, and withdrew to a room where a cloth was spread on a table, with three chairs placed round it. A dish of Pilaw or boiled rice, with saffron and I know not what (deuced nasty) was brought in. The Jew and his brother invited me to sit down, a spoon was given me, and as soon as I dipped it into the dish they did the same, both eating voraciously. This custom of eating out of the same dish, joined to the appearance of their beards wagging over it, and retaining now and then a grain of the rice in them, would have been enough to deprive me of the wish to eat even had the dish proved palatable. Fish and lamb and cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat were alternately served. These I partook of, as a knife and fork and plate were given to me, and I helped myself first. After dinner the Consul proposed a walk, it was intensely hot, but I agreed. He conducted me out of the Town to an extensive grove of magnificent Plane trees skirted by a brook, with a view of a noble range of mountains covered to their summits with forest. It was an enchanting scene. Groups of inhabitants were seated in the shade of the grove, some eating, others conversing ; here and there was one at his devotions with his face turned towards Mecca. My Conductor took me afterwards into some gardens very like those in Sicily ; in one of which I saw some Dervishes from the neighbouring mountains, sitting round a Tank of clear water in which they were sopping bread and cooling cucumbers ; one was reading to the rest. They invited me to sit down with them. They wore a peculiar Turban and had on their breasts a flat piece of Agate as large as a dessert plate, curiously worked, and in their girdles divers instruments for the purpose of scratching themselves. These men, some of whom are quite young, are in great reputation for sanctity and live in monasteries which are well endowed ; and when they choose to quit them for the purpose of rambling about the country they meet everywhere with hospitality. They are all well and expensively dressed and delicately clean in appearance. Having expressed a wish to my Conductor to take a bath, we re-entered the Town and proceeded to the Bazaar in which stood the public bath for men and women. The attendants who perform the office of scrubbing you, and who spend the major part of the day in a vapour the effect of which we should imagine to be very relaxing, were some of the most athletic, active men I have ever seen. I was extremely refreshed, and embarking immediately after this operation proceeded on my voyage. Nothing can exceed the beauty, grandeur, and diversified scenery which both shores of

the Dardanelles exhibit, to the opening of the sea of Marmara. The luxuriance and uncommon variety of the verdure was quite a feast to the jaded eye. We stopped for a few minutes at sunset, after which my Boatmen rowed unremittingly until two o'clock in the morning, when we arrived at Gallipoli. As soon as it grew dark I spread my Cot on the after part of the Boat which is somewhat raised, and lying down (having at my head the Steersman who, with his legs tucked under him, encouraged the men to exertion by incessant vociferation) endeavoured in vain to compose myself to sleep. The noise, mirth and animal spirits of the Turks astonished me. From the moment of my embarkation till that of my arrival at Constantinople—a period of near 4 days in which these boatmen exerted themselves in rowing with a perseverance I should have thought sufficient to wear down the spirits of the gayest and strongest men—they exhibited continued merriment. I heard nothing but songs, interrupted by jokes and shouts of laughter, and these not the facetious effusions produced by strong liquor, for their only drink was water, their food bread, garlic and dried olives. They had among their number a wit and a buffoon, and these playing upon one another afforded the rest constant entertainment. Gallipoli is a large straggling town with a ruined Castle on an eminence in the middle of it, said to have been erected by the Genoese. Nearly opposite to it is the ancient Town of Lampsacus, beautifully placed on the Asiatic shore in a rich valley surrounded by mountains clothed with exquisite forests. . . . My contemplation of these beautiful scenes was somewhat disagreeably interrupted by hearing of a famous pirate in the sea of Marmara, who in an open Boat manned with twenty or thirty men had lately committed many acts of depredation and cruelty on the Merchants Vessels navigating those parts. We accordingly loaded all our arms, with which the Master of my Boat was likewise provided, and with our glasses jealously examined every object that appeared on the surface of the water. At about two in the afternoon we landed at a Greek village called Tchatchus consisting of about 300 Greek and 100 Turkish families. We found the inhabitants in the greatest consternation at the report of the near approach of 1,500 or 2,000 Banditti, headed by a notorious outlaw who, paying them a visit about eight months before, had plundered them, murdered a number, and carried off 45 of their handsomest young women. These poor people were all assembled on the beach with their effects which they were employed in embarking in Boats to remove to the Island of Marmara. The men were armed with guns and pistols, the Turks having put fire arms on this occasion into the

hands of the Greeks, who are otherwise not permitted to carry them. It was an affecting sight to observe the distress of the women who were in tears, contrasted with the unconscious sportiveness of the children, delighted with the bustle of an event which would probably terminate in the destruction of their village and all their means of support. Some of the Greek girls were very handsome. I left these poor people at about 5 o'clock, and was accompanied by another boat rowed by four men, in which were two Janissaries on their return from Egypt. One of them had brought from thence two black female slaves which he had purchased at Cairo with a view to selling them at Constantinople, and two pair of little green Parrokeets who entertained us all the way with their incessant piercing notes. The slaves were dressed in white and a good deal muffled up, though as we stopped at the same places during our voyage and anchored our Boats close together, I could perceive that one was a young girl of 17 or 18, of very dark colour, with fine eyes and teeth, and features which, notwithstanding they were those of a negress, were extremely delicate. Her nails were dyed red, and her fingers long and well shaped.

" On the morning of the fourth day of our travels the Prince's Islands appeared in sight and we stopped at San Stefano for an hour. The Russian Minister, Italinsky, has here a handsome villa and gardens. The day had proved hot and I was going to bathe not far from a large House at the extremity of the Village where there were some trees, when I was warned not to do it, as the House contained a Harem belonging to some Pasha of consequence and I should probably be Bastinadoed to death if observed, without any inquiry. The moment we re-embarked a breeze sprang up, on which we hoisted our sails for the first time, and as the wind increased to a very fresh gale, we were carried along with great rapidity. In an hour's time we had a view of Constantinople. We soon approached the Castle of the 7 Towers, a most romantic edifice, and the Mosques and Minarets of the Capital opened to our sight ; the Houses intermixed with Gardens and Cemeteries shaded by Plane Trees and Cypresses formed the most pleasing prospect you can imagine. . . . Innumerable boats were plying in every direction filled with men and women, the gaudy colour of whose turbans and dresses much enlivened the scene. The old Walls and Towers which surround great part of the Town, washed by the Sea, are half composed of pieces of marble columns and other fragments of ancient architecture. The City being built on a Hill on both sides of the Bosphorus, makes one imagine it to be much larger than it is."

As soon as he landed Charles became absorbed in sight-seeing and social life, apparently forgetting that the object of his journey was to secure information on the political situation of Egypt. He took up his residence with a Mr. Stratton at Boujoukderi, twelve miles from Constantinople. He went to balls at the Russian and Austrian Ministers', dined with Mr. Tooke the agent of the East India Company, and " passed the time very pleasantly " with his former acquaintance Captain Cracraft, who happened to be at Constantinople with his ship. He found the surrounding country lovely.

" I have nowhere seen such verdure. The Turkish burying grounds out of Constantinople are very agreeable retreats from the heat, being always shaded by Oaks, Cypresses and Plane Trees which last grow to a great size. I have measured more than one above 30 feet in circumference, and Cracraft assured me he had seen one 18 feet in diameter. The interior of Constantinople is as disgusting as its exterior is pleasing. The streets are very narrow and very dirty, a footpath on each side occupies one half of the width and over these in many parts the shop boards protrude, on which sit the shopkeepers, smoking. The middle of the streets and particularly the bazaars are crowded to a degree that one cannot imagine how the Plague, if it is communicated by the touch, ever ceases. This disorder, however, has hardly ever appeared at Constantinople for the past 18 months. Women walk about in great numbers, the Greeks, Jewesses and Armenians with their faces uncovered and the Turkish females not so much muffled up but that you can always distinguish a finely proportioned figure : of their face, the eyes and the nose are always exposed and the wrapper which covers the lower part of it is seldom drawn so close but that you can by looking down see both mouth and chin. They look and laugh when they pass an Englishman. The Turks and the Greeks are a very fine race of men. The Gondoliers of Venice, so famed for their athletic make, are children compared to the Boatmen and Porters here. One is struck with sights in this country to be met with nowhere else, such as the appearance of two or three hundred women seated together on the seashore, performing the ablutions which their religion prescribes so many times a day. It is true that the Turks turn their backs while the women are washing their legs, but as I passed them in a boat there was nothing to prevent my looking at them. They make a prodigious clutter, chattering and laughing all the while.

" 20th I am just returned from a walk. I took my sketch book with me and observing 4 or 5 Turkish women seated on Tombstones in a burying

ground near a fountain eating ices (which are sold by people carrying them about), I opened my Book and began to draw them. In order to eat they were under the necessity of uncovering the lower part of their faces and I distinguished one to be a very pretty girl of about 18. They soon remarked what I was doing, tittered, and turned their backs to me. But presently they all arose, came up and surrounded me making signs that they were desirous to see what I had drawn, trying with their red nails to turn the leaves of my book. I presented it to them, and showed them what there was in it, which they did not seem much to understand or care to see, only now and then pointing to the figure of a man, saying *Adam*, and *Keup* when they saw that of a woman. They seemed more intent on examining a Christian closely, and I believe employed this pretext to satisfy their curiosity. I own I was rather uneasy as many men were by and I did not know how they might take the unusual circumstance that had occurred. However they laughed, and it passed off very well, so I came away as soon as the Ladies left me."

Charles liked the ladies better than the Mosques.

" Santa Sophia is composed of very costly marbles, fragments of ancient buildings piled up without taste or order and which are so covered with dust and the smoke of lamps that it is not easy to discover what they are made of. The dome of the church is curious from its flatness. (It was formerly a Greek church.) It is encrusted with Mosaic, which as it fell the Turks have not had the power to repair better than with plaster. The Mosque of Sultan Achmet is an extensive building in the Eastern Style and makes a fine appearance from without, being surrounded by venerable Plane trees. The inside, however, and indeed all the parts, presents the very converse of what in our idea constitutes good architecture. We saw the Mosque of Sultan Osmaan and Sulimaan ; I will say it is better to have seen them than to see them. We then visited the Mad house. All the subjects without exception are secured, by a heavy iron chain which passes round their necks, to the Bars of a grated window in which they sit. The Turks seem to be only anxious to prevent their doing mischief to others, for their hands are left at liberty to destroy themselves. The sight shocked me, and the more as I am convinced there are amongst them some who are not mad. There is one who was seized breaking into a Harem and feigned madness to avoid instant death. In my opinion he made an injudicious calculation, for I should prefer a thousand deaths to the horror of the confinement he undergoes. There is a young man who was formerly employed in the seraglio,

and whose insanity arises from a violent passion he conceived for one of the Grand Signor's women. There is an old man, by profession a Boatman, who implored us in the most affecting manner to interest ourselves for his release, saying that he was no more mad then we, but that owing to a circumstance which he did not dare to reveal before so many bystanders, he had been unjustly confined and declared mad. The poor Wretch certainly appeared in his senses, and the keeper acknowledged he had never seen in him any symptoms of insanity. If he should not really be mad is it not too shocking a situation to be in . . . but what can be done by strangers to relieve him ? By the way, I never mentioned to you a sight I witnessed in Italy, which made a deep impression on me as you will easily imagine when I tell you. On my way from Ancona to Rome I overtook going up hill four men carrying a bier on which were laid two little girls nearly the age of my two little Angels Emmy and Cissy, who had that morning drowned themselves in a Mill pond close to the road. They were placed side by side, their hands joined and their heads adorned with chaplets of flowers. The conformity of their age, their untimely end, with the air of placid innocence spread over their pale faces, quite overcame me, and I could not for a good while get the better of the melancholy with which this affecting incident inspired me and which I own a superstitious feeling had a share in prolonging. God bless my darling little Girls. Do they now and then think of their Father, and do they know how often in the day he thinks of them ? Shall I ever see them again ? God best knows. Health and happiness attend you, my dear Cecilia : I long to hear from you. Remember me kindly to all your family and, when you write, mention most particularly the state of every individual of mine. Consider it as the first object of all your letters to inform me on that interesting point. I am quite well."

When Charles scribbled those last four words as an afterthought before closing his letter, he little knew he would never write again to his wife. A few days later he secured another passage on H.M.S. *Anson*, with Captain Cracraft in command, and sailed for Malta. It was said later that Charles Lock got overtired and excessively heated when exploring the plains of Troy, which brought on a high fever, but it must have been infectious for his man Richard and the interpreter George fell very ill on board at the same time as he did.

Meanwhile James Woodyer, Charles's faithful servant, had finally arrived at Malta and was eagerly awaiting his master. His joy at seeing the

Anson come in on the 29th of August was damped by his not being allowed on board owing to the quarantine. He haunted the sea-front like a wistful dog and was dismayed at learning from the sailors who came ashore that they had been sent to fetch a doctor for Mr. Lock who was seriously ill. Next morning the three sick men were carried to the Lazaretto, where the faithful Woodyer found his master " already in his Cot and very sensible." He wrote to John Angerstein on 16th September : " . . . the first words he spoke were : ' dear Woodyer, I am sorry I ever left you behind me.' He begged I would procure him something to drink. I mulled him some wine which Mr. Esk recommended, he drank it and thought himself better. He particularly begged I would not leave him before dawn, and take notice of him to say what I thought of him. I told him he looked better and he seemed pleased to hear that, but I thought he was worse.

" On the 1st of September he was able to walk about, supported by my arm ; he afterwards laid on the bed and said he was able to talk to me a little. But he sometimes talked very sensible and then he seemed quite deranged, which made me very unhappy indeed. When he was dozing or sleeping his constant talk was concerning his dear family. On the 2nd he was much the same and on the 3rd he was able to walk across the room without my support. He went on in this mending way for 2 or 3 days, which put me in great spirits, as the Physicians gave great hopes of his recovery. But two days after he was very restless and moaning. I took the opportunity of asking him as tenderly as I could if his affairs were settled at Malta in case anything should happen. He very softly said he would see about it and then went off in a dozing way, where he remained till the 11th when he held out his hand and tried for the space of some minutes to speak to me, but he could not. He appeared to be very sensible at this time, but continued very bad until two o'clock the next morning and then fell into a sleep. He woke at 5 o'clock on the 12th and I asked him where his pain was ; he said ' none,' that was the last word I heard him speak. I then gave him a basin of tea, he drank it and asked for coffee but could not say any more. Mr. Esk was standing by and told him he should have coffee in a day or two. He appeared to take no notice, but immediately went off in a strong fit which lasted some time, accompanied with a rattling in his throat which held till the hour of his death. At 12 o'clock the froth worked out of his mouth, on which I raised his head which appeared to give him some ease, but he departed at a quarter past 12 in my arms. Mr. Esk paid the greatest attention and had the most eminent Physicians in Malta to advise

with him. I had not the clothes off my back from the day of his arrival till the day of his death. He was interred on the 14th at three o'clock in a very decent place and in the most decent manner. Poor Richard went in the same way at 9 o'clock the same evening, and I am sorry to say that the things are left in a sad confused way at present."

And so Charles Lock died at thirty-four years of age in the Lazaretto of Malta, his thoughts wandering through the dense mists of fever and weakness from one loved member of his family to the other, dreaming of Norbury, and above all hungering for his " precious little angels " whom he had felt all along he would never see again. James Woodyer cut off a lock of his hair and brought it back to England for Cecilia ; it lies before me now among all the old, forgotten papers : golden brown, softly curling, the hair of a man who was too young to die.

XXIV

AFTER CHARLES LOCK'S DEATH

YOUNG Mr. Rich, the Consul at Malta, whom Charles had found so ridiculous, informed the authorities in England of his death. They passed the news on to Mr. Thomas Coutts, asking him to let Mr. Lock know of his loss, and the kind old man, much perturbed, thought it wisest first to notify the Rev. George Lock.

Strand, London, 2nd Nov., 1804

" SIR,

" It is with real sorrow I am forced to communicate the unhappy and untimely event I have just been informed of from the India House, of death of Mr. Charles Lock which happened the 12th of September at Malta.

" It is a cruel task to inform his family of an event so Fatal, and I scarce know how or to whom to give the first account. I could not bear to send it to Norbury and I hope you will have the goodness to assist me in the way you think will be least hurtful."

Old Mr. Lock bore this crushing blow with noble resignation.

" I feel no despondence either when I look back on what it has pleased God to take from me, or what it is his will I shall leave behind me. For I trust that the several ties of Affection which were warranted by his Approbation, as well as those sanctioned by his positive Command, will be renewed in another Existence. My wife is a companion to me in my hopes and an example in my Resignation. Our bodily strength is greater than we could have expected. The rest of our distressed family, who are all reunited here, are as well as we could reasonably hope."

The Countess of Bessborough wrote the news of Charles Lock's death to Lord Granville. " By the by, I must recall what I said of him in my last : I am shocked at my own unfeelingness." (In a previous letter she had said : " I have always understood he was a *mauvais sujet* and made his wife very unhappy.") " Mr. Hill told my sister, the Duchess of Devonshire, that he

was a very good sort of man, that he saw him at Yarmouth, when he was leaving, dreadfully out of spirits and saying that he had a presentiment he should never return, and so strong was it that, on finding the wind contrary, he hurried back to see his wife and children once more, returned immediately, and embarked with a conviction that he had taken leave of them for ever."

It is not recorded who broke the news to the young widow, but she was staying at Wimbledon with her mother at the time.

" Your dear sister is a little better," wrote the Duchess to Lady Lucy a fortnight later. " The spasms in her chest, and the catching of the breath are less frequent ; she is certainly very weak and not well in health. . . . Our weather has been discouraging till this day, but now it is fine again I long to have her out. . . . Mary thinks she sleeps better, but, dear Angel, I fear it is not refreshing sleep. Her spirits seemed wretched all yesterday evening. By seeing some of the portfolios in her room, I fancy she had been looking over papers and drawings and his sketches while abroad, for I saw by her eyes she had cried a good deal, but it had not done her the good that I had hoped it would, for she was quite silent, walking a good deal up and down the passage. Mimi will call at Norbury to-day and will give them messages from her or letters, for I saw her sealing up some but asked no questions. The fear of making her uneasy always ties my tongue though, as the Psalmist says, it is often pain and grief to me, for though no person living can have less curiosity about other people's affairs, there is no trifle concerning those I tenderly love that I am not anxious to a degree to be acquainted with, when they are ill or unhappy."

The old Duchess confided all her thoughts to Lucy, always her favourite daughter. She could not bear to feel Lucy was out of London. " Oh, how I hate driving through Manchester Square, seeing your dear little tables and chairs at the windows. . . ."

" Did I tell you Woodyer is arrived ? " wrote the Duchess to Lucy again, on 11th December, 1804. " . . . The accommodation at the Lazaret was as good and everything as comfortable about him and *better* (Woodyer says) than he could have had at home, for the apartments were so cool and lofty with so much room to walk about in them ; he had all the best medical assistance in Malta, and friends and acquaintances constantly calling to inquire after him. . . . Woodyer wanted him to write. ' *Then, you think me very ill ?* ' ' No, Sir, but nobody knows what may happen.' ' *Well then, I will write.*' But when he brought him pen and ink he said :

'*No, not now, I will another time,*' but never did. Cecilia has not yet been told of Woodyer's arrival."

The dawn of the new year, 1805, found Cecilia seriously ill. There seems to have been a misunderstanding between her and the Duchess of Leinster, and by mutual agreement they thought it best not to meet during this period.

5th February, 1805

" Mary Coote, who is with dear Cecilia, thinks her a little better. Thank God for it ! I trust to time to bring all things right, but should it come too late for me I shall not leave the world comfortably. . . . It is while we live we must testify our affection for those that are dear to us. Ciss might give me that comfort now—some time hence it will not be in her power. She talks of giving up her time to me, of amusing me, . . . when she is in better spirits. Alas ! that is not what my heart calls for : . . . I want to be allowed to share her griefs, to talk of them, to soothe them, and above all her confidence—that confidence which I never shared, but which from her childhood was the constant object of my wishes. Had you estranged her from me I should have been vexed at you but have forgiven *her*, knowing her docile disposition in those days. But you, my Lucy, gave her the example of what I wanted to find in her. You ever trusted me with your most secret thoughts, and this has produced that invariable confidence, that tenderest of friendships, that subsists between you and me independently of mother and child. Keep all this to yourself, my love."

Dark clouds were now gathering over Norbury Park and the long happy days were gone, never to return. Charles's death cast the first gloom, followed by a dangerous illness of Mrs. Lock and Cecilia's almost equally serious one. They were barely recovered when another tragedy occurred. Frederick, who was only nineteen, had died alone in Madeira. He was idolised by his mother and as an infant observed most of the happenings at Norbury Park from the safe refuge of her lap. He was intelligent above his years, his quaint sayings were treasured up and quoted. His chief playfellow was little Norbury, Susan's son ; sometimes they disagreed, and when " Feddy " reported that Norbury was " a vedy vedy naughty boy," Mr. Lock laughed heartily. " Do you observe his piety ? " he said. " *He* never did such a thing as fight or scratch in his life ! "

Feddy tried to rule the whole household. When he found Augusta sitting in her father's chair he told her to get out " with a very comical little action," and added with vehemence : " I am socked at you, Augusta ! "

But poor Frederick must always have been delicate and probably developed tuberculosis. Lady Inglefield, who lived near Norbury Park as a child, stated in a letter to the *Sunday Times* some years ago that she remembered several neighbours, including George Meredith, telling her of a special kind of edible snail to be found near Mickleham, that over a hundred years before had been imported from Italy for one of the sons of the owner of Norbury Park who was suffering from consumption, as in those days snails were considered a cure.

In 1805 Frederick was finally sent, alone with his valet, on what was to have been a long sea voyage, but he ruptured a blood vessel and was landed at Madeira. The so-called hotel was appalling, but a kind Dr. Andrews took the poor youth into his own house, where his wife nursed him devotedly.

Frederick knew it was all up with him and asked the doctor to see that his personal possessions and an account of his death were sent back to England. He gave the address of his brother-in-law, John Angerstein, and died a few days later, on the 17th of February. Dr. Andrews wrote to Mr. Angerstein that he had arranged to have Frederick's body " decently burried," near the churchyard wall, in case his family wished to send out a memorial tablet to his memory. The good doctor had a good deal of trouble with the valet, Bourgeaud, evidently a Frenchman, who was insolent and tried to grab all his late master's things for himself, even threatening the doctor with arrest if he did not give them up. But Dr. Andrews stuck to his guns : " I answered that I had no authority to give him or anybody that which did not belong to me." Everything was returned : his watch, seals, locket, writing desk, and gun case, and tender-hearted Mrs. Andrews cut off a curl of his fair young hair and sent it to his mother. John Angerstein hid these sad relics from Amelia, and kindly took the worry of settling the servant's claims off William Lock's hands.

Time softens even the bitterest sorrows ; three years later we find Cecilia Lock living a pleasant social life in London and having an admirer, " Lloyd." The Duchess of Leinster gives us another pen portrait of her at this period.

20th June, 1808, Wimbledon

" Dearest Cecilia is going on as we could wish her : her spirits equal and cheerful, and she has gone everywhere—more, I think, to do like other people than from having any great taste for it—*looks lovely*, and always very well dressed, but does not seem to run into any unnecessary expense.

I told you she and Lloyd had not spoken, but I was mistaken : he came up to her the first time she saw him and said some indifferent thing, of course. She answered civilly and coldly, and went on to some other part of the room and talked to other people. Since that they have met once or twice, I believe, in a crowd, but she has avoided meeting him—indeed she says it is so very disagreeable to her that she feels quite glad the season is nearly over. Here, with her children and the garden, she is constantly occupied and busy. I own when I see her so I cannot wish her to change her situation unless something very good offered itself, and that is not likely." And later on : " Dear Cecilia is amusing herself in a quiet way very much, and is as usual a great favourite with all the London world. Her expenses in dress are very few, and without buying she contrives to make up pretty dresses by altering those she has, and with good taste is always fashionable and pretty."

Mary Berry met her one evening at the Princess of Wales's, in December, 1809. " It was meant to be an Assembly, but was really a gathering of eight or ten old women including Princess Sophia of Gloucester, Lady Shaftesbury, and Lady Harrowby. The only young people were Mrs. Charles Lock and the Churchill girls, who danced reels in the saloon to amuse the rest of the company."

The young widow's heart concentrated on her three little girls, Emily, Cecilia, and Lucy, who were growing up sheltered by her tenderness. She shared their games, nursed them through their many illnesses and was always their best friend. She often took them to stay at Norbury, and sometimes the children went there alone. " I knew how happy dearest grandmama would make you," she wrote to her eldest, " I always thought her the most delightful as well as one of the most perfect human beings. Thank her for her goodness in having you at that most delightful Norbury, where I know you are so happy."

When the little sisters stayed with their other Grandmother, the Duchess of Leinster, they enjoyed themselves less. She was getting crochetty in her old age, and in July, 1810, Mrs. Charles, who was taking the waters at Cheltenham, thought it necessary to warn the children who were in the Wimbledon villa.

" I know you like being at home better than elsewhere, dear Norbury excepted. I hope poor Granny is less nervous and that she is kind to poor dear Miss Haytor. I need not tell you always to behave respectfully to your Grandmama."

In March, 1811, the Duchess of Leinster's long life was flickering out. Many of her surviving children were gathered round her, and Cecilia Lock never left her side. "Dear Grandmama is not much better," she wrote to little Lucy, whom they often called Pussy; "when it pleases God that she *is*, you will see me, my dearest little girl. She thinks of you in her illness and asked me to-day if Pussy would not scold her at keeping me away."

A few days later the Duchess was dead. The coffin was still in the house when Cecilia wrote to her children: "My angels, all is sad and still in this mansion of Death. I like to be in the little closet, there I am near her, and her spirit, I think, still hovers round the sacred remains. To-day they will go into the last sad enclosure. . . . Oh, my dearest children, you will one day perform the same duty by me and may the Almighty in time strengthen your dear minds to bear it."

The obituary notice published in the papers, though written with the fulsomeness that was the literary fashion of the day, gives an accurate description of this very charming woman.

Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Leinster

"It will not perhaps be too much to say that this lady was from youth to age the prime ornament of her sex. . . . Her youth was distinguished by every personal charm united with every virtue. To the most exquisite beauty, the most majestic form, the most graceful manners, were added the most winning powers of conversation, the readiest perception, the most cultivated understanding, and withal, a mind as feminine and soft as her heart was open to the best impressions of tenderness and love. . . . Her mind retained its vigour, as did her heart its warmest affections, and her general deportment of manner their usual fascinations to the last day of her existence. . . . It has pleased the Almighty to remove this incomparable woman to better regions, whither she is followed by the love, the tears, and veneration of all who belonged to her; leaving to her numerous descendants the example inimitable in its various perfections, but which must ever be the pattern whereby they may humbly strive to form and mould their rising offspring. The daughter, sister, and aunt of a succession of Dukes of Richmond, the widow to James, Duke of Leinster, and afterwards the wife of Mr. Ogilvie Esq^{r}., her Grace had children by both marriages and has left a numerous progeny. She died early on Sunday morning, the 27th of March, in the 83rd year of her age at her house in Grosvenor Place. . . ."

After her mother's death Cecilia Lock rarely left her daughters, and when she went out in society it was with a motive : " . . . now that you are growing up I like to cultivate friends and acquaintances that will be useful to you in the world, so don't be low or look upon this as any separation, 'tis only for a few days and may be productive of good consequences."

XXV

THE DEATH OF MR. LOCK IN 1810
WILLIAM SELLS NORBURY PARK NINE YEARS LATER

THE harmonious lives of William and Frederica Lock had drifted along, as a pleasant stream, for over fifty years and now they were both old and had scarcely ever been a day apart. Mrs. Lock only left her husband to nurse her daughter Mrs. Angerstein in her confinements.

During his wife's absence in January, 1808, for the arrival of the fifth little Angerstein—there were to be seven in all—Mr. Lock remained behind at Norbury with his son William and the lovely Elizabeth. The letters he wrote her on this occasion reveal the " playfulness " that, according to Fanny Burney, Mr. Lock reserved for his family circle.

Norbury Park, Dorking, 25 January, 1808

" . . . after the pang of parting yesterday, which we feel in some degree every morning when you leave me to go into your dressing room, the day promised the comfort of leisure to expedite those businesses which would interfere with our enjoyments when we meet again. But man proposes and God disposes ; and I had hardly set my mind to despatch those letters, when in came poor Mrs. Dickens to inquire if it was really true that everything was settled between Andrew and Miss W. . . . She rejoiced to hear that Titty had kittened. . . . When after a visit, which I should have called a long one if a great part of it had not been passed in stroking, and blazoning the qualities of our Titty, in came *Nice*. I growled a little at the prospect of the loss of the whole day ; but soon recovering came forth and purred : . . . She dined with us at the suit of Elizabeth who thought it unreasonable to ask her, but pressed her to do it nevertheless. In the evening she gave us sweet breath for an hour or two . . . and I enjoyed it as much as I do anything you do not partake in. This morning Elizabeth read prayers —her own proposal—which she did very *tidily*. She sends her love and desires that when you return you will bring with you a Pint of Smith's Lavender Water. . . . "

William Lock I and his wife, Frederica Augusta, in old age
From the oil-painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

Norbury Park, Dorking, 26 Janry, 1808

"My dear Judy,

"I need not say what happiness your letters, and particularly your last, diffused thro' our little party, to learn that our dearest girl was on the couch, and that she was *much refreshed by the change; and that all was going on as it was possible to wish, or pray for.*

"The first thing that occurred to me was—What, if she goes on *so* well in the hands of Yourself and her Sister, can furnish a hope that she will go on *better* without you? But, as it is determined that it shall be so, it is vain to reason upon it. The idea that your removal will be on my account is killing to me, you will therefore, my dear Judy, protract your stay until you see that a farther extension may expose our Angel to uneasiness of any other kind. . . .

"There is a heavenly sky for the season; and you will be glad to hear that I have ordered my Phaeton to the door, that I may quaff the spirit of this golden day. Would you could all do the like! . . ."

Norbury Park, Dorking, 27th Janry, 1808

". . . Your prompt decision was as wise and salutary as I should have expected it would prove, and shows how useful an attendant upon a lying-in woman is an experienced and rational mother. You have also judged like yourself in not returning to-day. You would, as you say, have brought us your own anxiety, with an unavailing regret at her loss of so tender and intelligent a nurse. You will have seen by my yesterday's letter that you anticipated my most earnest wishes. . . ."

All his life William Lock the elder had enjoyed driving his phaeton and "taking the air"; it was his only relaxation, for he detested sport. Farington gives us a description of Lock in his old age. "So chilly is his constitution that he has at all seasons a fire in the room in which he sits. To-day, July 28th, there was a small fire in Mr. Angerstein's drawing room. Mr. Lock is now in his 75th year: he wore little ruffles. From some cause which happened in his youth he has a weakness in his knees. While conversing with me he either sat, or knelt, upon a chair while we were standing."

In March, 1808, he fell seriously ill when staying with his daughter Amelia in London.

The invalid recovered sufficiently to pay a visit to his son George, at Lee, though he was evidently failing fast. It was characteristic of him to face the situation serenely.

" Our precious Father has informed me that Mr. Murray has just left him and that all his affairs, Irish as well as others, are settled to his satisfaction. He goes on, thank God, gradually improving, though slowly. . . . He is quite his own dear self in all he has to say, although the words continue to fail him. . . ." Thus George wrote about him at the time.

Mr. Lock was able to return to Norbury Park and spend the last eighteen months of his life in the lovely home he had created. His eldest son was now helping him to manage his affairs. The end came on 5th October, 1810. Faithful Sir Thomas Lawrence went to pay a last homage to his old patron.

" . . . I go to Norbury, to witness grief and resignation, the one as sincere, the other as pious, as can exist in the tenderest and most virtuous minds. Mr. Lock is to be buried, by his own accurate directions, in the simplest manner and exactly as his mother was—a walking funeral, and the coffin borne by his labourers. . . .

" . . . I am not afraid of forgetting this dear man and know that I am the better for his life and death." They had been friends for long years. Lock, with his sure taste, had immediately appreciated the young artist's talent when they first became acquainted, and the latter made his reputation with the portrait of his patron which he exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1790.

Lawrence painted him again years later, when the deaths of his two sons, Charles and Frederick, lay heavy on his soul, and his expression was one of almost intolerable sadness. It was Sir Thomas Lawrence who wrote Mr. Lock's obituary notice for the papers, which was published unsigned. Out of delicacy, he did not include his own name in the list of celebrated painters who had been Mr. Lock's friends.

" We have to communicate with deep regret the death of William Lock Esq^r. of Norbury Park, Surrey, the most zealous protector of the Arts, and (out of the profession) perhaps their most enlightened and perfect judge. . . . He, of all the lovers of art, was considered by its Professors as their arbiter, their advocate, and common Friend. The compassionate benefactor of the humblest—the revered associate or patron of the most celebrated artists of his time. . . .

" He will be more generally regretted by the highest circles in society, for that extensive information, and those simple manners which made him so fine an example of an English Gentleman ; . . . but especially, and most deeply will he be lamented for those many charities and virtues, that have given to Norbury (the spot where he resided) a sacredness, a peculiar sentiment of blessing and respect ! "

Mrs. Lock, accompanied by Amelia and Augusta, took refuge after her husband's death with kind Mrs. Boucherett at Willingham. Norbury was too full of heartbreaking memories.

Farington gathered this information :

" Mr. Angerstein told Lawrence that the late Mr. Lock has left an estate of £5,000 a year, situated in the best part of Ireland, where there has been no troubles and the rents regularly paid. Annuity of £1,000 to Mrs. Lock, the widow, £4,000 each to the Rev. George Lock, Miss Lock, and Mrs. John Angerstein, the son and daughters of Mr. Lock. Having these sums to pay, William Lock, the eldest son, has shut up Norbury Park and resides a Brighton. . . ."

Troubles, that are said never to come singly, were falling as thick as autumn leaves on the Locks. Almost immediately on arriving at " Mrs. Bou's," Augusta became dangerously ill with an internal abscess. At the same time William's three beautiful children caught a virulent form of measles while staying at Brighton, and Charles, the youngest, died in his mother's arms on the 13th of November, 1810.

" My whole heart flies towards you, oh, my dearest, . . ." wrote the tender Amelia ; " you have lost the most promising, the most attaching, the most angelically disposed little comforter that ever was lent by Heaven to any parents. . . ."

William Locke—he had now altered the spelling of his name—found himself, while still under the shadow of these two great sorrows, obliged to turn his mind to business, which he had always hated. A scheme was drawn up for felling a great deal of timber on the estate, to find money for immediate expenses. In December, 1810, Murray wrote to William :

" . . . a large quantity of Timber out of sight of the House and without affecting any of the Views might be cut, and improve the Timber left by thinning. . . ."

The estimate was made and forwarded.

Norbury Park Estate

The Timber, Underwood and Box, is valued at £23,406 5*s.* 11*d.*

Total value of Trees which may now be felled £9,953 1*s.* 8*d.*

Mrs. Lock returned to live at Norbury for several more years, older and lonelier, but always serene.

William and Elizabeth, with their two remaining children, Willy and Bessy, did not settle at Norbury, though they occasionally stayed there with Mrs. Lock. They flitted restlessly between Brighton and London. William liked meeting clever people, and Elizabeth adapted her tastes to his. Byron, when engaged to be married to the unfortunate Annabella Milbanke, was flattered at Elizabeth's description of them: "*Two such interesting persons. . . .*" Mary Berry was intimate with the Locks at this time. In March, 1814, she attended a dinner party at the Lockes, where the other guests had been Madame de Staël and her daughter, Mr. Luttrell, Samuel Rogers, William Spencer, and Campbell the poet. "Madame de Staël exerted herself to shine before Mr. Luttrell and succeeded."

About this time Madame d'Arblay came back to England after a stay of several years in France. Her return was a real joy for her old friends. Amelia had injured her right hand, but insisted in writing laboriously with her left, sooner than dictate. "I cannot bear that any pen but my own should welcome you back to your longing country, to the arms and hearts of those to whom you are if possible more dear than ever. . . ."

After so joyful a reunion it is surprising to find a disagreement between William Locke and the two d'Arblays over Camilla Cottage. It will be remembered that old Mr. Lock wished Fanny to build her home on his land, free of expense, but that, after some reflection, she and her husband preferred to *rent* the field on a long lease. By now William was contemplating the sale of Norbury and there were necessary arrangements to make about the d'Arblays' house which stood on his property. He put them in the hands of the family lawyer, Mr. Murray, thereby offending the d'Arblays mortally, for they took the unreasonable point of view that it was a friendly matter which should be settled between themselves without legal advice.

Amelia Angerstein, always affectionate and conciliating, flung herself between the d'Arblays and her brother, in a frantic attempt to "accomplish the blessed end of concluding this painful business satisfactorily."

William was stubborn, he would have nothing to do with the matter personally, Mr. Murray would represent him, and Fanny's nephew, young Burney, who was a lawyer, could protect the d'Arblays' interests. If Madame d'Arblay refused to make use of her brother's son, she could speak to Mrs. Lock and use her as an intermediary. This suggestion horrified Amelia, who continued to pour oil on troubled waters.

". . . Let us call Mr. Burney not a lawyer but your Nephew, the little arch, blue-eyed boy I remember at dear Mickleham, and Mr. Murray some-

thing very near a friend of my angel Father, and that will divest him at once of some of his odiousness in your eyes, and let the whole painful business be concluded."

Fanny d'Arblay's letters on this subject have not been preserved. It was difficult for such really nice people to quarrel seriously, and all seems to have been cleared up a few days later.

In the summer of 1817 the William Lockes went to stay at Norbury. "I had the delight of seeing my William and all his lovely ones return to me in perfect health," wrote Mrs. Lock to Fanny. It was their last gathering there.

William had now quite made up his mind to sell Norbury Park; he could not afford to keep up the place and in that case preferred to live abroad. It must have been agonizing for the widow to turn out of the lovely home her husband had built when they were both young, where she had lavished hospitality on her friends and wandered in the woods she loved so well surrounded by her six children. Besides this, she knew she was also losing her elder son and his family.

William and his Mother did not meet while this painful decision was being taken, and it was in Amelia Angerstein's house that they saw each other again when the matter was finally settled.

Mrs. Lock bore the change bravely. By now Augusta had married Sir George Martin, and she was quite alone. She found a little house at Eliot Vale, Blackheath, that suited her, for it was near the rectory of her son George, at Lee. While she was furnishing it she stayed with the Angersteins. In a letter to Fanny d'Arblay she said that she would soon be in her cottage at Eliot Vale; Amelia and her daughter Caroline were coming to stay with her. "This indulgence I feel *very* necessary at this time, for parting saddens and shakes me despite of all my resolutions of resignation, but I cannot see my beloved William and his lovely ones go far from me without a pang. . . . My Amelia is very much tried by parting with that beloved brother and his children, and she is unfit for the exertion that she is preparing for this evening, having been honoured by an invitation of the Prince Regent to meet her Majesty at Carlton House. Augusta, who is looking very prosperous, was at the Drawingroom on Thursday in particularly good looks and pretty dress, but owing to their being obliged to go a great way round to get into the rank, the crowd being excessive, they arrived when the Queen was going away."

Mrs. Lock's little home was exquisite, as everything became that was

touched by her delicate fingers. To pass the lonely hours she pressed flowers and leaves, pasting them on paper and colouring them with dainty touches of her tiny brushes : a good many of these are preserved in large portfolios at Holbrook.

Amelia wrote to her old friend Madame d'Arblay, describing her " precious, bright, serene Mother in her new little fragrant abode."

Sir Thomas Lawrence, now far away in Rome where he was painting his superb portrait of the Pope, wrote :

Palazzo del Quirinale, July 9th, 1819

" . . . That William—*dear* William Lock—and myself should be so near meeting at Rome and not do it, is a little vexatious. He probably will be quitting Paris at the end of September, when I shall be near Blackheath, for all I can hope to do is to return to my house within a year of my leaving it. . . ."

The sale of Norbury Park took place in 1819, when William Locke was living in Paris.

" After having waited the whole of last year in hopes of making a good private sale, I have had recourse to an auction, and a Mr. Maitland is become the purchaser of my Norbury estate."

William Lock II

From the pencil-drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

XXVI

MRS. CHARLES LOCKE AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS GO ABROAD FOR FIVE YEARS

1815

EXCEPT for the short period of the Peace of Amiens, which so rejoiced Amelia Angerstein's heart and raised so many hopes, there had been no direct communication between England and France for nearly twenty-five years—from the Revolution till the end of the Napoleonic Wars. It was therefore a strange new world that opened itself before Mrs. Charles Locke and her girls (they had definitely adopted the new spelling) when they crossed the Channel in the autumn of 1815, barely four months after the battle of Waterloo. Lucy, who was only fourteen, kept a diary of their experiences.

The method of landing at Boulogne they found very alarming, for a great many strong fisherwomen were waiting on the beach and, as soon as the boat approached, rushed into the sea and seized the travellers, carrying them on shore on their backs " notwithstanding their resistance."

The country was overrun with straggling troops, mostly Prussian and Austrian, and the innkeepers warned Mrs. Locke it was very dangerous to travel after dusk, for a carriage just before theirs had been stopped and robbed. At Grandvilliers the place was full of soldiery and they were perturbed at finding no keys to the doors of their rooms. But on hearing that there were English soldiers in the inn, Mrs. Locke sent for one of them and found the man had served " in the 10th under Edward Fitzgerald," so they felt safe, and slept happily and undisturbed. All along the road to Paris they drove past churches and chateaux that had been partially destroyed during the Revolution, and on arriving went at once to the Louvre, which they found at sixes and sevens, as the pictures and statues that had been looted in Italy by Napoleon were now being packed up and returned to their rightful owners, a proper proceeding which the Locke family seemed to regret.

On Place Vendôme they stared at the " Pillar of Bronze " on which all Bonaparte's victories were represented ; his statue on the summit being

half-veiled by a white flag. Mrs. Locke thought the new houses in the Place were not large enough, but from being all white and exactly similar their effect was striking and gave an impression of grandeur.

They next went to view the Arc de Triomphe erected by Napoleon, but the famous bronze horses of Lysippus, that had adorned it for a brief period, had now returned to their former place on St. Mark's in Venice. " They, alas, are gone, and his car alone remains, a monument of his past glory, . . ." wrote Lucy, who seems to have had a strange sympathy for England's arch enemy. Everywhere they saw traces of the Emperor who was now eating out his heart at St. Helena ; at Fontainebleau his bed still remained untouched, hung with beautiful tapestries supported by spears and crowned by helmets and plumes of feathers ; and they were shown the long gallery in which the *lacquais* told them he had seen the great man walking up and down for many an hour.

One evening Mrs. Locke and the girls went to the Opera and saw Mademoiselle Goslin dancing very gracefully in the ballet, and at the Théatre Français they had admired Mademoiselle Mars in Molière's *Misanthrope*, and described her acting as " very gentlewomanlike." Brunet, at the Théatre des Variétés, had made them all laugh very much.

After a pleasant stay in Paris they continued their journey southward. At Anse, where they spent the night in a small, bad inn, the owners were sadly distressed by the Austrian soldiery who that day had put fifty of their horses in their stables. The innkeeper had hidden his corn and hay, but while the Lockes were at supper the soldiers had broken into the loft and beaten the innkeeper's wife, " a very nice young woman," because she would not surrender the key of the wine cellar. As for her husband, he was in bed for weeks in consequence of a savage thrashing he had received from some other Austrian troops.

The travellers seemed to think it was all in the day's work, for Lucy makes no comment on this brutality, and we next hear of them in Lyons, lodged at the Hotel d'Europe. They found the streets dark and dismal, bringing to their minds all the horrors of the Revolution. Owing to a vast number of Austrian soldiery in the City there was a scarcity of provisions, much dirt and dreadful " *stinks*." Their two men-servants quarrelled furiously and fought with their fists ; the ladies screamed simultaneously and so shrilly that they checked the combatants, but altogether the stay in Lyons was not agreeable. They finally entered Italy by " the new road " over Mont Cenis, which was one of Napoleon's great achievements, and

declared it was " the finest work that ever was seen : the ascent is so gradual that it is hardly perceived." They took three hours going up the mountain, and over five descending ; their carriage, being drawn by five mules, rolled along with remarkable ease, and they were delighted with the snow-capped peaks that seemed to touch the sky.

Lucy, somewhat condescendingly, voted Turin " a nice, clean little town, much improved by Napoleon," but without much dallying they proceeded on their way. Between Borgo San Donnino and Parma they passed thirteen great wagons, guarded by Austrian troops, that were conveying priceless works of art back to their former owners, by order of the Emperor of Austria. It was intensely cold when they crossed the Apennines, for by now Christmas was very near, and at a wretched inn where they spent the night they would not have had a room with a fire had it not been for Lord Rosebery's servants who gave up theirs to the frozen ladies. The room had only two small beds, but they were so thankful to warm themselves near the blazing logs that they could think of nothing else, having sat in their coach " *without stirring*, for thirteen hours and a half," while it lumbered along, drawn by six oxen, the snow in some places five foot deep and the fog so thick that it seemed like a white sheet hung over the windows. One can but admire the endurance of people who travelled, supposedly for pleasure, in those days.

The Lockes reached Florence exactly a month after they had left Paris, and took rooms at the Hotel delle Quattro Nazioni, with the intention of making a prolonged stay. Both the British Minister, Lord Burghersh, and his wife immediately lavished hospitality on the new arrivals. There was a pleasant Florentine society, to which was added a large number of travelling English, so Mrs. Locke and her pretty daughters went out a great deal. Madame de Staël, who was living in Florence at this time, older and yet more froglike in countenance, always remembered the Lock family with affectionate gratitude from the old days at Juniper Hall and was interested in the new generation. Mrs. Charles and her daughters enjoyed hearing some beautiful music in her house ; then there were balls given by Lady Burghersh, Lady Dillon and the Countess of Albany, where the girls learned the audacious novelty of the day and waltzed gaily till dawn, though country dances were still the correct thing, and the *Grand Père* always a general favourite with the young people.

They made the acquaintance of Lady Oxford and her daughters, one of whom was the Lady Charlotte Harley whose tragic adventure in Genoa we

shall hear of later on. The Locke and Harley girls made great friends and acted together at Lord Burghersh's Palazzo, Lady Charlotte surprising everyone by her tragic impersonation of Lady Macbeth. Another time they performed *The School for Scandal*, with Lady Charlotte in the part of Lady Teazle, and the evening ended with a dance.

The Lockes stayed in Italy till 1818 and Emily married the Conte Giorgio de Viry. His mother had been a Miss Augusta Martin, and not only was he born at Brampton, Huntingdon, but he had served in the British Navy from 1806 to 1814. At the time of his marriage, however, he was settled in Genoa, and had entered the King of Sardinia's Navy.

If poor little Emily married for love it lasted a very short time, for soon after the wedding Viry began making her life very difficult. He was a bad-tempered man, hard and tyrannical, but able, for he became an Admiral at thirty-six and later was appointed Governor of Nice. Emily had a sweet nature and deserved far more happiness than the share that came into her too brief life.

Count and Countess de Viry arrived in Paris in June, 1818, and were joined by Mr. Ogilvie, who had come over from England to meet them. Emily was so unspoilt that the simplest amusements satisfied her, but her husband and grandfather between them did all they could to dampen her small pleasures. She was happy at meeting several of her cousins : Isabelle, daughter of the Duke of Leinster ; " Eddy," the baby who had been given away so airily by Edward and Pamela to the old Duchess of Leinster, and who was now a smart young man in Paris. " I met him in the Champs Elysées where we made quite a scene : I got out of the carriage and walked with him ; he asked thousands of questions about you all and was too dear ! " she wrote gaily to Cecilia and Lucy who were with their mother at Genoa. Edward had given her news of his two sisters.

" They are excessively admired, people are happy to have them, and Mrs. Fitzherbert is very kind. Her Miss Seymour is grown a lovely girl. Edward told me Pam might marry any day she liked and had refused so many offers she deserved to have no more, but that he never interfered and let her please herself." On the subject of his mother he was silent, but the Vicomtesse de Chabot spoke about her to Emily.

" Mrs. Pitcairn is in the country to *economise ;* Isabella says she came and took a tender leave of her and Aunt Lucy, and next day all Paris knew who she was gone with ! She has recovered her health and is handsomer than ever. She is very jealous of Casimir who governs Mme. de Genlis completely."

The William Lockes were settled in Paris and already entertaining. Mary Berry dined with them in August and met "Young, the comedian, who was very amusing and related in detail the account Talma had given him of the Reign of Terror." William Locke the third was now a boy of thirteen whose amazing good looks and infectious gaiety won all hearts. Some caricatures of French fashions which he drew at this period reveal how he was far from possessing the talent his father displayed at his age, but that, like most of the family, he used his pencil with facility. His sister Elizabeth drew easily, too, and was fond of it all her life.

Emily de Viry was delighted at seeing her uncle and aunt again, though her husband was disagreeable about them and refused to dine there. Mr. Ogilvie was in a better mood, so she wrote to her mother. "Your dear is in a rather *pleasant* state, enchanted at having business to do: quite in his element and more important than anything ever was, but really kind. He has a carriage which he says I may have the use of, with his English John in the orange livery, and I am inclined to believe his report of his own temper which really appears much improved. He pays *everything* for us, and even gave me a Napoleon *over* the bill of the lodgings—did you ever in your life know anything so extraordinary?

"On Tuesday I went with Isabella to be presented to the King: the ceremony is nothing, you just go in—make a curtsey and go out at another door. He asked me how I was and that was all. Viry and Grandpapa went on Wednesday morning. At Court I saw all the French ladies, not half as well dressed as the Genoese; among others Madame de Noailles, Talleyrand's niece, and the greatest *élégante* here. She, as well as the other ladies, wear their hair short to the face and no longer parted with combs but almost meeting on the forehead which, I think, is not becoming. The bonnets very large, and chiefly white gauze and flowers, not very much off the face. The embroidery of a sort of price you can form no idea of, and yet everyone covered with it. . . . In the evening we were all presented to the Duchess of Orleans who received me very pleasantly. I gave her the Duchess of Genoa's letters. It is the most easy Court possible, there is a large table in the middle and everyone sits round it; she talks to who she pleases and the conversation is either general or you speak to your next neighbour as you like. *Your Dear* and Mademoiselle had a great deal of *chat* which enchanted him. I saw the Princess Castelcicala who was too dear, she speaks of you with ecstasy always, and charged me to say all sorts of things from her to you; says she regrets England but not *Naples*. I exclaimed, and said

you were just the contrary; she said she knew *how good* you were to her poor country, but that all she wished was to return and die in England, where she had been so happy. She thinks everything there perfection, even the climate! The evening before I met Harry Fox,* who was more funny and entertaining than ever. He never was *very handsome*, you know, but is now become a perfect monster from having the most enormous black *favouris* that ever were. We talked over all our Florence acquaintances, and he said he did it in order to give the rest of the company a favourable opinion of our friends. You may guess how he handled the unhappy people who fell into his hands! . . . I am seeking everywhere for a *little dog*, but as yet have seen nothing quite perfect though several *angels*, and the cost of them is only from 10 to 12 francs, as they are stolen from their doting masters while they walk on the Boulevards. Conceive the agony of a poor old Frenchman who turns round and misses his treasure!"

Emily de Viry's letters from Paris now cease and we only hear of her again in the summer of the following year when she was staying on the Lake of Como with her mother and sisters who had not yet made up their minds to return to England. By then her first baby, Nina, had been born, and the bad-tempered Conte de Viry was at sea, no doubt to the relief of everyone concerned except his sailors. Mrs. Charles Locke with her three daughters and grandchild lived in the lovely Villa Tanzi, now Villa Taverna, which they had rented at Torno. We shall hear of this place again, thirteen years later. Lucy's sketch book has survived, filled with careful pencil drawings of the grounds. I have stood with it in my hand, in the same corner of the broad terrace in which she must have worked on a far away autumn morning, and picked out, one by one, the houses in the distant village that she recorded so painstakingly: even the aloes in the pots on the balustrade and the boat on the water's edge seem to be the same as those she copied so long ago.

At this time Sidney Morgan was staying on the opposite side of the lake, busily employed in writing a book on Italy. A novel of hers, entitled "The Wild Irish Girl," had already made her famous in 1806. She took a great fancy to the Lockes and gave a party in their honour which, owing to one of the well-known Lake of Como gales, ended in a fiasco.

"My dear Madam, talk of *your* sufferings! hear *mine!* By way of

* Henry Stephen, known as "Black Fox" (1791–1846). Cousin of the 4th Lord Holland and son of General Henry Edward Fox. For some years Secretary under Sir Charles Stuart in Paris. Ended his life as Minister to the United States. Lord Morpeth described him in 1842 as a fantastic figure with enormous quantities of long silver-white hair and heavy black eyebrows.

showing you how *répandue* I am in the regions of Como, I opened my suite of apartments, lighted up my grounds and invited as many of the Comasque noblesse and Austrian Magnates as I could find registered in my Porter's booth, to which I added the English Miss Kings and their Tea Kettle (the only one in the district) and the Commandant and his guitar. Add to this *fireworks*, got up by my host Don Guglielmo Fontana, and a band of five musicians brought in by his brother at midnight. *Super add* to this the straining of our eyes out of their sockets for the arrival of your *Barca* and its pretty freight, the blowing of our petticoats over our heads, the tea things with Como cakes carried into the lake and Miss King's Kettle

> 'Like the cherub
> Innocence striding the blast';

the fireworks tossed in empty air, and in the end the whole company suffocating in my *grand salon*, and still you will have but a faint idea of my discomfiture and misery. In the midst of our misfortunes we regretted infinitely you were not with us to share them, and we played till nine o'clock at the game of 'they will come—they will not come.' My regrets amounted to despair when I saw the young people waltzing to excellent music by moonlight and thought that *your* young couple were at the other side of that detestable lake. . . ."

Lady Morgan made another attempt to entertain the Lockes.

"If you think it so easy to give up the hope of seeing you and our *most* sweet girls once more you are quite mistaken, and we shall stay at home this day in the hope that a fine evening will bring you to us. The lake has lost its charm since it has proved so tiresome a bar to cultivating our acquaintance which I rank among the few delightful chances of my life and a good augury, as we met *at the gates of Italy*. I shall write more books, I hope, for your winter evenings' fireside, and to amuse baby thirty years hence, when she will tell *her* babies that grandmama honoured the old author with her friendship. Meanwhile I shall never write anything more true and more from the heart than that I am most gratefully, with esteem and admiration, your affectionate friend.

"SIDNEY MORGAN.

"It is well for my peace of mind that Sir Charles is leaving the Ladies of the Lake, for at present it is difficult to say *which* of the three generations he is most in love with!"

It was a happy time for the little family.

XXVII

MRS. CHARLES LOCKE LEAVES HER DAUGHTERS AND JOINS THE VIRYS IN GENOA

1820–1821

AFTER their peaceful summer spent on the lake of Como Mrs. Charles Locke and her two unmarried daughters went back to the England they had not seen for over five years. Emily de Viry joined her husband on his return from sea, and they settled at Genoa. Her married life was now definitely miserable, and by October, 1820, she was expecting another child. Mrs. Charles did not hesitate : her eldest daughter needed her most, so, leaving Cecilia and Lucy in London, she retraced her steps to Italy. It was decided that after a few days with their alarming grandfather at 14, Chester Street, Grosvenor Place, the girls would live with old Mrs. Lock at Eliot Vale for the duration of their mother's stay abroad. The prospect seemed somewhat dreary, for they had very little pocket-money and Cecilia was temporarily crippled owing to an accident to her knee.

The first day or two in Chester Street were not too bad. " Grandpapa has been very kind and in high good humour ; how long it is to last I don't know." He was paying attention to a certain Miss Ward ". . . he would have her to dinner, drank wine with her and cut bread and butter for her. He made her read aloud to him and she was frightened out of her wits." But a week later Mr. Ogilvie had reverted to type and Cecilia wrote dismally to her mother :

" 20th Oct. 1820. I must tell you a darling trait of ' our dearest.' I wrote him a little note this morning saying I was to see Dr. Brodie for the *last time* and begging he would give me a one pound note to pay him off, adding that he must be aware that with my present means such a sum would very much distress me. He sent me word that he was very sorry but really *could not*. Did you ever hear such a thing ? By way of excuse he said that he would not enter into such trifles ! that if I wanted more money I was to borrow from Mrs. Lock or Sir George Martin. I told him I should *do neither*, as Mrs. Lock has a small income, and Sir George was no relation so I should not ask him either. I added that Aunt Augusta was *rather stingy*.

He answered : ' So am I ! ' which much amused me as he really told the truth for once."

The two rather forlorn girls found it was delicious to be with Grandmamma Lock after the gloom of Chester Street and Mr. Ogilvie.

" This house is so very warm and snug that we should be very comfortable ; the situation very sheltered, there are *no draughts* about this house ! Dear G.M. bids me tell you how happy she is to have us. She is quite well, and so very, very kind and dear. She is so cheerful herself, that far from being a dull companion for young people she quite does one's spirits good. She is always the first to laugh and be amused and enters into any little joke so readily. I had no idea how very delightful she was."

But with all this their thoughts and hearts were in Genoa. " Tell Emmy not to neglect herself ; how does she do her hair ? Is she fatter or thinner than when at Como ? Has she colour ? I hope her hair does not come out ! If it does she should apply Eau de Cologne to the roots with a sponge. Emmy's temper is so angelic that she must suffer less than any other person would from a Bad Tempered Mate. What can have altered him so completely ? He used to be gay and good natured. Perhaps it is his gout ! "

As for the coming infant, Cecilia thought there would not be people of enough importance in Genoa to act as its godparents. Why not have the King and the Pope ? " Much the best would be to call it after *Our Dear*, as I am sure he would like it, or perhaps he would stand proxy for the Pope, which would delight him ! Oh, what fun it would be ! ! the child might be called Clement Victor Emanuel William ! "

Cecilia was chained to her bed or a sofa by her bad knee, and Woodyer, the old servant in whose arms her father had died, carried her downstairs daily at two. " He says I have grown heavier since *last* he carried me : he is very touching and has called his little boy Charles." Lucy kept her sister company with great devotion ; they would breakfast by the open window to get some fresh air, for Grandmamma liked hot rooms and the atmosphere downstairs was oppressive. The Angersteins, Martins, and Rev. George Lock, who were all near neighbours, called every day. " Uncle George is very dear and funny, he kills Lucy and me with laughing. Nothing amuses us like the little quarrels between him and Grandmamma." His son George was " a lovely little boy with the largest blue eyes and long black lashes and such a straight profile." We hear nothing of him in after life except that he never married and died insane in the nineties.

Reading aloud had always been Mrs. Lock's passion in the Norbury days, and now, having two listeners who could not escape her, she indulged in it to the full. She would begin as soon as her visitors left her, while her granddaughters submissively did their netting. At five there would be a brief pause while the candles were lit and the curtains drawn, after which " Grandmamma continues reading to us till 6 when we dine, then we have coffee and she reads from 8 till 10, when Woodyer brings in her supper." Cecilia winds up rather wistfully : " I wonder it does not tire Grandmamma to read so many hours. . . . " All the same, they were interested in hearing Walter Scott's new work that was just out and that they persisted in spelling " Kennelworth " ; they voted it finely written but not as good as " Waverley." " Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen, was " very pretty," and the story of Queen Elizabeth by Miss Aikin " interesting," but a novel called " Discipline," by Mrs. Bruton, that the old lady took very seriously, the modern young ladies of 1820 thought too silly for words, though " We dare not laugh at it before Grandmamma ! "

When Mrs. Charles sent her daughters an account of the latest fashions abroad it had an immediate effect.

" I am very sorry you told Lucy that waists were lengthened in Paris," wrote Cecilia, " for she has upon the strength of such authority set off for Church with a waist of most *reprehensible longitude*, to my no small dismay ! She intends to lengthen every gown in the waist and to add a broad ribbon to the bottom of that, so you see your observation has had fatal consequences at home."

Lucy had an enormous treat in November, when Uncle John Angerstein took her and his children to see the new pantomime at Covent Garden. Cecilia told her mother all about this dissipation. " . . . Lucy saw not only her old friend Grimaldi, but his son and heir : they acted together. She met Leinster coming out, he gave her his arm and was *very dear*. He thought we were *all* abroad, then asked if we were in town, if so, he would come and see us. There was a box full of Dandies, Lord William Lennox, ' Golden Ball ' etc. The latter is by way of being in love with Miss Stevens. He appeared in a cloak of red velvet with a jewelled clasp to it, and after the mighty effort of clapping Miss Stevens he leant back exhausted, and fanned himself with a playbill. Lucy saw *my Lud* Petersham with Leinster, he came and spoke to her also. The funniest thing that Grimaldi does is to dress himself up like a *Dandy*, he gets a *winder curtin* and makes himself a pair of panterloons and with a horse collar produces exactly the effect of

the high chest. When he is asked what he is he says: 'I'm a swell'."

But Mrs. Charles did not approve of her daughter going even to a pantomime without her and wrote a gentle reproof, after which there were no further outings and Cecilia had to struggle valiantly against depression. She would dream of the days they had spent in Italy. "I have never been so happy at any balls as at the Governor's at Genoa. How delicious the Durazzo garden must be. . . . Emmy talks of roses, but in June and July we shall have the advantage; poor Emmy! what she will suffer in the summer. I beg you will bring me some Rose Water, it is no sweeter here than plain water, and at enormous price. I should so like to get some Hair Oil and Potatum from Nice where they are so exquisite and cheap, for really in London one can't afford these things, as the Fatual Dad * said when you broke a pane of glass."

In the late autumn of 1820 the most exciting subject of conversation in England was Queen Caroline's trial for adultery. At the men's clubs and over the tea-tables of the ladies, faces flushed daily and voices were raised louder and yet louder, excitedly arguing whether the Queen was guilty or not. As we know she had been friendly with all the Locks and Angersteins when Princess of Wales, but Cecilia and Lucy took the whole proceedings as a good joke, referring to "our lovely Caroline" with irreverent glee. Old Mrs. Brereton, Mrs. Lock's sister, from her perch at Hampton Court, inquired whether the eldest Angerstein girl could be called by another name, as she did not approve of her having the same one as the Queen. "So like her!" exclaimed Cecilia Locke impatiently. On the other hand, she was irritated by her Aunt, Lady Lucy Foley, for being ardently *pro Regina*. The years had not deadened Lady Lucy's passion for lost causes, and now, after having vanished from our sight since the Irish Rebellion twenty years before, she reappears full of fighting spirit.

Nov. 9th, 1820

"Uncle George said he had seen Aunt Lucy's name in the paper as one of those who had visited the Queen; we all said it must be a mistake as she was in Wales. But the other day she wrote to Aunt Augusta saying she had asked Keppel Craven to put her name down at the Queen's door as she 'thought it *her duty* to testify as much as she was able the very high esteem and veneration she felt for her character! She is fit only for a straight waistcoat.' . . . Aunt Lucy is coming to town . . . she is *quite mad*

* The Locke girls had nicknamed their grandfather "the Fatual."

about the Queen. . . . Aunt Lucy has proposed to Aunt Augusta to go to Paris together adding ' You won't object, dear Augusta, to my wearing a large white *cocarde* for the Queen.' "

If Lady Lucy Foley was to be considered mad on this account most of the British public was also demented, for white cockades were being worn all over London as testimonies of faith in the Queen's innocence. When Mrs. Lock's maidservants attended a concert of religious music held at the " Green Man " at Blackheath, they reported on their return that most of the ladies had large white bows in their hair, supposed to be for the Queen. Cecilia, " to amuse our loved Emmy," quoted verses published in the *Chronicle*,

> To end all party spleen,
> To give to none offence,
> Let's say that England's Queen
> Is quite pure in-no-sense.

and repeated one of the many jokes going round the country : that the Queen was willing to give up fifty thousand pounds a year for *half a crown*. The Locke girls did not realise the sufferings of the ugly, ridiculous and lonely woman, who was fighting desperately to reach her rightful place beside her husband on the throne of England.

The story of the famous Trial in the House of Lords and how Lord Liverpool saw himself obliged to withdraw the spiteful Bill of Degradation in which it was attempted to deprive the Queen of her title, is too well known to repeat.

The streets of London were filled with a riotous mob that smashed the windows of those known to be partisans of the King and forced the occupants of smart carriages to shout " God save the Queen." Men who refused to take off their hats when the Queen was cheered ran serious danger of being lynched. " The state of the Town is beyond everything," said Creevey on 10th November. Cecilia Locke was also in London on that day and wrote to her mother : " it was a wonderful event ! " But she referred to the fact that Uncle John had finally lent her the carriage to go to town and see her doctor ! " Aunt Amelia did *not dare* offer to take Lucy lest *too much weight should kill the horses.*" After which she reverted to the topic of the hour. " It was the day on which Lord Liverpool *withdrew* the Bill. You will have heard ere you get this, probably, that the Bill *was* carried by a majority of 9,* in spite of Brougham and Denman, but on the day of this event the people fancied, and still fancy, that the Queen had ' won the day ' because

* As a matter of fact the majority was 28.

Lord Liverpool withdrew the Bill and the joy and delight which still prevails is beyond all description. The Queen who had been to the House *and played Backgammon as usual*, passed by Pall Mall when I was there at Mr. Angerstein's. I contrived to get to the window. We did not then know the decision of the House but we were struck by the joyous visages of her footmen and the exclamations of triumph from the mob who all laughed, and so did the footmen, and pointed at something. We afterwards heard it was at Carlton House and that the poor King is always stationed behind a muslin curtain to see the Queen return from the House ! This was what they all enjoyed and laughed at, they thinking *her* acquitted. All the stage coaches are decorated with white flags and the horses with white ribbons and so are most of the people and the children. The bells of every church have been ringing ever since and there are to be illuminations, bonfires, etc., in short it is impossible to persuade the people that her triumph and acquittal are not complete.

" . . . Everyone seems happy and contented as if they had gained their point, when in fact those who did not approve of the Bill have *not*, as it *was* passed ! "

Lucy added a postscriptum to her sister's letter :

" All England is madder than ever about the Queen and no power can make them believe that she has not been acquitted as Brougham the moment Lord Liverpool *withdrew* the Bill rushed out and told the people assembled in the Palace yard that she *was*."

London continued to be in an uproar of excitement for days. On 16th November Cecilia wrote again : " *Our* joy on the Queen's account is not *yet* subdued. Last night *all* the witnesses against her were burnt in effigy —fireworks were let off till 11 at night ! You would have thought there was an engagement on the Heath from the report of gunpowder which continued for hours. Greenwich Hospital was illuminated and some nights ago the Mob set on fire and completely gutted the houses of the editors of the *New Times* and *Courier*. Not much harm has been done otherwise. The Lord Mayor illuminated the Mansion House, and one day that there was a disturbance feared and the Life Guards ordered out he prevented their passing thro' the city and turned them back, which you know he may always do. . . ."

Nov. 23rd, 1820

" *Our lovely Caroline* is going next Wednesday to return thanks at St. Paul's for her deliverance from her enemies. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen

are to meet her in procession, it is expected to make much disturbance and all the shopkeepers are sworn special constables."

" Dec. 10th. There is no news from town except that the Common Council have been up with an address to the King, humbly craving that he will dismiss his *Evil Councillors*. There has been one also from Cambridge of condolence to the King : I suppose on his being forced to keep his wife. Lyons writes me word she thinks it very hard they should continue so spiteful to the poor Queen : that they won't give her a Palace to live in ! "

" Dec. 18, 1820. I hear that *our lovely Caroline* is likely to die soon and so end all disputes. The Doctor who attends her says that from her enormous size she must be dropsical and the air of England decidedly disagrees with her. She has affronted some of her friends by saying in answer to one of the addresses : ' she will make the sacrifice of remaining in England if her people wish it.' Johnny does not like it to be called a *sacrifice* to stay in *Old England*. The King, for fear of being like her, is grown very thin, I hear."

" 17th Jan. There is a Ministerial Pamphlet come out in which poor Uncle Henry's (Fitzgerald) name is mentioned at full length and in which he is very roughly handled, his intimacy with the Queen spoken of in the most abusive and shameful manner. I have of course not seen it but Uncle John said it was infamous. It is thought *very clever* by the Government party."

" Feb. 5th, 1821. The King has refused the private entrance of Carlton House to the Duke of Gloucester and Prince Leopold. At the last Levee they were turned back and told to go in at the public door. The Queen refuses £50,000 a year unless her name is reinstated in the Liturgy. The King's letter was much laughed at, and no one gives him credit for his *delicate attention* to the Queen : of excluding her name *before* her trial, to prevent her being mortified by its being done after her condemnation, and to reserve him the pleasure of re-instating her if acquitted ! "

On 18th February, 1821, Cecilia wrote : " Poor Mrs. Brougham has been attacked in the most ungentlemanlike manner by ' John Bull,' a personage who takes away the character of every woman who has ever visited the Queen. I am glad he is being prosecuted for a libel and aspersion of poor Lady Caroline Wrottesley, who has been *dead three years* and who was a pattern for wives. ' John Bull ' first says she has visited the Queen, then says she has been detected in an intrigue with her Footman ! so horrid and *all false*.

" Sir George Martin was at the Pavilion the other day, the King very gracious, singing 5 airs with the Miss Liddles ! Duets, and quartettes, accompanied by Cramer. He has lost three stone in weight so that the

'Family Blister,' as he calls the Queen in his letter to his People, has done him some good. He asks his People in his newly published letter why they should wish to 'force on a *loathing* Husband an equally *loathing* wife' —word for word! It is very clever and certainly explains part of his conduct by proving how Bad she was before she married him!"

The trial of Queen Caroline was the only event outside their own restricted lives that interested the Locke girls, though they were thankful to hear in February, 1821, that peace was now assured, having spent their girlhood under the shadow of the Napoleonic Wars. Cecilia's words would be welcome nowadays. "What a blessing it is that all thoughts of war are quite over and that the Ministers have declared their intention of not meddling in the affairs of the Continent. It was most alarming when there seemed the certainty of war, for when once it begins there is no knowing where it may end."

In April a tragedy darkened their family life: little Henry Angerstein was drowned at Eton, and Mrs. Lock went immediately to her broken-hearted daughter at Woodlands. The eldest Angerstein son, Julius, came for the funeral and met the Locke girls. He was already giving trouble by his wildness and debts. Handsome William Locke, now twenty years old, arrived too: he had not seen his cousin Julius for years. "Their meeting was delightful," wrote Cecilia; "they quite seemed to forget they were no longer children and embraced for *an hour*. William called for me yesterday morning in his Tilbury and took me to church. Afterwards we all went to Uncle George's dear little abode and I walked round his garden with my two supporters, both of them dearer and more attentive to me than anything ever was. The only dispute is they always want to carry me; between them they never would let me put a foot on the ground if I did not remonstrate."

Soon after this Julius Angerstein, who added unpunctuality to his other shortcomings, did not turn up at the King's Levee. His mother begged her old friend Sir Thomas Lawrence to obtain His Majesty's forgiveness for her son as he was painting the King's portrait at the time and saw him daily.

Russel Square,
24th Sept., 1821. Sunday Evening.

"My dear Madam,

"I found a fit opportunity to explain to His Majesty the cause of Mr. Julius Angerstein not presenting himself at the Levee, till it was

unfortunately too late. The King expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and hoped to see him at the next. It appeared to me that if the Crime had been of still more atrocious dye, it would have found a ready pardon, from His Majesty's Respect for the Mother of the said Mr. Julius, and his warm regard for his Grandfather ; of whom he spoke in the most affectionate terms ; if such expressions as ' I love Mr. Angerstein ' may be allowed to have that character.

" Now comes the unpleasant part of my Letter, viz. : that I fear I shall be prevented from dining at Woodlands to-morrow. The Duke of York sits to me in the Morning, and after him (an appointment made in the presence of His Majesty) Lady Elizabeth Cunningham. She comes at Two but is not usually punctual to the hour. Now if I could bribe Mr. Angerstein's cook to delay dinner a quarter of an hour, and gain over his Clocks to the Conspiracy, I might possibly keep my appointment with the Lady, and yet enjoy the company of my kind Friends.

" Will you, my dear Madam, assist me and be *chief* Conspirator in the Project ? As it is now however too late to wait for your answer to decide me, I will trust my fortune and take my chance of coming in for the Soup or for that stage of the dessert that may preserve to me my rightful and long established Station at the Dining Room Door."

It was months before poor Cecilia's knee got well. " The health of this lovely and precious creature is not only unimpaired, but she is grown so fat that everyone is struck with it," wrote Amelia Angerstein to Mrs. Charles Locke, wishing to please her ; " and with that sweet pink in her cheeks which she never fails to have when in good health. To express my admiration of the patience and uncomplaining sweetness with which she bears a confinement so trying to a creature of her age would be truly impossible, and her merit is still greater as we know her spirits are not naturally high."

In spite of all their cheerfulness, the girls longed for news of their mother and only lived for the moment of her return. Postage was enormously expensive, some letters costing as much as 2*s.* 4*d.* each, and the girls' correspondence with Italy came to as much as eleven shillings a week, a huge sum for those days. " Postage is our ruin, but I would rather sell my shift than not hear from you regularly," wrote Cecilia passionately to her mother. Though space was so precious, they would repeat over and over again the same terms of affection, adding " dearest " to every family name they mentioned and then becoming aghast when they found there was no room left on the paper for a last item of news.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Charles Locke was settled in the Viry house at Genoa. At first all was well : " Emmy very, very happy " at seeing her mother, but she had lost a good deal of her looks and seemed years older ; she had chipped one of her pretty teeth and had not taken the trouble to have it filed. Mrs. Locke begged her other daughters not to neglect themselves and always to remember that " my face is my fortune " was *their* motto too. Count de Viry was " in high good humour and all on his best behaviour," to the surprise of his wife who had not seen him in this mood for a long time. " He is now very endurable as he always is when left to *me*," wrote Mrs. Locke, still nursing some illusions, for the good humour Giorgio de Viry displayed at the beginning of her visit wore off very quickly. Making all allowances for the time-honoured antagonism between a man and his mother-in-law, it is impossible to understand why he was so cruel to his pretty, gentle young wife, who gave birth to a son a few days after Mrs. Locke's arrival.

Life in the dismal Genoese Palazzo must have been desperately uncomfortable. It was a hard winter and Emily's room was unheated ; as soon as she was strong enough to leave her bed she sat for hours in the nursery, where there was a small fire, and she could get away from her husband. It rained ceaselessly, and in three weeks they were only able to go out twice.

When Mrs. Locke realised the situation she was miserable. " Emmy, sweet soul, is grown careless of her appearance and has a look of sadness that is very affecting. His gloom and temper are dreadful, they cast such a cloud over everything. I try all I can, but it quite knocks me up at times. He has taken up such a surly, commanding tone towards her and indeed towards *me* too, that it is as if he regarded us as his common sailors or indeed the *galley slaves*. Emily trembles in his presence and to avoid argument or reproof *never opens her lips before him* so you may guess how agreeable our society is, and if we talk to each other and try to bring him in he answers by ' yes ' or ' no,' or else gets up and leaves the room. You would think to see them together that Emily was some criminal just tolerated for the sake of *charity*, and this while she is doing everything amiable and perfect, and denying herself *everything* in order to pay his expenses. Not only she pays *all* the housekeeping but servants' wages, washing, fire, light, he never gives her *one* penny, on the contrary, borrows her money and never repays her."

The poor mother's letters made sad reading.

" Alas, Viry is worse than ever ; while he lives I am more and more

persuaded there is neither peace nor happiness in this world for Emmy, it is the result of my daily experience of his odious disposition, to complete all he is now laid up with the gout in his feet, brought out, I fancy, by the total inactivity of his life, for he never stirs from the house. He takes his station in an armchair by the side of the fire after breakfast, and—except to go to dinner—there he remains till he goes to bed. Then my day and Emmy's begins ; we can freely talk, laugh and let ourselves go to the enjoyment of each other's society, for before him it is impossible. He looks at Emmy as if he would murder her if she seems gay or happy for a moment and *insists* upon her going up to bed by a quarter past ten, so that we seldom have an hour to ourselves. When I am not there her maid tells me she is never seen to smile and always appears bowed down with melancholy. Even her children he perverts into subjects of distress to her instead of consolation and pleasure. Nina he crams till she is ill and if the child don't kiss him all day long and say twenty times in a breath : 'I love you very much, dear Papa,' he scolds and threatens to beat her, says he will give her to the black man and put her in the black hole, so that the child—nervous and delicate—is almost in fits. If Emmy is five minutes out of the way when the baby wants to suck he threatens to send it to his mother to be nursed in Savoy, and you know what a tender mother and nurse she is ! I am very unhappy, for when I again leave this poor creature to what fate do I resign her ! He tells those to whom he confides that while he lives she is never to set her foot in England, that he has taken *an oath* she never shall. I pray this is too horrid to be true, but the very idea chills me with terror."

In all this wretchedness little Nina de Viry, now two years old, was a solitary ray of sunshine. When Mrs. Locke arrived in Genoa she found the child dirty, unhealthy, and incredibly spoilt. She undertook to improve her, and waited till she had something nice to say before mentioning Nina to her other daughters. Soon in all her letters came anecdotes of the little child who had crept into her heart. " Her sense and intelligence are something alarming : she understands everything and is more like a little girl of seven than two. She reminds me much of Edward (Fitzgerald) at her age. She has exactly Emmy's peculiar upright walk and goes on tiptoes as she used to, but she is a great coward and has not Emmy's hardihood that used so to terrify dear Grandmamma. When she does anything she knows she should not, she denounces herself severely. 'See what Nina done ! oh Nina, Nina, sad girl ! ' And so on till one *dies* of laughing and then she knows she won't be scolded."

Every evening Mrs. Locke would go in secret to the nursery and put Nina to sleep with the " ninna nanna " songs beloved of all Italian babies for centuries, for Conte di Viry had become fiercely jealous of their affection. She tried pathetically to conceal her interest in her grandchild. " I hear her dear voice calling me all over the house when very often I am hiding from her. Think of our poor dearest Emmy saying she wishes nothing so much as that I should take the angelic child with me when I go. I exclaimed : ' Impossible ! ' when she movingly answered : ' Yes, indeed I do, for then I could hope to return to England some day.' It was too much for me, and I now cry as I write it. She says before I came he was a thousand times *worse* and that she can never say what her life is when left alone with him. My dearest girls, do not think your mother unkind when she counts every hour of delay in quitting this poor creature as a blessing gained."

To give her daughter a little pleasure Mrs. Charles arranged to share a box at the opera with her. " Emily enjoys the thought of it so much, poor dear ; it will cost us a hundred francs each and will last three months." " We have the Spanish Consul's old box upstairs over the orchestra, very large and good. If you remember our early *zénésé* days we used to go there and dance after tea ; the cortes have reduced all payments to employés, so poor Beramendi can no longer ' *far figura* ' and I have gained an opera box by the Spanish Radicals, so you see I shall like and approve of the Radical system more than ever and *even* Cissy, could she hear Rossini's *Mosè*, would like at least that there should be Radicals in Spain ! "

The opera did not make the Conte de Viry better tempered.

" The fact is we don't see *anybody*. *He* has contrived by his churlish manner to drive away every soul from the house and the Opera Box, where he sits in front stuffed between Emily and me from the moment we enter till we leave, and this has given so much offence to many that they have left off coming to the box. If he don't do this he won't let Emily go, so I submit rather than not have her at all, but we have little pleasure except to listen to the music, for in sitting between us he even prevents our talking together. At balls the same, if she dances he is *furious* and he makes her go home at eleven so that she don't care any more about them. I have only been to one ball with the poor dear who unfortunately waltzed with that goodlooking young Wellesley, which made *him* so cross he would not speak to either of us for three days."

As if Emily had not sufficient to crush her, Mr. Ogilvie contributed another blow.

" Think of my father writing to Viry to say that *now* his wife had two children he hoped her domestic duties would sufficiently employ her to keep her from letter writing ! He adds ' her correspondence with her mother alone must have cost her 600 francs in the last few months, and if I find such *idle habits* persevered in I shall withdraw my allowance to her to bestow my money where it is really wanted.' Did you ever hear of anything one half so unfeeling or cruel ? Poor dear, it made her *cry* all yesterday : guess whether I was annoyed, because at least he might have written it to herself and not to *him* of all People, but there is a *malice* in it that is quite horrid and makes one shudder. It seems the same spirit of persecution with which he followed your poor father, now transmitted to his unoffending child ! . . . I find he is coming to Nice to join Aunt Beau, I had rather he was farther off but must hope for the best."

At the end of January a scandal took place that convulsed the whole town. Lady Oxford and her four daughters were spending the winter in Genoa ; shining lights of the British colony. The Harley and the Locke girls had become friends in Florence over five years before, when they took part in theatricals together at Lord Burghersh's house, and Mrs. Locke's pen positively shook when she wrote to her daughters in England about what had occurred.

" Lady Charlotte Harley is gone off with Mr. Aston, who, you know, is a married man, and never can marry her : the unfortunate creature, they say, is with child by him ! I tremble while I write such a horror, but you will hear it from other quarters so I would rather be the first to tell you, knowing how much it will shock you. But what can be said of *the Mother* who, knowing such an attachment subsisted, allowed her daughter not only to *see* him, but had him *living* in her House under the same roof, and then to render the thing more indelicate has taken that sweet, beautiful, young Fanny, who is sixteen, with her to run after the lovers ! All Genoa is up in arms as you may think, and I am ashamed to look anyone in the face after an *English family* has brought such *disgrace* upon the name of *English !* "

Cecilia and Lucy Locke, in the chaste seclusion of Eliot Vale, were suitably horrified. " I received your letter at dinner and it turned me quite faint," wrote the elder girl ; " what a hard-hearted *villain* that Aston must be ! "

The scandal took a new development, and Emily de Viry wrote the sequel to her sisters. " Before Lady Oxford left in pursuit of the couple she sent to the Police to desire an order from the Governor for *arresting them.* This was given and also *carabinieri* (in case of its being resisted), who were to

bring them back forcibly to Genoa. The courier and *carabinieri* came up with them at Alessandria and brought them back to Novi where they found Lady Oxford and Fanny, they all returned here. On the road Mr. Aston was taken dreadfully ill and arrived in strong convulsions, Lady Oxford took him *home* to her own house. Scapi was sent for and ordered emetics ; very much alarmed he desired he should be blooded, and declared Mr. Aston was poisoned. He was easier and fell asleep when Scapi left him for a couple of hours. During Scapi's absence Mr. Aston woke and got at the medicine chest ; it is supposed that he took two ounces of opium, for when the doctor returned he found him again in convulsions, and at 12 at night he expired in great agony. Scapi says he poisoned himself with opium and must have taken the first dose at Novi after they were stopped. Poor Lady Charlotte was in a dreadful state and could not be got away from the body. Lady Oxford went on her knees to her and told her she would forgive her if she would only go to her own room, and Lady Charlotte answered : ' What is your forgiveness to me ? look at what you have done ! ' pointing to poor Mr. Aston's corpse. What on earth is to become of her, poor lost creature, for Mr. Aston has put it out of his power ever to make her amends ? To complete the whole a letter arrived the day after his death saying that his wife is dying of a consumption in Paris : you know he had tried in vain to be divorced from her. He has two little children, a girl and a boy, with his sister in England. Before Lady Charlotte eloped with Mr. Aston she wrote to Fanny saying she went because she had done what she could never hope pardon for, and that henceforth her only idea was making *him* as happy as possible by never separating from him. You may imagine all that *Genoese* scandal adds to this ! Oh, that it should have happened here of all places in the world, and *here* Lady Oxford intends remaining ! Unfortunately all the particulars have been made public by her applying to the Police ; I am sorry to say that all the English here unite in saying that by so publishing the affair she hoped to gain immense damages from Mr. Aston by making it appear that he forcibly carried off her daughter. Lady Fanny's presence of mind on the journey they say was astonishing. Lady Anne has been dreadfully shocked, Lady Jane thinks of nothing but her mother."

A few days later Mrs. Locke sent further details. " Lady Charlotte Harley has put on *widow's mourning*, she won't see Lady Ponsonby or *anyone* for a year, she says. Lady Oxford and all the girls have put on mourning too, and they assisted at the funeral service which was read at their house. Lady Charlotte supports herself wonderfully, poor thing, from an idea that

the better she bears her misfortune the less *his* punishment will be hereafter, and that if his crime makes her live a better life and become more religious that perhaps it may be remitted altogether. *Lord Ponsonby says it is quite shocking to hear the manner in which she speaks, which shows that Lady Oxford has quite corrupted her mind.* The only crime in her eyes consists in his putting an end to his existence and leaving her to be so unhappy without him ; she thinks his seducing her *no crime* and calls it all *worldy nonsense ;* she repeats that he should have had the strength of mind to brave the prejudices of the world ! "

Tender-hearted Lucy grieved over the fate of her friend, who was only twenty years old. " How little did we think when we saw her at fourteen acting tragedy so beautifully, that soon she was to act her part—and in how dreadful a manner—in a real tragedy ! I have her tone, look and action before me, and can fancy her making that speech to her mother over the man's body."

We hear no more about this scandal or of what eventually became of Lady Charlotte. Emily had to struggle with her own sorrows. Mr. Ogilvie was now at Nice with Mrs. Beauclerk, but his nearness did not bring any comfort. Mrs. Charles was not on particularly good terms with her sister at this time. No doubt when famous beauties realise that their physical charms are waning, it frays their tempers, and Mimi's looks had vanished for good. " I called on Queen Beau to-day," wrote Lady Granville in 1817 ; " she is grown immense and ugly, curls her nose and *grassayes* more than ever."

Mr. Ogilvie was very well off, having inherited the lion's share of the Duchess of Leinster's fortune, therefore he had the whip hand over his family and knew it. He finally arranged to give the unfortunate Emily some assistance, but he did it " in the most disagreeable manner possible," after she had written to him twenty times and eventually appealed to Aunt Beau. Mr. Ogilvie declared that the help he gave his granddaughter was *conditional*, she was to break herself of the idle habit she had contracted of so closely corresponding with her mother and sisters, he expected an end to such folly, and that a letter once a month or once in six weeks would prove her good sense in attending to his advice. These harsh words were written at the moment when Emily's heart was breaking at the prospect of parting from her mother.

The worst of the winter was already over. " We have at last the old Genoa weather you remember. The garden on the Ramparts to which

we go every day is full of double violets, narcissus and white hyacinths, quite a nosegay, and we go and sit there for hours while Nina plays about. She is the most complete little actress you ever saw and when she says ' *no*,' does it with her finger in the way so peculiar to Italians. Our poor Emmy is very low as the time draws near of my quitting her, for by the beginning of next month I must be thinking of going to Nice, or my *Fatal Dad* will be off without me, which would indeed be fatal to my pockets. April will be far advanced before we reach Chester Street."

Mrs. Charles Locke had decided to join her father and travel back to England with him, not precisely for the pleasure of his company, but to secure a free journey in his chaise. " Aunt Beau," who had been unsatisfactory for some time, suddenly changed for the better and suggested that the Virys, together with their children, should also come to Nice and stay there as her guests for a while. " Mimi has answered for the whole plan not costing them a penny," wrote Mrs. Charles, " but unfortunately my Father, who never himself yields to any scheme of mere pleasure, said in his usual *malencontreux* style that he wished to see Emmy in order to hear from herself a true statement of their affairs ! He thought, by throwing out the unlucky hint of *business*, to preserve his character for gravity and give a plausible motive for *a journey :* a thing he always deprecates. At this Viry's usually suspicious temper took alarm and he immediately settled in his own mind it was some *plan of mine*, in order to make Mr. Ogilvie ' dictate terms ' to him ! I really thought he would go *mad*, and indeed I wonder I talk of his *going* mad for, more than ever, am I persuaded that he actually is so. He said some dreadful things to me and in every way sought to aggravate the already sufficiently sad hours of separation. Oh, my dear children, he has an evil spirit ! May God have mercy on his soul and pardon him all the past, present and future misery he has planned for me ! He told me he has sworn to God and might His heaviest curse light upon his head if he broke his oath, that his children should never quit the country ; that at seven years old Nina was to be removed from her Mother's care and placed in the convent where his sisters now are, and that he had made a will in which he named two Executors he could rely upon to see these, his dearest wishes and most firm resolves, carried into effect. He was in no passion, he spoke smilingly even, and said : ' It is best you should know this in time. I do all according to my conscience and don't care what all the world can say or think of me. As for Emily she is free, she may go where she will and when she will, but the day she quits my roof is *the last* on which she

sees her children.' My dear girls, my heart is sick as I repeat all these horrors and there was *nothing* to bring on such horrid explanations. The plan of Emily's going to Nice originated with my sister who you know loves *an arrangement* and in this case had made a very kind and considerate one . . . she and her girls would keep up poor Emmy's spirits, while I should have the comfort of leaving her among kind hearts and merry faces."

But thanks to the political situation Emily managed to get to Nice with her mother after all. The Revolution which caused Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, to abdicate, was manifested by fierce fighting and tumults in the streets of Genoa. Mr. Upton, a friend of the Lock family,* turned up in the nick of time with his " sailing pleasure vessel " and after some adventures and a few lucky escapes brought away Count and Countess de Viry, their two children and Mrs. Charles Locke, landing them safely at Nice. It was the dawn of Italy's independence : a few years later the *Risorgimento*, with Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour as leaders, would rouse the whole country to throw off foreign rule. Meanwhile Austrian troops had marched into Lombardy, and the Locke girls at Eliot Vale were wild with excitement.

" The accounts are so contradictory there is no knowing the truth. Everyone here is mad for Italy, Mr. Ward made a very fine speech in which he asks the Ministers what good a twenty-two years war has done to us if our word is not *a law* on the Continent," wrote Lucy, and Cecilia added her say : " Any change in a country where all our dearest interests lie divides us so between hopes and fears that I hardly know what I write. There never was anything to equal the sensation all this has produced in England. Poor dear Italy ! I fear there is no chance of their being emancipated from those hordes of Goths ; it will be a second invasion of the Barbarians. It is really *too* cruel—what can Italy do against millions which will be poured against them ? There is no chance of *our* going to war, praised be God."

Emily de Viry was enchanted at having got away from Genoa and the turmoil of the political situation did not perturb her. She settled happily at Nice for an indefinitely long stay in the pleasant company of her aunt and cousins. " Our dearest Mama leaves to-morrow with *your dear*," she wrote to her sisters, on 2nd April. " The Genoa affairs flurried her a great deal, dear Angel, as she had a horror of leaving me there and lived in an agony for three days until we were off. Nothing was ever so fortunate as Upton being in Genoa at the moment, for we never should have been allowed to come away but with an English flag. We are delighted with

* He was a grandson of the Lady Templetown of the old Norbury days.

Upton—he is like one of our own family, all his ideas and tastes are the same, quite dear old Lady Templetown's grandson. Monsieur de Viry has gone with General Venançon bearing despatches to *Carlo Felice*. Think of my luck at being left quietly here ! I trust I shall remain for some time, I have an idea we shall not return to Genoa in a hurry."

Mrs. Charles added a postscript : " Let us bless God for our safety and especially for His having given me the means of getting my beloved Emily and her babes out of that terrifying Genoa, and next for my having the comfort of leaving her *alone* with Aunt Beau, who makes me forget all her past behaviour by her present kindness. *He*, thank God, is off ! and should anything unpleasant occur here Emily and her babes will fare like the rest of *the English* and get away with them. Thus is my heart lightened of its heaviest load. I leave our Emmy in improved health and with her Aunt and cousins who are fond of her and cheerful companions. Viry is full of plans of *aggrandizement* in which my Father encourages him ; he is to be Admiral and Commander-in-Chief, Lord of the Land in short. Money and rank are to pour in, Emily is to be greater and richer than anyone was before. *Tant mieux*, these are innocent visions, at least, and occupy two active minds that might turn to more mischievous objects."

Mrs. Charles Locke wrote a cheerful account of their journey and declared she found " French rural manners and modes of life, interesting in the greatest degree from their being in such a state of improvement and amendment in every way since the revolution. I am charmed with all I see of France." Mr. Ogilvie was at his best, " kinder than anything ever was," and his daughter, easily touched by affection, was immediately ready to forget all past disagreements. " He is really goodnaturedly anxious to get to England on my account." Finally, on the evening of 22nd April their vehicle rumbled over the cobblestones of Paris. " I sat, so tired, nearly two hours in the chaise while my poor Father hunted on foot from Hotel to Hotel for a lodging, every place being filled by Deputies, etc., come for the Baptism of the young Prince on the 1st of May. At last we got into good rooms near our old quarters in Rue St. Honoré, but, oh, that it was in Chester Street."

Meanwhile, a taste of Paris was not to be despised. The Henry Fitzgeralds were now living there. Henrietta de Ros, their daughter, was in very good looks and had been to twenty-eight balls. Mrs. Locke had seen Lord Bristol, dearer than ever ; the heat in Paris was so great they were expiring ; as for the fashions, the waists were no longer than in October,

bonnets rather square, but the dearest girls would have a pattern of everything : nothing ever was so gay as Paris, and the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, heir to the throne of France, born some months after the assassination of his father the Duke of Berry, had been greeted by the population with delirious excitement. While all the festivities for his christening were taking place, no one foresaw that a few years later King Charles X and his little grandson would be flying for their lives before the French mob.

Planning finery for her girls took up a good deal of Mrs. Locke's time. " I can buy so little I must make it all tell. I am getting many useful odd things that one don't get in England and that are cheap and pretty here. I bought you some beautiful Leghorn hats at Nice, and I am having them cut and trimmed by a modiste ; I have got you morning gowns in *Gros de Naples couleur tourterelle* which is *the* colour, very pretty and quiet looking, different from any you have yet had." But an ominous cloud was now casting its dark shadow over Mrs. Locke, for on this journey she developed the first symptoms of the fatal illness, cancer of the breast, to which she was eventually to succumb. She did not mention her ill health to her daughters till she reached Paris and could consult a doctor.

" My heart's treasures, my dear loves, when far from advice and suffering as I then was, I did not dare tell you of this complaint. It has been the cause of all our delays, and far from blaming your Grandpapa you must be most grateful to him for his patience and extreme care which perhaps saved my life. I never did meet with anything like it, he really, poor soul, seems at this moment to have but one thought on earth and that is my health. Pray, my Cissy, write him a line and say how truly I feel all his attention, paternal care and affection."

On 15th May Mr. Ogilvie and his suffering daughter left Paris on the road to Calais, and finally Mrs. Locke was reunited to her girls who were waiting for her in Chester Street. She arrived in a London that was soon to be seething with the excitement of George IV's coronation, when Queen Caroline would be turned away from the entrance to Westminster Abbey by the police.

XXVIII

YEARS OF BEREAVEMENT

1821–1824

TO live alone in Nice, without the terrifying presence of her husband, was heaven to Emily de Viry : it even reconciled her to Mrs. Charles Locke's departure. " It had become quite necessary for you to go," she wrote to her mother on 21st April, 1821, " your mind and your health had been too much affected in that horrid Genoa. Now you will have the delight of dear Cecilia's reason and darling Pussy's gaiety to support and vivify you, for I don't deceive myself : I know I am a very bad companion. My own spirits are not naturally high and *his* constant ill temper depresses me beyond measure of expression. Those black looks put it out of my power to wish for anything or attempt anything for fear of incurring them."

The relief now completely transformed her. " I feel so light since *his* departure, you would hardly know me again. To be allowed the quiet enjoyment of my babies is such a blessing, and to be able to come and go, talk and laugh with whom I please, without ever thinking about it, is a degree of luxury I can give you no idea of."

There was a British Colony in Nice that brought a breath of home ; Lady Bute and Lady Guilford (the two Coutts sisters who had been her mother's friends when they were all girls), Lord and Lady Leitrim, the Mr. Upton who had rescued her from Genoa, " whom I see a great deal of and quite delight in." There was a family of Montagues whom she cared for less, " the most *complete* young ladies, reclining on sophas with their shoulders bare." The Montague brother was musical but slow witted. On receiving an invitation from the Nice Philharmonic Society for one of their concerts he went there on the assumption that he had been asked to take part in the performance. He walked up to the orchestra and seized the violincello—the musician to whom it belonged was too astonished to expostulate—so young Mr. Montague played his part in the concerto at first sight, not in the least aware of the situation, and was eventually thanked by the Directors

of the concert—whether in sarcasm we cannot know—for having contributed to the evening's amusement. Emily considered him a great joke.

" He chooses to think that because a lady here talked and laughed with him that she was encouraging him to make love to her, though she was on the point of being married to another, and it seems he behaved extremely improperly. He said to me : ' Oh dear, I must tell you, I never was so surprised in my life. I was always told that if an Italian woman allowed you to speak to her it was for the purpose of making love to her. I therefore proceeded upon my information and found I was all wrong.' I must say I was rather gratified, for Englishmen are very conceited with foreign women."

Emily went to a party given by the Governor. " Never, no never, can I give you an idea of the figures that arrived in his drawing room, for he had asked *all* the foreigners that are here. Mr. Mildmay, to whom I expressed my surprise and dismay at the samples of our countrywomen, seemed quite astonished and rather offended, *he* thought there were some very fine girls and handsome women. So there were, but one woman wore a *Plaid Turban* of silk, and a scarf of the same material put over one shoulder and under the other arm ; waists between their shoulders and petticoats above their knees disfigured many pretty figures, while turbans, high caps or *no hair* distorted many beautiful faces. I was obliged, though provoked, to laugh with the rest, for it was irresistible."

When Aunt Beau and the cousins left to spend the summer at Leghorn, Emily accompanied them to Villefranche and on board the *Cambrian*. Captain Hamilton invited her to dinner, and to keep up her spirits made her take part in an English country dance with him before she went ashore. " . . . anything is acceptable that passes away the parting hour. The *Cambrian* has made me quite a good sailor ; I always feel so happy there, surrounded by Englishmen and hearing English talked on all sides, it gives me quite the feel of being in England." Her husband was now at sea, and she was pathetically anxious to do nothing to annoy him, in hopes that on his return he would relent and take her back to her own country. He had actually spoken of going there in the spring. She spent her time in reading over her sisters' letters, which gave her news of their cousins Julius Angerstein and William Locke. " It reminds me of the happy days we spent all together at dear Norbury, days much too happy to return."

The hot southern summer had come, and Emily enjoyed some dips in the sea. Anything more unlike the bathing on the Côte d'Azure, as we

now know it, cannot be conceived. She would slip off at night with her landlady's daughters, but only when there was no moon, and the son of the house accompanied them so as to keep watch on the beach. She hastened to assure her mother that the darkness prevented the young man distinguishing the bathers.

The life suited her. "I am particularly well; you would be pleased with my good looks, I think, and people flatter me that I pick up a little flesh on my bones, though I fear the arrival of a certain person will banish it. Pray God he may arrive in good humour, but it is my destiny to make him cross, from the impossibility of making believe to be fond of him. Madame de Venançon who knew his character used seriously to advise me to do so, but of all impossibilities it is the greatest."

News from England was always welcome, and she was interested to learn that the unhappy Queen had died, so soon after the Coronation scandal. "I suppose that now the lovely Caroline is no more the King will marry again. I see that many people seem to think she was poisoned, but I can hardly think *that*, because they would then have done it a year ago instead of waiting till now when she was so completely sunk and overpowered. I see by the papers that the King is in high glee in Ireland, drinking whisky punch to the health of his good Irish subjects." She had been thankful to hear that her cousin William Locke would not be on duty with his regiment on the day of the funeral. "I never can tell you what a comfort this was to me: to think that the Mob did not see his lovely face employed in contradiction to their wishes."

His long absence at sea brought Viry to a better frame of mind. He actually wrote to his wife: "You may depend on my doing everything in my power to obtain leave to go to England or anywhere else if our mutual happiness depends on it." Emily, like her mother, was quick to respond to the smallest kindness. "Oh certainly, if anything could ever make me love him again it would be if he gave me the happiness of finding myself among my friends in my own country, and I own this is the first time since our marriage that I await his arrival with impatience." A little later he repeated this assurance in another letter. And she wrote estatically: "Ah, good heavens! is it possible? Listen then, if I can write, but my hands shake so. . . . My dearest Mama, my own dear sisters, I shall see you again all together in our own country, with dearest Grandmama! Perhaps I am wrong to give way to these feelings for we have, alas, so often been disappointed. . . ."

On 27th September, 1821, Conte de Viry returned. "I went with Nina in a little gig with a man to drive us, intending to go as far as Menton to meet him, but found him at La Turbie, so we returned here at night and have done nothing but look for houses ever since. I spend my time going up and down stairs. About England: Viry said to me that if I liked the month of *March* or end of *February* he should be very happy to go. He repeats so constantly that the moment he has leave he will go and seems so in earnest that I can't help believing him. In the meantime he is *couleur de rose* and very well: no gout, which is a blessing! On the whole I must be thankful that things wear a more cheerful face than when we parted, and I will still hope that we shall meet ere long in England. Ah, I felt I was wrong when I gave way to joy in my last letter!"

On 10th October Conte de Viry's good humour still held out. "He is for calling on all the English who arrive and tells everyone he is going to England in the spring, a thing he never did before, so that, all put together, I find myself happier with him than I have been since I married. How long it will last I don't know: he has no gout as yet and no other ailments either." What happened later is a mystery, but early in the new year, 1822, Conte de Viry's detestable temper must have blazed up with renewed violence. A torn fragment of a letter remains, in which Emily's despairing cry re-echoes, after a century, still as poignant as on the first day. "I have often said and shall never cease to regret it is not so, that I wish I was a virago, an independent, masculine character, to make myself *dreaded!* In that case he never would have singled me out for the fate I was to bear. But, dearest Mama, I have been led to write on a subject which I had determined never . . . we are assured that a sparrow. . . ."

It is impossible to know what it was all about. Emily's mother wrote to Lady Lucy Foley: "I have brought myself to calmer feelings, I *do forgive* from my soul and pray to the Almighty to open that Person's mind to the conviction that I have done so, as then I hope much of his irritation will subside and my poor child's life will be less unhappy. But when people feel *they* have deeply injured, it is very difficult to persuade them that they are sincerely forgiven. Generous minds will conceive it possible but, alas, we have none such to deal with in the present case. . . ."

On her return to England Mrs. Charles Locke went to Malvern with her two daughters, in the vain quest of a cure, and found a few old friends there, amongst others the Duchess of St. Albans, who had once been an old man's darling, when in her youth she married Mr. Coutts. But the Duchess lived

in an over-heated room that Mrs. Charles Locke could not abide, so Lucy was the one who saw most of her. Young Murray Greville was courting Cissy, and came often to see them. He was only twenty-two, and a good match from the worldly point of view, the son of Louisa, Countess of Mansfield and the Hon. Robert Fulke Greville.

Meanwhile Mrs. Charles felt better and did a little visiting in the neighbourhood. She went to Croome and found it a fine place, laid out by Brown and much improved by the late Lord Coventry. Lord Deerhurst's cottage was also charming, "most comfortably fitted up and a delightful contrast to his father's vast, unfurnished, uncomfortable mansion." But the place she liked best of all was Stoke, where she and her girls stayed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Foley. "I never saw a place so well calculated for enjoyment of a domestic nature. The house is spacious, well furnished and comfortable ; the table served most handsomely and everything in the very best style. The grounds are finely wooded, the park full of deer. Beautiful scenery with the hills in the distance. The lawns near the house thickly inhabited by hares and squirrels, with peacocks and pheasants to enliven them." Next morning she saw more of the place. "After an excellent and plentiful breakfast served in a handsome library we went over the other parts of the house. It is built by Inigo Jones and in his very best manner, solid, lofty, spacious and airy. The Hall is painted in *fresco* and occupies two storeys, with double rows of windows reminding me of those of Italy. The rooms are all handsome and richly fitted up ; the whole is a mansion fit for a Prince."

This fine place was totally destroyed by fire in recent times, and the owner, Mr. Paul Foley, died soon afterwards of grief.

In hopes of finding a cure, Mrs. Charles Locke—applying leeches to her tortured breast—went from Malvern to Cheltenham and then on to Brighton where she often visited Mrs. Fitzherbert and sat chatting pleasantly with her while Lucy rode with her adopted daughter Miss Seymour. William Locke was now quartered in Brighton with his regiment, the 1st Life Guards ; he was a frequent caller at their lodgings and the girls delighted in their cousin's beauty and gaiety. Mrs. Charles James Fox, the widow of the famous politician, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, and Lady Ponsonby formed part of the Locke coterie.

By the beginning of the new year Mrs. Charles and her daughters were back in London, and Cecilia was officially engaged to Robert Greville. They all went to the play in old Mr. Angerstein's box, with William Locke

and Julius Angerstein. The latter was up to his eyes in huge debts that his father could not and his grandfather would not, pay. It is amusing to find that the miserly Mr. Ogilvie sided with the extravagant youth, for reasons best known to himself. "My father says he never heard of such an old rogue as Mr. Angerstein!" wrote Mrs. Charles to her eldest girl. "I am really horrorstruck too; the poor boy cannot live long out of the King's Bench."

The wedding day was fixed, and, oh joy of joys! Count de Viry had really decided to bring his wife to London for the event. Meanwhile the "fatual" Mr. Ogilvie undertook to discuss the settlements with Murray Greville's parents. He found himself thoroughly in his element and wrote triumphantly to Lady Lucy Foley.

33, Bedford Square, Brighton,
January 31, 1822

". . . as it fell on me to settle everything with Lady Mansfield I have received the greatest assistance from her Ladyship's perfect knowledge of business and from the anxiety that Mr. Greville and her Ladyship have shown to do everything for Cecilia that I could propose, always saying that she was worth a great deal more. They are both passionately fond of her as the first young woman in the world, in which I join with them. With a lively, chearfull [*sic*] manner she possesses a steadiness of Principle, a Purity of Mind, a soundness of Judgment and Conduct and a quickness of tact I have never found united in the same person. She always said she would never go into any family that did not receive her kindly. In this she has been gratified beyond her utmost expectations, for, young and old, they all idolize her."

Robert Greville's worldly prospects were very rosy. The estate in Wales was entailed on him and never brought in less than £5,000 a year, and there was other property besides. "All is easy on the money side," wrote Mrs. Charles Locke. "During their lives his parents will allow him £1,000 a year, which with a house rent and tax free, and the run of theirs in town and at Richmond with everything found such as carriages, etc., certainly equals £2,000 and I think is very handsome. He is not extravagant, Cissy very saving, so I have no fears on that head."

Cecilia Locke's wedding must have taken place early in May. "I was unreasonably low at my Cissy's marriage," wrote Mrs. Charles, "and did not like to let it appear, neither could I affect a joy I did not feel. I am an odd creature: all I went through for two years on Emily's account has

altered my nature, but God's mercy is great and I dare flatter myself He who knows the cause will pardon the effect." Emily de Viry was at last with her —an infinite comfort.

Soon after their wedding the young couple went to stay at Kenwood with the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and Cecilia sent Lucy an account of her first visit to those influential members of her husband's family by his mother's former marriage.

" We arrived very late, which was uncomfortable ; all were gone to dress so we were shown to our rooms by the *maitre d'hotel.* The hurry and confusion of having everything to unpack and to get dressed was dreadful, however, thanks to my being able to dress my hair myself we were ready soon after the dinner bell rang. We found a large party below, *waiting !* On my entrance both Lord and Lady Mansfield ran up to me and kissed me. Lord M. took my arm in his and led the way to dinner, placing me by him at the head of the table. We were 15 or 16 in number, and all this rather awful for a shy person, as I did not know any of the company, the family excepted. . . . Of the girls I like Caroline by far the best, her manners are *delightful.* She sang exquisitely yesterday evening. I never heard a finer voice, so perfectly Italian I am sure I should not have known her for an Englishwoman had I only heard her sing.

" This is the most beautiful place, quite a princely abode, and the style of living perfect, so magnificent and yet comfortable at the same time. I was too late for prayers this morning, which Lord Mansfield always reads to the family at a quarter before ten o'clock. I like this custom, especially where there are such thousands of servants : I reckoned twelve men servants waiting at dinner. The house is very large and the grounds appear too beautiful. Pray write to me directly and, *not to give offence,* direct the Honble. Mrs. Greville, which is as Lord Mansfield directs to us. I think it is just as well not to stir up *old feuds,* don't you ? "

Mrs. Charles Locke was struggling to take her last remaining daughter out in the *beau monde* of London, though the hand of death lay heavy upon her. " . . . At Devonshire House the Duke quite attacked me about you," she wrote to Cecilia, " and said he is dying to see Mr. Greville. The music was, as usual, magnificent, but all so late ! To-day I am *done up.*"

At the end of the season she went over to Boulogne with Lucy, Emily de Viry and her babies. Emily was now expecting her third child and Viry was glad to return to Italy, leaving all the worry and expense of his wife's confinement on his mother-in-law's hands. Why Mrs. Charles persisted

in her " passion for migration," as old Mrs. Lock had described it, is difficult to conceive, except on the score of economy.

" . . . We left England three weeks this day and have been settled here—if settled it can be called—upwards of a fortnight, but it has been all *toil* and *worry*. No houses to be had, and we are so many and I have *all* to provide for so that I think and dream of nothing but money. Boulogne is *detestable*, and yet the air is very fine and the sands beautiful *when* you get at them, but we are miles off and I am obliged to have a Neddy to reach them, which I don't do half often enough. We shall be here till after Emily's confinement which she expects may happen any day. She is well, thank God, also the dear babes, and Nina is the delight of my life. . . ."

Meanwhile Cecilia and her husband were drinking the waters at Spa, and from her letters to Lucy it is obvious that complete harmony did not reign between them. Murray went constantly to the Rooms which she thought " foolish, as it throws temptation in the men's way to play at that horrid *Roulette*." She only hoped he would have enough money left to take her to Boulogne as he had promised, but she feared their little plan of a tour up the Rhine would have to be given up because of the expense. " I cannot keep him from making purchases. Imagine my misfortune : he has taken into his head to learn the French horn, of all horrible instruments in the hands of a beginner, and *de plus* extremely expensive to buy, which he has just done."

Emily's boy was born at Boulogne on 23rd August, 1822, and christened Eugène. She had only just recovered her health when her tragic death occurred. No letters on the subject have survived, and oral tradition has preserved two entirely different versions. General Alexander Fortescue, who is Lucy Locke's grandson, told the writer he had always understood that Emily was killed by a fall from her donkey—was it the " Neddy " they rode down to the beach ? Emily de Viry's descendants believe that she met her death by being crushed against a wall by a passing haycart. In either case, her life came to a sudden end when she was only twenty-three, and we can imagine her mother's grief and desolation. To make matters worse, Viry took the children away and put them in charge of his stepmother, and Mrs. Charles Locke was not allowed to have anything more to do with them. In her despair the poor, sick woman, who had followed the children to Paris in October, wrote a desperate appeal to the old Countess de Viry, through her niece Isabelle de Rohan Chabot, proposing to take entire charge of her three grandchildren and promising to bring them herself to Italy whenever

their father wished it. If this was not to be, could she at least have Nina, " the darling child of my heart ? " She would educate her with care, engage a nurse of her religion and settle in France if Count de Viry would not allow her to take the child to England. She would ask nothing for expenses and after her death Nina would share with her own daughters whatever she possessed.

Both these proposals were coldly rejected. Emily's children were taken to Nice by their father and Mrs. Charles Locke followed them there in the winter of 1824. She was now dying. Whether Viry allowed her to see the motherless mites is doubtful. Cecilia and Lucy were with her ; some scribbled notes which she would send to her daughters in the morning reveal that she always tried to make the best of her terrible sufferings. " I have had *much* less pain than usual and consequently more rest, owing to the new blister. Don't it seem an odd recipe for a good night ? "—" I am very so-so to-day. Can you spare me one of *the* precious powders ? I hate to ask you for it and yet know not what to take. . . . "—" I am much better this morning and have slept after fomenting my arm and taking the Black drops, from 2 till 8, thanks to this blessed day of rest my spirits are revived and I again feel the many blessings I am surrounded with : the having such a child as my beloved Cissy to sympathise with me and support me, being the first among the many. God ever bless and reward you, my precious one, for your tender care of your loving and grateful mother."—" Ten thousand thanks, my own dear, for *ever* thinking how to please your Mammy ; your flowers are lovely."

And then the pathetic last lines that her faltering pencil must have traced just before she passed into the great Unknown : " I had some sleep, my dear one, thank you. Not a bad night though not a good one, but quiet, owing to your black drops. . . . "

The curtain now falls on the story of Mrs. Charles Locke and her three daughters. For some years we have known them so intimately. Now there is darkness and silence. Nina and her baby brother who was born at Genoa are totally forgotten. The present Virys descend from Eugène, Emily's third child. He entered the navy of the King of Sardinia and never completely lost touch with his mother's relations, though their lives followed very different roads. As late as 1849 Lady Lucy Foley, now an old woman, wrote to Cecilia Greville : " I lately heard from Madame de Viry, she is going to spend the winter in Paris, I suppose with her parents, and I hope that our dear Eugène will be allowed to get to her at least for a little respite

from the sea service he follows so assiduously. Dear Boy : he is a charming, natural, dear Soul, and so like his lamented Mother ! I wish both you and I could see much of him, for he would be a precious link of the past, a comforting remembrance of affection subsisting after time has worn down the edge of those sorrows."

Mr. Ogilvie outlived his daughter Cecilia, his granddaughter Emily and probably his great granddaughter Nina. Whether these tragedies shook him we cannot tell. He declared himself glad at having got rid of " that worthless Viry," who refused to repay him £50 he had lent him after his wife's death at Boulogne, but it was an ill wind that blew no good and in losing " dear Emily " he was relieved from the expense of providing for her family.

He spent the remaining years of his life at Ardglass, the Irish property left him by the Duchess of Leinster, and was busy to the last indefatigably improving the place.

" I am much engaged in a great Harbour work, running out a pier 3,000 feet, in 25 feet of water with a rise of 22. I am sorry that I undertook it at so late a period of life, it distresses me in every way. If I were sure of succeeding I could bear all, but I am not sure of ending till next winter is over."

In 1832 Mr. Ogilvie was ninety years old and his gigantic task was still incomplete. " I have been urging on my great work in hopes of finishing it this season, but the weather has been very unfavourable and occasioned more trouble and expense."

As far as we are concerned this is the end of Mr. Ogilvie, the penniless Scotch schoolmaster who married a Duchess and became wealthy and honoured.

XXIX

THE TRIBULATIONS OF ELIZABETH AND WILLIAM, CHILDREN OF WILLIAM LOCKE THE SECOND

1821–1829

IT is difficult to trace all the peregrinations of William Locke the Second after he decided to sell Norbury Park and, to his mother's deep grief, went abroad with his " lovely ones." In the autumn of 1820 they were all in Florence, when William often accompanied Mary Berry on her sightseeing expeditions. They visited together an exhibition of modern art at the *Belle Arti* and saw Lawrence's latest work : a portrait of Lord Burghersh's child, in which the artist had " thrust " the mother's head, and they had voted it very like as a portrait but bad as a picture. Mary Berry introduced her friend to Bartolini the sculptor who was executing a vase for the Duke of Devonshire ; they went to his studio to inspect it and also saw his copy of a statue of Venus that William Locke considered very good. Mary Berry thought " it was not possible to pass three hours more delightfully than with these men, so deeply read and with such good taste in the Fine Arts."

Mrs. William Locke was evidently enjoying Florence in a different way, for Emily de Viry heard some gossip about her. " Aunt Beau says that Aunt Elizabeth is found fault with for flirting with a Pole and having him constantly with her : he is a man of very bad character." It is but fair to note this is the only existing allusion to any frailty of Elizabeth Locke's, and is probably untrue. Her conduct was all the more meritorious in the light of her exceptional good looks. Even Norbury Phillips, as a boy, had said : " I think Mrs. Locke is the most beautiful woman in the world."

Bessie Locke had inherited a fair share of her mother's beauty. Her cousins in England were alarmed at the possibility of her marrying a foreigner, and George Beauclerk, who had lately seen her did not reassure them. " George came last night from Florence, he danced with Bessie at Madame d'Albany's the night before he came away. They danced the *Grandpère* which he says is her delight, and they tried to throw down all

the People when they held the handkerchief. There is a handsome Russian making *la cour* to her, I hope he won't succeed."

Leaving his wife and daughter to enjoy the gaieties of Florence, William Locke with his son went on to Rome. "George saw Uncle William and *our* beloved William at Rome. *He* is tired of Italy and longs to get back to England : he returns in less than a month so you will soon see him."

Pretty Bessie, too, was homesick for her own country. She spent a long hot afternoon in August, 1821, writing to her cousin, Lucy Locke.

". . . your last with the description of the Coronation delighted us all, but *la mort de notre pauvre reine* really afflicts me. Poor thing, she has been quite worried to death : that coronation must have killed her. One can't help pitying her sincerely, so ill and so unfortunate. Perhaps it is almost a blessing for her to go, as certainly she had nothing to live for. It is horrible, I do think, the way she has been treated. I wish to hear the particulars of her death from you : we have them, of course, all here, but newspapers never give real truths. The heat is really *too* oppressive and dreadful ; I am now writing stretched out upon my bed stark naked and still dying of the heat, though our apartments are the coolest in Florence, for their size and loftiness. What was perfect misery in the winter is delightful now. I *die* to return to poor dear England and hope sincerely I shall soon. *Addio, mio bene, sono a te per la vita.*"

The third William Locke left his people in Italy and returned to England to take his commission in the army. In November, 1821, we find him a cornet in the 1st Life Guards quartered in Hyde Park Barracks and feeling somewhat lost, as he had lived abroad for so many years. Still in his teens, he had already got into debt. He opened his heart to his cousin Lucy.

"All at Rome are well—they like their house very much and say the comforts of it are very great after a *voiturier* journey, but their letter was crammed full of business and bills, so that they told me not one single word about gaieties. My plans are once more *en l'air* and I think are likely to continue in the same hopeless state for some time. *Le père* has refused my going to Ireland, which is not unlucky as I hear by all accounts that now it would be very foolish till things are more settled there. My going to Italy, I think, seems quite out of the question as I have neither time or money. Now all I wish to know is when you go to Brighton ; as I must go myself it would be such a comfort to be with you instead of wandering on those cliffs quite alone and knowing no one. You can have no idea of the solitary

life I live ; my only joy is some harriers which I bought with another man and go down occasionally to hunt with near Wimbledon and Bushey Park when I can obtain permission."

It was probably to be near their son that the William Lockes returned to London.

Bessie had meanwhile become engaged to an Irish peer, the 3rd Lord Wallscourt, who had squandered most of his fortune in the days of the Regency. The news was not greeted with enthusiasm in the family. "You have heard about Lord Wallscourt?" wrote Mrs. Charles Locke to her daughter Cecilia on 24th May, 1822. "Is it not sad? I am sure Bessie will marry him and so add to the state of *pauperism* of us all. Aunt Augusta says that she casts her eyes on all sides and sees nothing but *mendicity* in every branch of the poor family!"

Mr. Locke raised £8,000 to settle on his daughter and the marriage took place on the 23rd of September, 1822. Lord Wallscourt was the Irish counterpart of Count de Viry in temper. A man of exceptional strength and a well-known boxer, he would get half-crazed at times and very violent. He liked walking about the house with no clothes on, and, at his wife's suggestion, carried a cow bell in his hand when in this state of nudity, so that the maid servants had warning of his approach and could scamper away.

It is but fair to say that Lady Wallscourt does not seem to have been particularly unhappy at the beginning of her married life. Her eldest son, Henry, was born in 1823, and the second, William, two years later. She was a devoted mother and constantly made pretty sketches of the children which she sent to her parents.

In 1825 she sat to Lawrence for her picture. We see her in the full radiance of the famous Locke beauty, with large eyes, wild curls and parted lips, singing as she plays the guitar, a full white muslin *fichu* framing her pretty shoulders. Lawrence gave himself a good deal of trouble over this portrait.

Russell Square, June 19th, 1825

"Dear Lady Wallscourt,

"Will you have the goodness to reserve Friday next for a very, very long sitting? I hope there will be no ball on Thursday, so that I may receive you at the earliest hour you can give me, at eleven. I will not trouble you to write an answer unless it should be inconvenient to you to come.

With my best respects and regards to Mrs. Lock whom I hope to meet at dinner to-day. I beg you to believe me,

" Ever your obliged and faithful servant,

" THOS. LAWRENCE."

The sittings were interrupted by Lady Wallscourt's sickness. " Illness can hardly render her more dear to us all who have the delight of knowing her, but it tells them *how* dear she is in their remembrance and how peculiarly they esteem her," wrote Sir Thomas Lawrence to her mother. When finally completed, the picture had an enormous success. It was obviously a gift of the artist to his old friends. Unfortunately the companion picture of young William, which he promised, does not seem to have been painted after all, or at any rate has vanished.

Private Russell Square, Tuesday morning

" MY DEAR MADAM,

" Will you and my Friend, Mr. Lock, allow of a change in the arrangement of your Room, and consent to the absence of a Picture for a few Months to which your constant regard gives a value, that united with Mr. Lock's would more than repay me for three times the labour of its execution, had that been unmixed, with the enjoyment and happiness that attended it. Will you place Mr. William Lock's picture where the Portrait of Lady Wallscourt now hangs, and allow me the loan of the latter for such an Engraving to be made of it as that of Lady Selina Mead, the Sister of Lord Clanwilliam, which I think you saw. The Portrait that I exhibited last year of Mrs. Peel, is now engraving and of the same size for a Rival Publication. The Print would certainly be completed before Christmas, when the Picture should be faithfully returned to you, and this temporary absence of your favourite be compensated for by a Portrait of the same size of another Favourite, to hang as companion to his sister's, although first to be placed in the exhibition of next year."

Russell Square, March the 10th

" MY DEAR MADAM,

" In consequence of our talk and pleasant arrangement the other morning I shall to-day about twelve o'clock take the liberty of sending for the Portrait of Lady Wallscourt. The Frame I shall not want, but if it be inconvenient to you to retain it, the careful porter who goes for the picture, shall bring it in the Frame.

" I need not say how careful I shall be that the portrait sustains no

damage in its absence from you. It will certainly be returned to you at the time I mentioned, and in the next year your Room shall be more completely furnished.

"With best regards to Mr. Locke, I remain,
"My dear Madam,
"Yours very faithfully,
"THOS. LAWRENCE."

At the time of his marriage Lord Wallscourt's family place, Ardfry, had been uninhabited for some years, so when he took his young wife to Ireland, three years later, they began by staying at Renneville, which was also on Galway Bay and within driving distance of Ardfry. At first they do not seem to have contemplated restoring the old place. It was a lovely, though dilapidated, possession ; the grounds ran down to the sea and it was said that no land lay between Ardfry and America.

"I spent the whole of Friday in the gardens at Ardfry," Bessie wrote to her mother in August, 1825. "The woods and walks are certainly very pretty and some of the trees very old and remind me of those poor dear old woods at *Norbury*, but the house is even in a worse state than I had expected, and you know I was not prepared to find *grande chose*. The building at a distance looks very well and is very handsome, but it seems to me impossible anything can be done to it. There is so much to do, repairing and building, to make it at all inhabitable, that I am sure Wallscourt will not attempt it. Prospect Hill, the place his father had close to Ardfry is in very good repair and is very pretty, but a regular cottage and hardly large enough to hold us, but that is what Wallscourt intended to furnish and go into. Altho' it is very pretty in summer it would be miserable in cold or wet weather, the offices and most of the bedrooms are detached from the house ; the gardens and flowers are very nice there and the view of Ardfry from its lawn is beautiful.

"There are loads of people of all sorts come here for the bathing season ; it is the fashion in the country for all the neighbours far and near to take little cottages, huts actually, to bathe, it is reckoned so good here. I had no idea there would be such bathing, it puts me in mind of Castellamare, being so near the sea."

On the whole, for those times, the Wallscourts led a healthy fresh air life. To be sure, on one occasion Lady Wallscourt caught cold by sleeping with her window open *by mistake* in August and losing her nightcap in her

slumbers ! But she would dip in the sea, without of course any question of swimming, while an old woman supported her in the water. She complained of the bathing cabins which were so primitive they could not be moved, so that she actually had to *run* into the sea and then back again, which was unseemly. Lord Wallscourt swam, though, and was fond of sailing. Whatever his faults, he was afraid of no man.

One day, when driving his phaeton with his wife beside him, he was warned that two men were ambushed in a public house waiting to shoot him as he went past. He drove straight to the place, leaped down and rushed in. Lady Wallscourt sat petrified, clutching the reins and listening to the sounds of a battle raging in the distance. Presently her husband emerged from the public house carrying a man tightly bound with rope. Throwing him on to the floor of the phaeton he ordered his wife to put her feet on him while he drove to the Constabulary Station. The second man he had left behind as good as dead.

After some time the Wallscourts decided to restore Ardfry. "The place is certainly very pretty," wrote Bessie ; "there is an excellent kitchen garden with good wall-fruit, very large, it reminds me much of the poor Norbury one. It is nice and sheltered and has some very good flowers ; on the whole tidily kept and in tolerable repair. A day or two ago I rode all over the woods, which I had not yet been able to do, and really there are still some very fine old trees towards the middle of the woods where it is more sheltered. They must have weathered many storms and it is surprising they are not all blown down, growing so near the sea ; every winter there are quantities blown down and still there are young ones perseveringly springing up. It is curious that it is the only spot in the whole country where any trees will grow. Wallscourt has made a nice road all through the woods for driving, which is a great improvement, but the house does not seem to get on much. There is very good shooting all about. We have quite a fleet in our little bay opposite Ardfry, seven or eight large frigates have come in for shelter this evening and looked so picturesque sailing before our windows : they become Ardfry very much. We never go out sailing without meeting two or three large seals, tell Dad. Wallscourt has not yet succeeded in killing any, he had several shots at one but it escaped. They are so difficult to hit as they are so cunning : they dive instantly. They are horrid looking creatures with heads like a calf's or a bulldog's."

In 1826 Ardfry had been made sufficiently habitable for the Wallscourts

to move in. "The rooms look quite comfortable now, although they are but scantily furnished as you may imagine. Fortunately there is no temptation to *buy* furniture as there is none of any sort to be had here for any money, so at least *he* cannot spend anything in that way. He has lately bought at a sale a beautiful china dinner set which we really wanted. He got it very cheap and it is very pretty indeed. None of us know the hour, having no clock and none to be got in this part of the country. All our watches but Wallscourt's are stopped or wrong, mine, alas, I have nursed with care but cannot succeed in making it go, and there is no remedy, no watchmakers, not even in Dublin."

In spite of these disadvantages, they decided to celebrate their occupation of Ardfry with a ball for the servants and tenants. "We had more than eighty assembled in the room next the dining parlour (that is just floored but not yet finished), and in the hall; both very large and suited to the dreadful stench and heat there was to be. At first they were quite stupid, the men flocking on one side and the women sticking together on the other side of the room, but the great decorum and silence gave place to the most violent noise and rioting as they grew merrier, and they danced incessantly to a piper till five in the morning. They had enormous suppers of a whole sheep and two or three rounds of beef and all went home mad drunk with drinking Henry's health in '*the cratur*,' as they call whisky. Some fell into the sea on the way back. I had never heard an Irish piper before: it is exactly like the bagpipes only they don't blow with their mouths like the Scotch, but have a curious little bellows they carry under their arms. Wallscourt danced an Irish jig with his old nurse and *very well;* it was very dear to see him and gratified her to a degree! She is a very fine looking old woman: not old in *years* but *looks*, she speaks very little English and calls him *Mavourneen*, her darling. I danced too with Wallscourt, but an English country dance. I did not stay long as I knew nurse was languishing to be in the midst of it all. At first she was very shy and bashful and could not think of going down at all and much more *dancing!* She at last yielded while I stayed up with the babies, and when she *did* begin, springing and capering about in a most ludicrous way, it seems she was quite the life of the party! Next morning we had the piper for the children, and Willy distinguished himself especially by dancing furiously: he has quite the life of the Irish jig in him and is too divine and ridiculous."

An American visitor turned up at Ardfry a few days after this dissipation. Unfortunately Lady Wallscourt does not record his name, and merely

mentions that he was a cousin of Lady Wellesley, whom Lord Wallscourt met at Colonel Warburton's where he was staying for Ballinasloe Fair. "He is *a fanatico per la musica*, being a perfect musician himself with a most delightful voice. With his great talent and mania for music he had never heard an opera *in his life* before two years ago, when he went straight from New York to Paris and of course was sent wild with Pasta and the whole corps. He has since that returned to America taking with him a regular importation of a whole Italian opera : the Garcias and Angrizzani and others ; in short he *introduced* for the *first* time an Italian opera and Italian singing in New York. He is extremely rich and is now dying to buy the Opera House in London and I really think is very likely to get it if that wretched Ebers could be got rid of. He is very thick, of course, with Pasta and all the singers and really his imitations of her and Zuchelli, Donzelli, etc., are delightful. We have been singing *incessantly* all day and all night : I am nearly dead. I look forward with much delight at having him to make music any night we choose in Grafton Street. My blessed Dad will so delight in his voice and his being such a good musician. Sometimes his Italian accent in singing is not quite as perfect as one might wish, but he has *none* of the Yankee about him in anything. I must not raise your expectations too much, however, you will perhaps think he is a great tiger, instead he is by no means *de la première jeunesse* and wears spectacles and is very frightful, *mais son chant est enchanteur*. He has never stayed a day in London but is very anxious to know it."

An occasional trip to Dublin was a diversion from the loneliness of life at Ardfry. Once they were asked to dinner by some relations, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, to meet Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth. Lady Wallscourt, who had no leanings towards literature or authors, thought it lucky that her cousin Julius Angerstein was to be there too, for the evening would then be less of a bore. Julius was a favourite with all his cousins, and his financial catastrophes were a constant subject of conversation in the family. On this occasion he was, as usual, more in debt than ever, and furious at his Father's requesting him to sell his remaining horses. "I am sure Uncle can't wish he should be without them entirely ! " wrote Lady Wallscourt in horror, for in those days not to possess horses was almost as bad as being without boots. Julius, flattered by her sympathy, added a few words to the letter she sent her mother. "Your dear little girl is now sitting beside me. I can only assure you—and you know I am not given much to compliments—that she is if possible more beautiful than ever."

Julius Angerstein was not the only member of the family to have debts, for young William Locke was never without them. Already in 1821 he wrote to his cousin Lucy Locke that he hoped his father would soon return to England, "indeed, it is necessary for I am of age then; we are going to cut off an entail and I am to pay off what debts I owe."

In the intervals of being harassed by his creditors, William managed to get a great deal of fun out of life and he was now known as the handsomest man in London. He had a love affair with an unidentified "Caro," to whom he sent a present through his confidant Lucy. "Did you give that dearest of all dears, Caro, the locket and did you say it was mine? Did she wear it, and what did she say, and what did you say, and how did she look, and when do they come, and where do they come to? In fact, you did not tell me all though you told me *the best*, and your letter made me almost frantic with joy." But love's young dream was brief as usual, and after a time we hear the last of Caro. "I meet a certain person sometimes and bow whenever I pass her carriage. She is looking too beautiful and I never see her without forgiving her all."

Winter came, with hunting as the best cure for a broken heart. A friend called Brudenel had taken the nicest house at Melton and had brought down his famous cook and all his establishment. "So we live splendidly," wrote William to his mother, having settled himself satisfactorily under Brudenel's hospitable roof. "I have had capital sport, my horses are getting less fat and give me less trouble. There are a great number of pleasant people here. We have the most lovely weather and Belvoir, where we hunted yesterday, was looking magnificent. I manage very well with my three horses and a hack, and live free from all expense in this house. I rode over to see little De Burgh at Burghley, which is a princely place. We had a splendid run with the Duke of Rutland's hounds and my brown horse carried me quite perfectly. He took me beautifully over a very large brook into which almost everybody fell, and George Mason and Worcester could hardly be known, their faces were so muddy. I and Goodrich were the first up out of a field of two hundred."

He stayed at Willingdon, with kind Mrs. Boucherett, now an old lady, the faithful friend of all the Lockes and Angersteins. "We arrived here yesterday evening very late, about eleven, the roads were so bad, as the snow, which was in great quantities, had drifted. There are so many traces here of my Dad and Forefathers to interest me that I have never felt so attracted to any place since my boyhood. I hear many records of my

Daddy's exploits as a fox-hunter and have looked over a portfolio of his drawings which dear Mrs. Bou has—beautiful ones, and many very highly finished. In short there is so much to remind me of you all that I have never liked any place as much. The whole party is agreeable and good natured and I do not think the house ugly at all."

The brilliant young guardsman seldom had a minute's rest, for he put the same energy into his London life as he did into his hunting. "I have been very gay and shall be glad of a little country air as I am sick of hot rooms. I am going to Bacon's for Epsom week."

Later on he was staying at Goodwood. "Our party here has been delightful, and my horses won three times out of six which was very good as they *all but* did the other times. Moore will take this in my boat to you, sell her for me if you can for £200. The weather has been as lovely as the eyes of the lady of this house. . . ."

His maternal grandmother, Mrs. Nowell Jennings, whose every utterance was gloomy, found something discouraging to write on this subject. "Dear William's engagements are pleasing, but surrounded he must ever be with food for betting, *crammed* with it too ! for it seems almost a matter of honour or fashion that young men should be placed in the greatest peril of acting foolishly if not dishonourably. May he rise above it all !"

In 1824 William Locke transferred from the 1st Life Guards into the 17th Lancers, or Light Dragoons, as they were then called, and was promoted Captain. Economy was his motive, and for some time he really tried to live in a less extravagant way. He was now at Shorncliffe with a detachment of his Regiment, sent to help the "Preventive Officers" in their suppression of smuggling, a duty often imposed on the troops. He did not find life there as agreeable as it had been elsewhere.

"Here I am sitting in my room on the ground floor looking at the sea," he wrote to his "dearest Mammy" on his first Sunday at Shorncliffe. "The sun is out and it is so warm that I am sitting with the windows open, and the air is so clear I can see little houses like specks on the French coast. The barrack is about a mile from Sandgate, on the top of a high cliff with nothing near it to be seen for miles but a few sheep and the Martello towers at intervals, most bleak and desolate. The inhabitants of Sandgate are nothing but disappointed smugglers loitering about and looking at me as if they wished me damned. The way I am feared and hated by the inhabitants is quite ridiculous, at the same time it is rather a bore as I can't talk with any boatman or labourer but he thinks I am pumping him to know

something about the smuggling luggers. Shall I send you some Brandy? A corporal and three men took some last night. The stables are very nice and I am Lord of the Whole Country round if that can be any consolation."

William found it difficult to maintain discipline in his regiment, as he had the worst Sergeant Major in the army, who was idleness itself and whose misconduct he was obliged continually to gloss over so as not to undermine his authority with the men. The young Captain had paraded his noisy Irish dragoons and harangued them, after which he confined six in the "black hole" for several days. The others played a great deal of cricket in the evening and he would have liked to join them but it was necessary to keep aloof as became a commanding officer. He was most anxious to impress on his father that he was now a reformed character. "I am going on Tuesday for a day to Tunbridge races, but please tell Daddy that I never miss a day without reading three or four hours, either Racine or Gibbon . . . the life I lead is certainly the most healthy, as I am always in bed by ten and up by six when I take a gallop before breakfast; whether it is the sea air blowing over the downs I don't know, but I have never felt as well and strong as I do now."

A few days later he had a slight accident which did not, however, damage his beauty permanently.

"I have nearly broken my nose by Stanhope's horse he lent me rearing and nearly falling back, shying at the sea, as I was riding along the shingles. He hit me such a blow in the face that it quite stunned me and prevented my seeing for a time. In fact I don't know how I sat on him but recollect throwing the reins on his back and found myself going along full gallop, with my hands up to my face. It has loosened my front teeth and my nose is a little *on one side* but I daresay it will come right, altho' it is very much swelled and painful. I never lost my temper with a horse before but I was in such pain that I licked him for half an hour. My nose bled a great deal which is a good thing or I should have been blooded. It made my head ache so but I have none to-day. My nose 'penche' considerably to the right side. God bless thee, dearest."

His parents had now moved to 8 Grafton Street, Piccadilly. Mrs. Locke, in the midst of the confusion of settling into her new house, was busy supplying her son with comforts such as beef, Parmesan cheese, and oranges, and forwarding his sketch book, together with part of his clothes, that careless William invariably left behind wherever he went. The poor lady was overjoyed at her son having given up betting, therefore it was a

shock to read in his next letter that he meant to run his brown horse at the Canterbury regimental races in Easter week, in a Sweepstake with his brother officers. "*That* won't ruin me!" he had added, his usual phrase for excusing any new expense. Mrs. Locke protested and William explained. "You are wrong, dearest Mummy. Although I am thoughtless and foolish I am not so weak as not to be able to keep a resolution made. *Il suffit de dire*—as nothing less will put you at your ease, I suppose, that it was *not* a plan of my *own* forming, but a handicap of five sovereigns each for the officers' hacks which was proposed, and in this I think I might have indulged myself *pour passer le temps*, and should have done it without weakening any resolutions I made and which I assure you it is my firm intention to keep. I am glad, as it is, I had given up the idea before your letter came."

William was now getting very discontented with his life at Shorncliffe and his letters to his mother were full of complaints.

"I feel so out of humour that I can but bore others. This regiment grows insufferable from the noise and flash of the corps . . . the row at dinner time which arises from many of them having taken to drinking is become too bad to be borne, and *en verité* I wish—no, *long*—to be out of it. In fact I am as low as a cat about everything. I have no chance of leave and I really have positive intentions of going upon half pay."

But relief came in the form of a month's unexpected leave, and when his parents next heard of him he was in Paris. "*Ce cher Paris, suis-je content de le revoir!* It brings back so many old dreams: five years, my Mammy, since I have seen it, only think! At least Daddy cannot say I have not followed *pipe clay* pretty close, and cannot reproach me, after such a time, for taking a little pleasuring. I wish to heaven you were all with me!"

After this agreeable interlude William found regimental life more galling than ever.

"We have such heaps of drills and duties of all sorts to attend to, that we positively have not a moment left except to rest. Field days every morning, besides riding school and foot drill. It quite knocks me up, besides the worry and pipe clay, the refractory troops and my idle Sergeant Major. I hope I shall get rid of him or I shall leave the Regiment in disgust . . . they grow more and more 'pipeclay' every day. How I wish I was in the Life Guards or Guards, but it can't be helped. I bathe now and then in a mill stream which revives me and is very pleasant: jumping off a bank head foremost into the whirlpool. You are all gaiety, of course. Oh, how I should enjoy myself with you! Damm all pipe clay, says I.

I wish His Royal Highness was forced to swallow some balls of it every morning for breakfast."

In May he was at Canterbury with his regiment and yet more dismal. "I have nothing to tell you, nothing, but that I am bored, tired, and melancholy. I am sick of soldiering and this pipeclay which rages now more than ever ; I must forget that you are all so near or I shall desert. I think I liked my retirement at Shorncliffe better than this damn pipeclay barracks. Two drills and a field day *every day !* "

Unfortunately William had not kept to his good resolutions and was now struggling in a quagmire of debts. The years 1828 and 1829 were full of sorrow for Mrs. Locke and it is not to be wondered that her radiant beauty faded rapidly and she now became the worn, middle-aged woman with tired eyes that Lawrence immortalized in his last portrait of her. Besides her anxiety at her son's extravagance, she was made miserable by Wallscourt's treatment of her daughter. Their eldest son, Henry, had died in March, 1828, and the loss of this lovely child, only five years old, instead of making the irascible peer tenderer to his wife seemed to spur him on to fresh unkindness. The following year witnessed another tragedy. While the Wallscourts and their children were staying with Mrs. Locke in London, their remaining boy, William, died of some sort of infectious fever. The two little girls, Elizabeth Frederica (she was later called Freddy, like her great grandmother) and the baby Nina contracted the same illness and for some time their lives were in danger. As on other occasions, everything was made worse by Lord Wallscourt's abominable temper. He quarrelled with his people-in-law and left their house, but the situation was patched up somehow and he returned to Ireland while his wife with their two little girls went to stay at Eliot Vale with her grandmother. Mrs. Lock, though nearing the end of her long life, had kept all her passion for " young, helpless things," flowers and reading aloud. The arrival of her great granddaughters gave her immense pleasure, and she immediately began reading Bishop Heber's letters to Lady Wallscourt, who loyally declared she found them beautiful and that their first evening had been most cosy. " Indeed, the talking with her does me great good *et me tranquillise*, just as Dad said i would. I cannot go to bed without telling you how comfortable and comparatively happy I am with this dear Grandmamma, escaped at last from the life of quarrel and contrasts I have been living in these last days." She had escorted her grandmother on a walk, which was a very slow performance as her mother could imagine, but the old lady said it had refreshed

her and done her good. Mrs. Lock was still far from decrepitude. Only a short time before she had driven from Blackheath to Norfolk, on a visit to her daughter Amelia, who declared " my dearest Mother arrived in perfect time for dinner from Eliot Vale, having travelled here *without getting once out of the carriage*, and looking as fresh as a rose, without one symptom of fatigue."

By the spring of 1829 young William Locke's money matters had reached a state of inextricable confusion. He had sent in his papers from the army and lived in daily danger of being arrested for debt. From his letters to his mother, written from various addresses, one sees that his nerves were stretched to breaking point.

" . . . I can certainly not agree to any such bargain with my creditors and though I am run to the wall and tied up in every way I can get money . . all I want is the £5,000 I have a *right to*, and can arrange the rest myself without any other assistance. I am vexed enough without your saying that it makes you unhappy. In short I am so tired of existence at this rate that I wish the world would end . . .

" . . . tell Ellice I approve of the plan and urge him to proceed directly, as the hot water I have been in so long will give me a fever if it lasts much longer. Julius is gone on to Ely to-day, thank Heavens, for his temper in addition to everything else was too much.

" . . . I wish you would tell Wallscourt that I would be obliged to him for not talking over my affairs with anyone, as he only gets false information and does me a great deal of harm by repeating it to others. For instance : I do not owe Corby £1,000 or *anything*, and if he said so it is false and I shall tell him so.

" . . . Do press on the business as much as you can, as I am in hot water even here for fear of being arrested. . . . You must find me a lady fair with a fortune this summer. . . . "

" I shall take my affairs out of the hands of Howard who has, by his neglect, got me into such thick mud. . . . I have just had a quarrel with Julius about his servant who he has discharged and says he will never speak to me again if I take him, *everything contrives to drive me wild !* . . . As to not coming up for fear of being arrested I can't help that ; as no one will do anything for me I must act for myself. I shall not expose you or my father's house to the scenes you saw before as I shall go to a lodging. I shall come up in a day or two. Don't tell Wallscourt or it will go all over the town."

Mrs. Locke must have dreaded the sight of her son's letters during this period. Yet, apart from his extravagance, he had delightful qualities. Berkeley Craven, in his memoirs, gives a characteristic anecdote of him.

" Among my friends was one whom I loved like a brother, and this was William Locke, the brother of Lady Wallscourt. He had been in the Life Guards, if my remembrance serves me rightly, but had left the service when we became so intimate. At one of the Moulsey Hurst racing meetings he was steward with me. There had been some dispute and the judgment given by us was adverse to some man whose name I have forgotten, who made use of very insulting language about the Stewards, but only in William Locke's presence. The judgment we had given in our united capacity was just and a man would scarcely have been so foolhardy as to have picked with us a double quarrel. However William Locke took all the responsibility on himself, too happy to think he saved me from any personal risk and before I knew anything of the matter Locke had met this man and fought a duel with him, neither shot taking effect. The quarrel ended there."

At last it seemed to William that the only way to avoid his creditors was to leave England, and at the moment of sailing he wrote a hurried note to his mother, whose help he could always count on. " We are just taking off. I want you to send my two horses to Baron's, as I am afraid of their seizing them when they hear I am gone. Ask Daddy to give Martin £50 or £60 and repay himself out of the sale of my carriage. Tell Ellice I wish he would pay Molyneux the £25 I owe him, and I shall write to him from Paris. God bless you."

William settled at the Hotel d'Artois and immediately recovered his spirits. " I have a very nice apartment here and reasonable, 240 *francs par mois*, in a very quiet hotel and good situation, as it is so near the Cafés on the Boulevard." He had found many friends, amongst others Standish who had lent him his cab for three months, and he was going at once to the Italian opera to see Garcia in the rôle of Desdemona, as he heard her natural manner of acting outdid even Pasta's. " I would give anything to be going with my Dad, as it is a great diminution of pleasure seeing anything good without him."

June 27th, 1828

" I see very little good company and I believe there *is* very little. The Anglomania is very great here : Frenchmen go about looking very like blackguard English horse dealers, and Frenchwomen like Covent Garden

Dollies of the worst class. They are dressed like '*des Anglaises pour rire*' with spencers, laced boots, short petticoats and long waists. *Les Jockeys montent à l'Anglaise*—very short stirrups and large watch ribbons—rising perseveringly in their stirrups in spite of the awful heat. There was a review the other day which I was very sorry I did not go to : *Le Ministre de la Guerre est tombé deux fois d'un cheval Anglais de Race !* There was a sporting Abbé knocked down and passed over in yesterday's races but nobody seemed to mind. They put on his wig hind side before and I heard him praising the race afterwards, poor man ! In short you have no idea the mania that there is for *tout ce qui est Anglais :* they make up to one now as much as they avoided us ten years ago."

Not ten years, but only four : in 1824 Lady Granville, the British Ambassadress, had written in exasperation :

" The French will scarcely look at an Englishman or woman out of their own peculiar set . . . but whom does one find, *intimes et presque adorés ?* Lady Aldborough ! young Broadwood and Sir Henry Mildmay. . . . Now for a few of *les phrases d'usages*, which from their tone give me a wish to hurl the cushions of their couches at their *crepé* heads. ' Vous aimez Paris.' ' Vous vous plaisez parmi nous.' Neither as doubt or question. ' Lady une telle est bien, on ne la soubçonnerait pas d'être une Anglaise.' ' Vous avez des enfants, vous êtes bien heureuse de pouvoir les former à Paris.' And a hundred such, nothing in the *letter*, but all in the *spirit*."

But now summer was approaching and William became discontented. The nights in Paris were oppressive, with a temperature like an oven's, which made sleep quite out of question. Everyone was leaving town, and his position in England began to worry him again, now that he had more time to brood on it and feel homesick. He would rather live on the high road in his own country than where he was : the *Fanfaronade* of Paris was all very well if one was in high spirits, but too disgusting when one was in the humour to laugh at nothing. His father could have no conception of how all was changed until he tried it. Even the theatres were very bad, and now that the Malibran had gone there was positively nothing worth seeing. So William grumbled on and on in his letters to his mother, till a marriage with an heiress seemed to him the only solution to the horrid problem.

" I wish, dearest Mammy, you would find me someone with money in England for I must come to that, I see, sooner or later, and as standing on the drop so long is not agreeable the sooner one is launched the better.

Therefore pray look out for me—advertise if you like—and say nothing about my being bald as I shall make my appearance, whenever I leave this *bordel*, in a wig. Oh, how I long to be with you and that *dearest* Bess : kiss her for me and tell her what a true purgatory I am suffering for my sins. No wonder the world is heartless and unfeeling, when, if one has a good feeling, one is punished for it in this way by everybody and everything ! Don't sell my boat and carriage at a great loss because I have made up my mind to marry anyone who will have me who has *gold*, and so repair my broken fortunes. Therefore I shall want a carriage to carry me to the halter (altar !)."

Somehow the creditors were pacified, and the handsome Captain, no longer in danger of being arrested for debt, was able to return to London in the autumn of 1829.

XXX

WILLIAM LOCKE THE THIRD AND SELINA TOLLEMACHE

1829–1831

WHEN William Locke wrote to his mother that he had decided to make a rich marriage and begged her to find him an heiress, he may have been in earnest. But on his return to England he promptly fell in love with Selina, one of Admiral Tollemache's nine daughters, who, charming as she was, could not have been considered a great match from the point of view of money. Her brother Augustus has left an attractive description of her: "... she had a tall, graceful figure, golden-brown curling hair, then worn in ringlets, large radiant eyes with long lashes and rather sad eyebrows, a small straight nose, very short upper lip showing beautiful teeth, and a long chin. She certainly was very pretty and she thoroughly enjoyed the admiration she excited."

The Tollemache family requires some explanation. Lionel, 4th Earl of Dysart, born 1708, married Lady Grace Carteret and had sixteen children by her. In spite of this enormous family he did not secure a direct male descent. His sons, Lionel and Wilbraham, who successively inherited the title of Earl of Dysart, left no children and it was their sister, Lady Louisa, married to John Manners, who became Countess of Dysart in her own right and the owner of lovely Ham House. Another sister, Lady Jane, married Captain John Halliday, the son of a rich Scotch planter from Antigua in the West Indies. Their son John eventually assumed the name of Tollemache and inherited from his mother Helmingham Hall in Suffolk, a large property in Cheshire, and other estates in Northamptonshire. He was born in 1772, became Admiral, and married Lady Elizabeth Stratford, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aldborough. Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache were Selina's parents.

It is impossible to pass over, without further comment, the name of the notorious lady who was Selina's grandmother. Lady Aldborough is mentioned in countless memoirs of the times, for her acid wit and *bon mots* were celebrated. Her younger days were spent in Ireland, for Aldborough was

Selina Tollemache
(afterwards wife of William Lock III)

an Irish peer, and it was in Dublin that she first met Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington. She gave him a lift in her coach to a *fête* which took place some miles out of town, but found him so silent and dull that she purposely left him behind on the return trip. Young Wellesley waited about in vain and when he realised that all the coaches and chariots were gone he came back to Dublin in a cart with the musicians. Years afterwards, when Lady Aldborough met the Iron Duke, then the lion of the London drawing rooms, she said to him : " I little thought when I left you to find your way back with the band, that some day you were going to play first fiddle yourself ! "

Lady Aldborough was widowed in 1823, after which date she lived chiefly in Paris. Her life had been what is technically known as a gay one, and far from being ashamed of the irregularities of her early days she would speak of her past exploits with the zest of an old veteran recounting his campaigns. A beautiful portrait of her in the full bloom of her youth, dressed in scanty white draperies and lying on a sofa, was painted by G. J. Middleton. It was eventually inherited by the first Lord Tollemache, brother of Selina, who was so shocked at the way his grandmother's form was revealed in all its lovely details that he cut the head and shoulders out of the picture, framed them, and burnt the rest. Fortunately it had been engraved, so that the composition has not been irretrievably lost.

With the years all traces of Lady Aldborough's beauty vanished, though to the end she preserved a slight figure and a neat ankle. On her original passport her age was given as twenty-five and during her long travelling career she obstinately refused to have it changed. When she was an old woman of seventy she presented it to a French official who exclaimed in surprise :

" *Mais, Madame, je crois que vous devez avoir plus que vingt cinq ans !* "

" *Monsieur,*" replied Lady Aldborough haughtily, " *vous êtes le premier Français qui ait jamais douté de ce qu'une dame lui dit à propos de son age.*" The abashed official handed back her passport without a word.

Lady Granville had no liking for Lady Aldborough and was not pleased to meet her at the Duchesse de Raguse's chateau, in 1817. " Lady Aldborough was as coarse in her conversation as usual, and more ill tempered. She evidently had a corn, which is not pleasant on a long romantic walk, and she limped up hill in a tight laced boot and an ill humour not to be described." Twelve years later, when Lady Granville was British Ambassadress in Paris, she spoke again of her *bête noire.* " Aldborough has

given up Paris and is going to buy a house at Brighton. She said to Lady Holland : 'Is the Archbishop of York straightlaced?' Holly answered : 'No, not at all, but *he* is!' pointing to Dr. Allen, sitting in a corner."

Probably Lady Aldborough settled at Brighton to be near her daughter, for Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache had a house there. Brighton was no longer the gay, raffish town of Regency days. George IV, now a dying man, came no more to his beloved Pavilion, but lived at Windsor in seclusion, closely watched over by Lady Conyngham. He died on 26th June, 1830, and in August of the same year the new sovereign, William IV, and his good Queen Adelaide made their first public entry into Brighton amid great rejoicings and took up their residence there. Lady Aldborough's reputation shocked the King and Queen, who steadfastly ignored the old lady. Only Mrs. Fitzherbert, ever gentle and lenient towards human frailty, had a kind word. "I am going to-day to dine at the Pavilion," she wrote on the 1st of October, 1830, "and to-morrow with Lady Aldborough who keeps open house and has very good parties, but is sadly mortified at having her company often taken from her to dine with Royalties, and never once being invited herself. I think it is very hard upon her, particularly as she has taken a house and furnished it with her fine things from Paris, and means to make Brighton her home."

In the autumn of 1829, the Tollemaches settled at 1 Arundel Terrace, Kemp Town, Brighton. Besides their lovely bevy of daughters, they had three sons, John, Wilbraham, and Augustus. John was eventually created Lord Tollemache, and built himself a fine home, Peckforton Castle, in Cheshire. Of the daughters, the eldest became Lady Cardigan and the youngest Lady Mount Temple.* "All my aunts were very handsome," wrote Miss Emily Vernon Harcourt, herself the daughter of one of the Tollemache sisters, in after years, "except Mrs. de Burgh. She, however, had been very pretty and was most witty and original. All had tall, beautiful figures, long limbs and walked gracefully."

William Locke had already met Selina Tollemache in 1827, when his great friend de Burgh married her sister Marianne. Though the young people were at once attracted to each other, William's disastrous debts and Selina's extreme youth were then unsurmountable obstacles to their marriage.

* I have always heard that Georgina, Lady Mount Temple, was the loveliest of the Tollemache sisters. When she was a girl, wandering in the picture galleries in Florence, Ruskin would follow her, spellbound by her beauty and worshipping her from afar. Lord Mount Temple was famed for his saintly character. When they were all young a friend said one day to Augustus Tollemache : "Your sister Georgina is an angel." "Only by marriage," he answered drily, and she ran across the room to kiss him for it.

Two years later, when his financial situation was adjusted so that he could return from his forced stay abroad, he saw Selina again, fell desperately in love with her—and proposed. It is not surprising to find that Admiral and Lady Elizabeth Tollemache refused to consider him as a possible husband. William Locke was known to be extravagant, always in debt and not steady in his attachments, in fact anything but a desirable *parti* for their daughter.

On 13th December, 1829, the readers of the *Observer* were served with a delicious morsel of gossip for their breakfast.

" An elopement from Brighton took place on Monday. The gentleman, Mr. W. Locke, who is thirty, arrived early in the morning ; at two o'clock he returned, taking the road to London, accompanied by Miss Selina Tollemache, of the tender age of seventeen, daughter of the Admiral of that name. The flight being discovered, Lord George Lennox set off in pursuit of the fugitives, upon whom he alighted in London and where, it is said, he persuaded them to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, instead of flying farther north."

Augustus Tollemache, in later years, wrote an account of the event. " The family had gone to Brighton for the winter. On Sunday the 6th of December they all went to church except Selina who said she was not feeling well, and stayed at home. About mid-day a yellow post-chaise drove up and stopped opposite Arundel Terrace. The cliff was very quiet, all the Kemp Town world was at Mr. James Anderson's church. Before long a young girl stepped quietly out of the house at the corner, and got into the mysterious yellow post-chaise. This was Selina, recovered from her indisposition ! and William Locke was there to receive her. He came no doubt by appointment, but whether she intended an immediate flight from her home is somewhat uncertain. She had made no preparations whatever for the journey, and it may have been a sudden decision, quite consistent with her impulsive nature. There was no time for thought, much less for discussion, as at any moment some member of the family might be returning from church. So scribbling a hasty line asking for forgiveness, and that some clothes might be sent after her, they drove off ; just as the churches were disgorging their congregations, the yellow post-chaise—with drawn blinds, dashed through the streets of Brighton and made a rapid journey to London. They were married the next day ; William's only sister, Lady Wallscourt, being present at the ceremony.

"It is a curious fact that in the first moment of consternation, when the

family found that Selina had run away, they were a little uncertain with whom she had fled, so well had she kept her secret as to the real object of her affection. Her flight did not escape the keen sight of one of the family ; her sister Mrs. de Burgh was recovering from her confinement at Grosvenor House on the Marine Parade and, looking out of her window, she saw the yellow post-chaise gallop past and cried out to those in the room : 'I am sure here is an elopement !' little thinking that her own sister, and her husband's greatest friend, were the running couple."

History is never told twice in exactly the same way, and Emily Vernon Harcourt always maintained that her Aunt, Mrs. de Burgh, had an inkling of what was going to occur, so that when the chaise galloped past her windows she exclaimed : " Good gracious, there's Selina eloped ! "

At the time of their son's runaway match the William Lockes were living in Paris at 36 Rue de Rivoli. The last two years had been so harassing, what with Lady Wallscourt's connubial unhappiness, the death of the two little Blake boys, William's debts and the continual danger of arrest in which he lived, that no doubt they thought that life abroad would be more restful. Their old friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence, regretted their departure and wrote to Elizabeth Locke :

Russell Square, Sept. 6, 1829

" . . . I grieve to hear of Mr. Locke's intention, but trust your absence will be only for the winter, though indeed, when England is to have its summer again, Heaven knows ! "

There is no record of how the Lockes took the news of their son's marriage : probably they did not mind : he might have done something infinitely more agitating, as they knew by experience. Selina was not altogether without money ; thanks to the planter grandfather from Antigua each of the nine sisters received a *dot* of £8,000 ; though this did not transform them into full blown heiresses, it was certainly better than nothing. And, besides, Selina was a charming girl. Shortly after their elopement, the young couple went to stay with William's parents in Paris. Amelia Angerstein wrote to her brother : " Remember me most affectionately to our dear William and tell him I long to have the right to send an affectionate message to his dear little wife, of whom all that I hear is so gratifying to me."

About this time Lord and Lady Wallscourt also went over to Paris on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Locke, and this journey was—as everything else in the Wallscourt *ménage*—the occasion for many stormy discussions. Wallscourt showed great reluctance at going, as he suspected his people-in-law

would persuade his wife to remain with them when he was obliged to return to Ireland, but kind Amelia Angerstein took it upon herself to guarantee this would not occur, and finally was able to announce their departure to her brother William.

" They will travel on the large *Steamer* fitted up for families that sails from the Tower Stairs, preferably on the Sunday Steamer because on the Saturday one there are no beds."

There are no details of Lord and Lady Wallscourt's visit to Paris, but they returned to England in June. A packet of Mrs. Locke's letters to her daughter, written directly after the latter's departure, were discovered in a Belgrave Square house some years ago, and kindly given me by its owner. The series opens with a burst of indignation against her son-in-law.

" My poor love, what a broiling hot day you will have. I wish I could fancy you in that nice carriage that Wallscourt found and has taken for himself, leaving you that most horrible old rattle-trap which seemed as if it could scarcely support the load put upon it, and I have never ceased figuring to myself the great Imperial breaking through the roof. God grant it may not happen, for it looked most probable. . . ."

Mr. and Mrs. Locke were dissatisfied with their apartment in the Rue de Rivoli, and the next letter describes with what miraculous luck and speed they were able to effect a change of home in a day.

" Well, my own darling, *figurez vous* your Dad and Mammy established in the most magnificent hotel, rather larger than the Hotel Sebastien, with a forest of a garden, so that you can see no house or conceive that you are in a town, and with loads of flowers. We had a most bustling day yesterday, for the odious *propriétaire* came at nine o'clock and informed me that he would not renew the lease of the apartment under 800 a month which instantly decided me to quit. Our furniture and ourselves all were to turn out before sunset, or the old wretch would have forced us to remain the month. After looking in all directions for the dear Dad's *beau ideal* of a magnificent spacious hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain we at last found one in the Rue de Varennes, near the Rue du Bac, and had no difficulty in entering the same hour. I assisted as much as I could in packing all my things, and, leaving the poor excellent little Molly to turn out everything, the dear Dad and I dined at the Café de Paris and after driving in the cool of the evening we returned to our palazzo in which I felt *lost :* Molly and I looked like mice in it, but it is beautiful. Oh, how the Dad and I long for our own little darlings, how they would trot about, and my darling tiny

Bessie would *sail* through the enormous suite of rooms and run into the shady garden ! It does not make me sigh any longer for the country, unless it were my own country."

The large house that the Lockes had found and were so amazingly able to enter at once, was the Hotel de Castries, belonging to the Duc de Castries, and was situated in the Rue de Varennes. It still exists ; its number, 22 in the days of the Lockes, is now 72, and the building belongs to the Ministère de l'Agriculture. The owner, who apparently lived in another part of the house, proved an amiable landlord and Mrs. Locke called him " my little Dukey." She continued to be delighted with their new abode. " The garden is so much larger than we had ever thought, with loads of flowers and magnificent trees, and the birds singing as if they were a 100 miles in the country. There is a large tree just before our windows, the size of a forest tree, in America they call it the Katalpa, it is covered all over with great bunches of the sweetest flowers, something like a horse chestnut. Your father *s'extase* about it. He goes down with me into the garden as soon as we have breakfasted and enjoys it very much. I have just come out of it with a handkerchief full of monthly roses, honeysuckle, and pinks. We are tout près des Invalides, and a line of gardens to them."

William Locke disliked the idea of returning to England, and Elizabeth, though homesick, was docile to his wishes. It was strange that he did not mind leaving his mother, for obviously she could not live much longer, though Amelia wrote that she was blooming and lovely as ever, and fuller, if possible, of tenderness and love. " Do not tell that poor dear Grandmamma how your father really enjoys this place, for she would be jealous. I am quite wretched to see that he has not an intention of going over, which on her account as well as my poor Mother's is terrible." Mrs. Locke never entered deeply into Paris life. " Tivoli " was still her chief amusement but a rare one ; for her husband detested any frivolities and she seldom left him. A day like this was quite an exception :

" After setting down the darling Dad at his opera to *light* the *lamps* to his heart's content we proceeded—a cavalcade !—to Tivoli in broad daylight to see the lovely gardens, and we had a very pleasant party there. The Villa is John Greffuhle's—he lets it for 40,000 francs a year to the Tivoli concern : it is a beautiful thing. Mr. Belancourt did the honours and took us to all the games, it was great fun . . . we were all provided with beaux."

But time often hung heavily on Elizabeth Locke's hands, and writing to her daughter filled up the hours. She tried to send her all the news she

could scrape together. Lady Aldborough had been at death's door but was now better and it was hoped she would recover ; Lady Westmorland was in Paris, " as mad as ever but very agreeable for a short time and really good hearted, I do believe." She was anxious about Lady Wallscourt's bathing. " Oh, my dear child, do not dip too much in the sea, it always does harm, and your dear face will be so burnt and freckled, how I shall grieve over it. . . . Let nothing make you neglect yourself for our sakes : I dream of your dear looks constantly."

In the summer of 1830 Charles X was still King of France. His eldest son, the Duc d'Angoulême, known as the Dauphin, had married his cousin the daughter of Louis XVI, who had spent her youth in the Temple prison. They had no children. The heir to the throne was the little Duc de Bordeaux, " *l'enfant du miracle*," born several months after the assassination of his father the Duc de Berry, second son of the King. Madame de Gontaut was Governess to the Duc de Bordeaux and his sister, Mademoiselle. Her appointment created many jealousies, as under the old French monarchy it was the first place of the kingdom, and the " Governesses " enjoyed great privileges. Madame de Boigne, always sarcastic, noted in her diary that the appointment scandalised those people who had witnessed the lady's youth, but had to admit that the Royal children's education was as perfect as she could make it.

Madame de Gontaut was the soul of loyalty, and never forgot a friend : Elizabeth Locke was genuinely devoted to her.

" I drove down to see dear Madame de Gontaut, having resisted her invitation to dinner on the Dad's account, for he is so naughty about dining out. I remained with her till 10 and found her as affectionate and kind as ever, so full of regrets, as was dear little Mademoiselle, at your departure. ' I love Lady Wallscourt ! ' she said, and begged me to tell you that all her dolls are packed off to Dieppe for the benefit of the sea air. The King came up for half an hour with a great many of the Courtiers in waiting : that handsome Duc de Raguse, *autrefois* Marechal Marmont, so like our old friend Graham Moore in his handsome days, with his dark hair and white teeth. They were all greatly elated with their conquest of Algiers, which has been so complete. The dear Dad is to be taken to St. Cloud to-morrow : Madame de Gontaut has promised to show him the gallery of pictures herself, and we are to go at one o'clock, *sans faute*. He has not appeared to resist as yet."

All this sounded very peaceful, and Mrs. Locke seemed quite unconscious

of the political storm that was soon to break, sweeping the old King from his throne after a three days' revolution. History tells us it began on 29th July. The following day Elizabeth Locke wrote to her daughter :

" I did not mention *les grands événements publiques* in my Monday's letter, fearing to alarm you and especially poor, dear Grandmama. All was *comparatively* quiet here yesterday, but a regular battle with cannons firing went on the whole day and never ceased. It began again at four this morning. To-day our *Quartier* has been attacked and we are surrounded with firing cannons ! But there is a strange calm at this moment and they say the town has gained its victory and *tout est perdu.* I shall know soon.

" Yesterday morning your Dad went out, thinking the firing was only a review ! He walked to his beloved Louvre, so you may conceive my wretchedness till he returned at past two, for I had found out there was a regular battle going on between the populace and the army ! . . . Only believe, darling, that we are safe and that our magnificent hotel surrounded with gardens has been a great comfort ; not being a public office it has in no way been attacked. You would be surprised at our composure. All I have insisted upon is the Dad not stirring out : he flattered himself he might walk quietly to the Luxembourg ! but on being informed that the rabble had drawn four cannons down over there he gave it up. God bless thee, mine own Bess, and my own William who will share this letter."

Charles X had left Paris, accompanied by the Dauphin and the Dauphine, the Duchesse de Berry and the Royal children. They spent three days at Rambouillet where the King decided to sign his abdication in favour of his grandson the little Duc de Bordeaux, who would assume the name of Henri V. The poor child was bewildered. " *Est-ce bien ou est-ce mal ?* " he kept asking those who surrounded him. But before he could get a satisfactory answer everything was changed once more and Louis Philippe d'Orleans, son of the Philippe Égalité whose vote had sent Louis XVI to the guillotine, became King of France in his place.

Mrs. Locke did not worry unduly over politics. She was only anxious that the old King and his family, whom she liked, should come to no harm, and that her friend, Madame de Gontaut, who had accompanied her charges, might be likewise unhurt.

" August 4th. Thank God the unhappy *family* is safe off. I was miserable all yesterday in the dread of their being overtaken. The King and the Dauphin have abdicated in favour of the poor little boy, and there was a terrible day at Rambouillet where all those wretches hoped to catch them.

Thank God the rabble has returned ; five or six of the Royal coaches loaded with these people : *imaginez !* I could not sleep a wink last night with the horror of their being possibly caught at Rambouillet. You will have heard that the Duc d'Orleans is appointed Lieutenant General of the Kingdom and is popular. He appeared much affected at the opening of the Chamber."

" 6th August. Nothing fresh has occurred except the confirmation of the poor King's departure with his family from Rambouillet, making straight for the coast. Some say he is going to America, others, to Germany. I have heard that the Duchesse de Berry will remain incognito in France with little Mademoiselle but I do not believe she will separate herself from that poor, dear, little Duc de Bordeaux, although she might be left very quiet as there does not appear to have been an intention to destroy any of them : merely to *chasser* the King and his Ministers. In short, nothing can be safer than Paris is, and, alas, not an excuse is left for one's leaving it ! *I did hope we should have been driven home !* The Berrys* dined with us yesterday and were enchanted with our hotel and garden. Julie made an excellent dinner : her talent has developed very much here and her economy is wonderful compared with the Restaurant bills."

" August 8th. Your dear Dad has just seen the Duc d'Orleans returning from the Chambre des Députés that proclaimed him King, followed by an immense populace all crying : ' Vive le Roi Philippe ! ' His Queen and family in carriages, he on horseback. The poor Charles X only appears in all sorts of ridiculous forms. A portrait of him with a goose's body and *Notre Oie* written underneath. When the populace entered the Tuileries a *charbonnier* sat himself on the throne and said : ' Je vais jouer le Roi : je dirais des bêtises ' ; another dressed himself up in an *habit de cour* of the poor Duchesse de Berry and shouted from her window : ' Je reçois ! je reçois ! ' Conceive at such a moment, with the cannons and fighting going on. . . ."

" August 10th. Your dear Dad is just arrived from the Louvre and most happy to find no damage done to his favourites, although many balls penetrated the gallery, broke a looking glass and other things, fortunately of inferior value to the pictures and statues. It was in pursuing the poor Swiss Guards that the gallery was attacked."

" August 13th. Miss Berry told me this morning that there is such enthusiasm in England on the subject of the revolution. I think this very disgusting, but it will make us English more popular than ever. The Court is as little like a Court as possible : Montalembert went only in a common

* Horace Walpole's friends, Mary and Agnes Berry.

evening dress and shoes and found himself a great deal too smart ; Standish the same. He called yesterday and told us some curious facts of the knavery of Ouvrard,* a great speculator, who having obtained a peep into the *portefeuille* of Polignac that contained those fatal ordonnances du Roi, *two days before they came out*, instantly set off for England and publishing them there produced such an effect on the funds that he has made 9 millions, they say. The dear children and my dear Madame de Gontaut are all my regrets : *le Roi et le Dauphin meritent bien* their losses for their horrible obstinacy. . . . The Berrys are in such a state of elation, they go out seeking news and seeing all that has happened. Miss Berry went alone to the opening of the Chamber and the King's Proclamation. The King refuses to live at the Tuileries and wishes to remain as much as possible in his old haunts at the Palais Royal. He is open to receive *anybody every day* and people go without being announced, in morning boots and pantaloons : such dirty figures ! The Queen sits with all her children about her at her work table. I suppose it is only at first : they think this makes a good effect. All those beautiful rooms we saw are lighted up and open to the populace, bands of music play and there is a cortège of everyone going to the Palais Royal to see all this. We have preferred our drives in the Bois de Boulogne which is beautiful : the heavy rains have washed all so clean and fresh."

" August 16th. Last night I went to the Berrys who are leaving Paris for England in a few days, in despair that business takes them away. They are going to paint and decorate their house in Curzon Street for their winter campaign. Lady Charlotte Lindsay is a good-natured and clever person, but I am most surprised at the three agreeing so well, as they all love talking *so* much and constantly echo one another on the same events as they live together. They were saying last night that a Deputation is certainly going over to express thanks for the enthusiasm shown in England for their cause, and Sir Frederick Lamb is coming here with congratulations to Philippe ler [*sic*] from our Court, so we are mightily *amical*. They say swarms of English are coming over—what extraordinary changes ! I am not sorry that some of the proud Court people are brought down : the Guiches, who never showed any gratitude to old friends, and a number of the fine ladies who gave themselves such airs. I hear nothing is decided about the destination of our poor dear Madame de Gontaut who was so the reverse of all this."

* Gabriel Julien Ouvrard, born in Brittany in 1770. A clever and unscrupulous financier. He died ruined in London in 1846.

"August 29th, 1830. The dear Dad and I spent the whole morning yesterday at the Review of 40,000 Gardes Nationales, another of the wonders of this revolution, all in beautiful uniforms and the cavalry so well appointed and the whole so orderly that it was difficult to believe that it is the work of *one* month—Philippe, looking very handsome, arrived on horseback with his two sons. I felt provoked with myself for being so much interested in this new King, as if I had quite forgotten my old friends and that poor dear little Duc de Bordeaux, who, if he would be allowed to forget his claim to the crown, would most certainly be a happier man, poor little fellow. Most people had tickets for the garden belonging to the École Militaire ; the Garde Nationale on asking me for *ours* which we *had not*, very gallantly said he could not turn us back and that we might go into the house or wherever we liked, so we took excellent places in the garden close to a *grille* that looked upon the whole *Champ*. There was a Pavilion in the middle, raised on a flight of steps, at the four corners of which were standards of tricolor flags that the King was to give to the Battalions. You have no idea how pretty it looked, and when the King bowed he was received with shouts of enthusiastic applause which were very general. I heard only one voice, which we had the annoyance of close to us, who called as loud as he could roar : 'Vive Napoleon !' He was a most troublesome customer who forced his way over the *grille* with his two sons, declaring he had a right to go anywhere, after serving his country for forty years. He was a horrid looking creature and I believe the Garde Nationale thought him safer in the garden than loose among the populace, for he was evidently in the most discontented state, so, after resisting him a little while, they turned their backs and let him get over at the risk of spiking himself. In the evening at half past six we saw the whole *cortège* pass close to us oppose the Invalides, the King with his hat off riding through the immense crowd, all as quiet and orderly as possible, it has given me a greater feel of security than I have ever had."

"Sept. 4th. We went to the Opera last night in Pozzo's * box to see Taglioni who is so improved ; she is really beautiful and dances better than ever. It was my first sight of the Opera house hung round with the *Drapeau Tricolor*. All the Royal boxes are laid open to public use and a very large new one made in the centre for the Philippes, very handsomely decorated. Lady Blessington and her family have one of the old Royal

* Pozzo di Borgo. A Corsican by birth, entered the service of Russia in 1803, and was at this time Russian Ambassador in Paris.

boxes just opposite Pozzo's and were spying at us the whole night. D'Orsay has been winning races with a black horse he bought of William."

" Sept. 9th. I did not tell you of a Cannon Ball *pendant la révolution* flying into the garden ! It made so extraordinary a hissing that I ran to the window thinking the pussies were fighting, when Henri (the footman) rushed into the room and begged me not to expose myself. It was at the moment they were attacking the public offices which are in our street and which soon surrendered. None of the pussies were killed so you see I was was not in much danger. Daddy is so amused at my being frightened at the cats and not at the cannon ball, and disgraces me by telling everybody, but I cannot be friendly to cats as he is. D'Orsay called on me yesterday, he has been winning all the races here and is very *glorieux*. He denied a report I had heard that Lady Blessington is going to be married : he coloured up very much when I asked him ! I think it possible, she has taken up quite a bridal effect since she took off her widow's weeds."

" Sept. 21st. Poor dear Madame de Gontaut's letter is very *triste*, their future so uncertain and she dreads leaving England where she says she longs to end her days in a cottage. She does not regret her grandeur but the impossibility of leaving her post now that they are in adversity. She describes the Duchesse d'Angoulême as quite resigned and behaving beautifully, *plus de hauteur* or severity. She is so improved in manners and drives about in a one horse chaise of the most ordinary kind."

" All the world is astonished at Talleyrand's appointment as ambassador to England. He is enchanted and has gone off, having his mind as strong as ever, although a most infirm body. Do you not remember seeing him at the Duchesse de Courlande's in former days in Paris ? I remember him always as a *grand seigneur* that everybody was introduced to. His life and career have been so extraordinary that his finishing in this triumphant way after having been sent out of England in former times makes his end still more so."

Talleyrand's gratitude to old Mr. Lock for his kindness to him in the Juniper Hall days evidently did not extend to his son, for there does not seem to have been any intercourse between him and the William Lockes during the years the latter spent in Paris.

The correspondence now ceases abruptly. Mr. Locke had added a few lines on one of his wife's letters to his daughter : " Things here are perfectly quiet and it is our intention to remain in Paris till you join us, we hope, in

October, when we can proceed to Italy all together to spend the winter. Tell Wallscourt that I depend on him."

Whether this plan was carried out is not known. There is now a gap of two years in the story of the Lockes, bridged by a solitary letter dated 18th January, 1831, and addressed to Lady Wallscourt at Ardfry, in which Mrs. Locke tells her daughter : " I have very good accounts of Selina and baby." For the young William Lockes now had a daughter, Amy, and that is all we hear of them until the fatal September of the following year.

XXXI

THE COMO TRAGEDY AND THE DEATH OF OLD MRS. LOCK

1832

A SEPTEMBER morning on the Lake of Como. Beauty of colour that seems unreal in its fragility, like the texture of bubbles. Can all this turquoise and rose and pearl and gold be only water and rocks and trees? I see it now from my window while I write, as William Locke saw it over a hundred years ago.

In the summer of 1832 Mr. and Mrs. Locke came to Italy and rented Villa Tanzi, situated between Blevio and Torno, the same villa that Mrs. Charles Locke had taken thirteen years before. No doubt the remembrance of her rapturous description influenced them. It consisted of two large pavilions of fine architecture, symmetrical in design, overhanging the blue waters of the lake, and connected by a terrace and garden. The villa now belongs to Conte Taverna, whose great grandfather purchased it from Conte Tanzi in 1833.

William and Selina Locke, with their baby Amy, joined his parents at this lovely place in August. Augustus Tollemache has left an account of what occurred. "It must have been a joyous time, that brief autumn with such lovely surroundings, so congenial to their artistic tastes, and how pleasantly the time must have passed—painting, literature, and song—with the prattle of the happy child.

"William had bought a sailing boat and was much on the lake—carrying more sail than was thought quite safe—but he had two good native boatmen, used to the caprices of the changeful Como. He himself was a strong swimmer—and no thought of danger cast a shadow on their tranquil enjoyments.

"The morning of the 14th September broke in all its Italian loveliness, not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple on the blue lake. William went as usual for a sail, his wife had wished to go with him, but the child had cried at seeing them both going away, and would not be pacified till she promised to stay—in all likelihood the child's tears saved her mother's life.

William Lock III

"He had business in Como, its nature has been variously stated, to account for what happened—he had changed money at the bank and was weighed with a bag of silver piastres. One thing is certain, his wife had wished for a finely modelled silver crucifix she had seen some days before in Como. He bought it on that day, and it has hung ever since above her sleeping head.*

"All went well on the return voyage till the boat reached a point just opposite the villa, when a sudden and terrific squall sprang up. Father, Mother, and wife rushed out on the balcony. The boat was close in sight —so near, indeed, that William was able to exchange signals with them, when she suddenly capsized. They saw the two boatmen struggling in the rough water, but William never rose to the surface, nor was the beautiful form ever again seen by mortal eye."

Among the family papers lies this old newspaper clipping of the time .

"It is our painful task to announce the death of Captain Lock" (they here revert to the old spelling) "who was drowned by the going down of his boat on the 14th of September in one of those sudden squalls to which the Lake of Como is so subject. . . . He was as remarkable for the beauty of his person as for the high courage and perfect good temper which insured him the warm friendship of all who knew him. He was no less distinguished in the sporting world than in the circles of the *beau monde;* and he was an accomplished amateur artist—as his sketches and designs from the Waverley Novels, published a year or two since, sufficiently prove. This fine young man was in his twenty-ninth year. It is stated the young and fondly attached wife witnessed the fearful catastrophe, as she was on the balcony watching her husband's return, when at a short distance from the shore, a violent and sudden gust of wind swept him from her sight for ever. . . . It is a singular coincidence that Captain Lock nearly met with a similar accident two years ago. While hunting with the stag-hounds in the neighbourhood of Windsor, he attempted to ford the Thames, and was extricated by a brother officer, at the peril of his life, when apparently dead. The extreme beauty of the Lock family has been immortalised by the pencil of Lawrence, with whom they lived on terms of intimacy. The subject of our present notice was the original of the beautiful picture of 'the Boy and Dog,' engraved in the 'Cameo Annual'."

* The crucifix was found wedged under a seat in the overturned boat. After Mrs. Locke's death this treasured possession passed successively to her daughter, Lady Walsingham, her granddaughter, Principessa Colonna, and her great granddaughter, Duchessa di Sermoneta. It is now preserved in Rome.

The Como tragedy made such an impression at the time that Bulwer Lytton referred to it in his novel " Ernest Maltravers," published soon afterwards. " Captain William Locke of the Life Guards, distinguished by a personal beauty that certainly equalled, perhaps surpassed, the highest masterpiece of Grecian sculpture."

I have remarked elsewhere how seldom accounts of an event are identical when told by different people. A historian once destroyed the work of his lifetime after making this depressing discovery. We now have an instance.

At the time of William's death, the famous singer Giuditta Pasta lived at Villa Trempo, Blevio, near the Villa Tanzi. Possibly she had already known the Lockes in Paris, where for several seasons she had been Queen of the opera. They were ardent admirers of her talent, so having her as a neighbour was no doubt an additional attraction to the place. Pasta had an only daughter, called Clelia, who in 1832 was twelve years old. A few years ago I met two ladies, the Signorine Ferranti, who were " Clelia's " granddaughters and who had often heard her tell the story of Captain Locke's death, which she had witnessed from the window of her mother's drawing room. I visited them in the Villa Trempo, and they kindly received me in the same room in which the great singer and her little girl had seen Selina Locke on the morning of 14th September, 1832.

" Yes," said one of the Signorine, " she came to visit our great grandmother while her husband had gone sailing. Soon after the wind sprang up, but they were not worried at first, for it was not too bad, and they sat talking on this sofa opposite the big window. Presently they saw the boat coming back from Como, sailing quite close to the shore. The wind had got much stronger. All three went to the window, Pasta, Mrs. Locke, and little Clelia. See, it was *this* window, you can look out of it yourself. Captain Locke saw them and waved. Then the boat went right over. The two sailors swam to shore, but the Captain sank after only a few strokes. Our grandmother said the poor English lady had her hands in her hair, like this ! And then she fainted." I felt Selina's ghost, with her white fingers clutching her auburn ringlets, was standing near me in the window.

There are no more details. We are left to imagine the desolation in the Villa Tanzi as the purple dusk of evening descended ; the father and mother mourning their beautiful son, the young wife sobbing on the bed in which, only the night before, she had lain in her husband's arms, the baby who had cried at seeing her father leave and would now never again dance with joy at his return.

The sailing boat had capsized opposite a part of Pasta's garden that she called her " Pazzia," or Folly, on account of the high price she had paid for this extra strip of land. With her permission the Locke's had a marble tablet placed on a rock there, that overhangs the lake.

GULIELMUS LOCK ANGLUS
In Conspectu Conjugis
Et Parentum
Submersus
14 September 1832

Tender-hearted Pasta planted a slender cypress tree near the rock, and to this day it can be seen, a lonely sentinel guarding the record of a great sorrow that has now been forgotten by all.

After the tragedy William's parents and his young widow remained in Italy, where they were hurriedly joined by Lady Wallscourt. Selina was expecting a child, which was a good reason for not travelling, apart from Mr. Locke's inexplicable aversion for returning to England, though his mother was now dying at Eliot Vale.

Leaving the Lake of Como they stayed for a while at Affori, a villa near Milan belonging to the Marchesa Visconti d'Aragona, mother of Principessa Cristina di Belgiojoso, famous in Italian history. It was there that Amelia Angerstein addressed the letter announcing her mother's death.

" Nov. 13th, 1832. My William, brother of my heart and partner of my sorrow, the first-born beloved son of her whom we mourn, how difficult it is to write reasonably, with a mixed sense of almost unbearable bereavement which blots my paper with tears as I write. For, whilst I feel that I have lost in her the best delight of my life, I cannot yet forget that having for 82 years lived, not only a model of every Christian grace and virtue but of intellectual excellence and unchanged beauty combined, she may truly now be said to have accomplished with joy the course allotted to her by the Almighty, and is now enjoying the immortal reunion with the beloved of her soul and all our dear departed ones.

" Remember too that she was spared the anguish of knowing of your sorrow, which, had she lived, could not have been always kept from her, and would have been a death stroke for I know how dear your lovely son was to her soul. I have felt for you, my most dear William, all the sorrow of being far from this blessed mother in her last hours, and while I would have given a limb to bring you before her eyes yet I must impress upon you,

to diminish your regret, that from the first attack to the very last moment her mind was, with very short intervals, so darkened by malady as to convert even the sight of those dearest to her into a source of affliction. Her delusion was of the same nature as that which attended her former typhus fever, when she considered herself as intended to die and that her continuing to exist was in defiance to the Almighty (in consequence of which she endeavoured to starve herself), and that she involved every child that she saw, or even named, in her own condemnation. I would have drawn a veil over this period of heart-breaking delirium but that I am obliged to state it in order to diminish your own sorrowing regrets, for I verily believe that had you been able to appear before her it might only have aggravated her sufferings from her intense love for you. Once when I dwelt upon our sweet Bessie's reunion with you, she supplicated me not to mention a name so dear, while with uplifted eyes and hands she called down blessings upon her sweet head.

" This unspeakably affecting delirium, towards the conclusion of her life, however, even assumed a gay character during a few days, when a little kitten that lay upon her bed was an amusement to her. She then talked often of you and though mildly, always with her old affection. Her departure was one of the most perfect peace, such as her life wanted, her loved hand was within mine and our Augusta and George were also in the room. We three only, and the beauty of her countenance and features when the calm gravity of death had overspread them was something supernatural. She did not look more than twenty-five. I have never dared to trust myself to see her since, but I am told by poor George, my John and all her sorrowing grandsons who have visited her that the beauty and peace remain unchanged. This day these loved remains are placed as close as they can be, by her will, to the remains of our blessed father, in that dear place, now her last earthly home. . . . I will not talk of my daily, hourly participation in your grief, my William and my Elizabeth, I bless God every time I remember that your sweet and excellent child is with you. Our poor George has lost the cheering object of his daily care.

" We thank God daily for the rather improved account of poor, poor Selina, which Lady Ely has transmitted to us from Selina herself. I trust she will now try to live for her angel child's sake, *perhaps children*, and for yours. May the Almighty bless and support and heal the wounds of my poor William and Elizabeth's hearts."

The last portrait Lawrence painted of the family he loved so well was that of Mrs. Lock, when she was nearly eighty. He worked on this picture

con amore for at least two years before it was shown. "Dear Mrs. Lock's portrait will be my greatest beauty and the best picture of my next exhibition," he wrote to Mrs. Boucherett. The old lady had been living in quiet retirement in her cottage at Eliot Vale for ten years. There could have been no question of her paying for the picture. The great artist remembered his early days when her husband had given him encouragement and help, and not only did he wish her to have this testimony of his gratitude, but tactfully made every arrangement so that his elderly sitter should be as little inconvenienced as possible.

Russell Square,
Tuesday Morning, 11th Sept. 1827

"My dear Madam,

"Let me then have the pleasure of receiving you at One o'clock on Thursday.

"And now, my dear Madam, you must forgive me for pressing what I know you will say is an unreasonable request. Your trouble is far from being over. I cannot be satisfied with this picture, unless (as far as effort can avail me) I make it my very best. You may remember that the Work which first gave me reputation in the public Exhibition, was the Portrait of dear revered loved Mr. Lock! I hope that one of the last to *sustain* that reputation will be yours; but to effect this more than one, two or three sittings must still be exacted from you.

This is trouble of arrangement in more ways than one, but a trifling one let me do away. I have a Carriage—sometimes for the convenience of my Academical Friends, and to save myself fatigue after the labors of the Day; which I keep yearly. The Horses are literally all the worse for the little work I give them; my days and now Evenings being generally occupied at home, so that they have nothing to do; and a very civil, attentive, good, careful Coachman, sits idle against his will. Let me then entreat of you to permit that Carriage to be at your Door at Twelve, or a quarter before it, on Thursday next; and to take you back at your own hour either from hence or in the Evening from Grafton Street; and in future always attend you for these sittings. Your acquiescence in this will very greatly oblige me, and (could that be possible) make me still more

My dear Madam,
Your gratefully attach'd &
Devoted Sert
Thos. Lawrence.

The venerable Mrs. Lock was a delicious subject for Sir Thomas's brush. "She grows old without any semblance of age," wrote Fanny d'Arblay at this time. "I do not mean to assert that she *looks young:* her look has something entirely indescribable that seems to belong to no period and no class, it is nevertheless decidedly beautiful. The loveliness of her mind is depicted upon still such lovely features and complexion that we could almost fancy her already of a species apart, lifted up above her fellows, though not yet, thank God, mounted quite to heaven."

In this portrait Mrs. Lock wears a becoming white muslin mob cap adorned with little frills, and in her smiling countenance one can still trace the many dimples of her youth. A tiny nosegay of violets nestles in the front of her black dress: flowers had ever been one of the chief joys of her life and I like to fancy the old lady and the great artist planning this little fragrant touch between them. When the portrait was finally completed to Lawrence's satisfaction he exhibited it at the Academy in 1829, thirty-nine years after he had shown the first one of her husband.*

A letter of Lawrence's, preserved among the Angerstein papers, written soon after he had exhibited Mrs. Lock's picture, explains an affection in his life that has sometimes been misunderstood by his biographers. He was engrossed in painting his fine portrait of John Angerstein when he lost a dear friend, Mrs. Wolff, the beautiful wife of the Danish Consul. Whatever his relations with the lady were, he does not ever seem to have made an effort to introduce her in his coterie of intimates. The blow of her death was so crushing that for a while he laid his brushes aside and refused to be comforted. When he pulled himself together he wrote wearily to Amelia, the one who always understood:

July 9th, 1829

"It will give me great pleasure to receive Mr. Angerstein on Monday next, at eleven o'clock. You may be assured that my true friends have not been out of my mind, but, except in cases of absolute necessity, I have willingly been employed since my return from the country, only on subordinate matters in my profession. To acknowledge the truth, my mind has been totally unfit for others. I have lost a deeply valued and revered friend, one who, without injustice I could almost say, even to you and dear Mrs. Boucherett, was worthy from genius, right principle, bene-

* Two replicas of this portrait exist: one in the possession of Mrs. John Angerstein and the other in that of the Hon. Mrs. Storr, a granddaughter of Lady Wallscourt. These ladies also possess identical portraits of Mr. Lock. It is probable that Lawrence executed duplicates himself, either for Amelia Angerstein or for Lady Wallscourt.

volence and piety, to have been known, esteemed and loved by you.

"To you I know this will sufficiently account for my slowness in resuming my appointment with Mr. Angerstein, for that sort of confidential sitting, which the presence of so true and long known a friend must naturally make."

This letter is endorsed "entirely private" in Amelia's handwriting. When after Lawrence's death an offensive article appeared referring to Lawrence's liaison with Mrs. Wolff, Amelia, ever warm-hearted and loyal, was roused to fury. "When this hateful calumny met my eyes in the *Literary Gazette* I spurned it with all the indignation it merited," she wrote. "Our dear departed friend had written me a most affecting letter last summer on the death of that very person, though without naming her, and to prove the superiority of her character added that her purity and exalted piety were such, that I would have found in her a congenial spirit. In his letter he delayed a proposed sitting of Mr. Angerstein, as not feeling equal to any exertions for some days. Who she was, before marriage with Mr. Wolff, I am totally ignorant of, as well as of her history, but I distinctly remember admiring, fifteen or sixteen years ago, a portrait of a great beauty which he placed before me saying: 'I believe it is a person you do not know, a Mrs. Wolff, wife of the Danish Consul, and more beautiful by far than this picture'."

Lawrence managed to finish his portrait of John Angerstein and it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1830. But it was a great effort, for he was failing fast. Soon afterwards, the artist laid down his brilliantly coloured palette for ever.

From some disjointed notes made by Lady Wallscourt in a vellum book, we learn that she travelled about Italy with her parents in the late autumn and early winter of 1832. In the Palazzo Ludovisi, Rome, they had stood spellbound before a statue of Mars "most grand and so strikingly like our dearest lost William. . . . Dear father and mother and self could not tear ourselves away from gazing on it. . . ." On one of the pages in the book is a pencil sketch of the memorial tablet that was eventually placed on Pasta's "Folly." Probably Mr. Locke and his daughter made the design together and had it executed in a Roman studio. Underneath the drawing is scribbled: "He's gone, and I shall see that face no more. . . ."

Selina probably stayed behind at Affori, for she is never mentioned in Lady Wallscourt's diary. The Lockes joined her on their return, and they spent the winter and spring in Milan.

William's posthumous daughter, Leila, was born on 6th June, 1833, exactly nine months, less one week, after his death. Giuditta Pasta was in London at the time, singing at the Haymarket Opera House and having an enormous success. Mrs. Locke wrote to her, announcing the event.

Casa Visconti, Milan, 11th June

" My dear Pasta, you have perhaps heard that our dear Selina has been happily delivered on the 6th of this month of a charming little girl . . . alas, *not* a boy ! All the same we are perfectly contented and happy. All went off well, though she suffered a great deal, from six in the morning till eleven at night : *quite enough*, don't you think, my dear ? Selina embraces you. We rejoice at the enthusiasm you are arousing, and we are pleased with the good taste of our dear country. I received a nice little note from dear Clelia the day before yesterday. She was very well. I embrace you, my dear Pasta. For ever your very affectionate friend

" Elizabeth Locke."

Julia, daughter of the Rev. George Lock, also wrote to Pasta at this time. We know very little about Julia, except that before her marriage to the Rev. Hanson she stayed for a winter in Paris with her Uncle William and Aunt Elizabeth, who got very tired of her brown frock.

" Dear Madame Pasta,

" I passed by your door yesterday morning in hopes of seeing you and asking if you would have the extreme kindness of taking charge of a very small parcel for my aunt, Mrs. Locke. When on Tuesday I had the happiness of calling on you I forgot to mention it, in fact I forgot everything in listening to the touching account that you made to Mrs. Angerstein of the loss of my poor cousin William Locke. I would have wished to listen to you, and gaze on you, for days, and I have not yet lost hope of seeing you once more before you leave England. How unhappy I will be, dear Madame Pasta, if you do not come to see us at Mrs. Angerstein's country place. Ah, for pity's sake, dear Madame Pasta, come ! please come ! I send you some flowers from my garden for I know you love flowers. Love me also a little, I beg, and allow me to call you ' dear.'

" Always your affectionate and grateful,

" Julia Locke."

It will be noticed that, unlike her father, she had adopted the new spelling of the family name.

Whether Pasta visited Woodlands is not known. Probably when her biography is written more information about the Lockes may be unearthed in the vast mass of papers that are preserved by her descendants practically untouched. Giuditta Pasta, *née* Negri, was born in Milan in 1799 and made her first appearance at the old opera house in the Haymarket when only eighteen. Her voice was still untrained and did not make much impression. She then returned to Italy and devoted herself to study till 1822 when she made her début in Paris. Lady Granville, the British Ambassadress, was one of her most enthusiastic supporters. "I do not admire her: I adore her! There is something sublime about her. . . ." "Pasta alone is a happiness. . . ." This in 1824. Five years later she found time had begun to tell. ". . . . went to the opera on Tuesday and saw 'Anna Bolena.' Pasta older and thicker, her voice as well as figure, but always very admirable."

Giuditta Pasta is said to have been the first who introduced realistic acting into opera. She was what a dramatic singer ought to be, but so seldom is, a complete impersonation of the character she is representing. Her singing and acting carried everything before her. She sang "Di tanti palpiti" in the opera "Tancredi" in slower time than anyone else and with such effect that her audience was invariably electrified. This great aria of Rossini is now forgotten, but for years all Italy sang it, and even little Nina de Viry learned it from the gardener's boy at Nice. The opera "Anna Bolena" was written especially for Pasta by Donizetti, as was also "Norma" by Bellini.

Pasta sang for the last time at the Haymarket in 1850, more than thirty years after her first appearance there. Her powers were failing and Rachel, the great Jewess actress, was among the audience and ridiculed her performance. Pasta was singing selections from "Anna Bolena," and she braced herself in a supreme effort at the end for the famous mad scene that she would never sing again. When, as the wretched Queen condemned to death who hears the coronation music played for her rival she, with shaking hands, searched for the Crown on her own brow, Pasta was so magnificent that the audience broke out into the old irresistible cheers. Pauline Viardot Garcia who was also present, turned to her companion with her eyes full of tears and said: "You are right. It is like the Cenacolo of Da Vinci at Milan: a wreck of a picture—but the picture is the greatest in the world."

Selina and her two children returned to England in 1833, but another

blow was yet to fall on the Lockes. Little Amy, whose tears had saved her mother's life on that September morning on the lake of Como, was carried off by illness soon after they landed. She was laid to rest in the vault built by her great grandfather in Mickleham churchyard near Norbury Park. Now only baby Leila remained.

Mr. and Mrs. Locke settled definitely in Paris, at 27 Rue Neuve de Luxembourg. Her brother's absence was a great sorrow to Amelia Angerstein, who in one of her last letters speaks sadly of not having seen him for over seven years. Her life was embittered by the conduct of her eldest son. Julius, who, attractive and charming in many ways, was absolutely incapable of keeping out of trouble from the day he grew up. Harriet Lock wrote to her daughter Charlotte about this time: "You have heard of the additional torment and miserable anxiety your poor dear Aunt Amelia is suffering from Julius's outrageous debts, amounting to a sum it is said his Father never will pay, and which he himself never can and therefore must make up his mind to be an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the globe forever! He can never show his face in this country any more, is the cry."

An arrangement was finally made to settle the affairs of the prodigal son, and Amelia confided it to her brother. "My poor Julius, having no other means of paying these heavy debts incurred without any species of vice but that of careless profusion, has acquiesced to the only terms on which his father will free him. By his own desire, and to save him from ruin, I have agreed to join in a deed by which he will incur the penalty of disinheritance if he raises money or otherwise runs into debt, after having now been completely cleared. Even this his father has only consented to do at my request. I need not tell you, my beloved William who knows me so well, that although I consent to save my Julius from ruin and banishment, yet when this is done my very life will be in his hands, as I am sure I could never survive his incurring that dread penalty. This he will perhaps feel and it may act as a restraint which nothing has yet been able to impose. After the several trials already made I feel quite hopeless of Julius being ever otherwise controlled. . . ."

Amelia's sons gave her indeed more sorrow than the gentle and loving soul deserved. Julius eventually steadied down, but never married. Henry, as we know, was drowned at Eton, and George died as an infant. Frederick, who married a daughter of Lord Blaney, was "unsatisfactory," and left no family. Only William, the youngest, who adored his mother, and married

Mary Ann Nettleship, had five children, three sons and two daughters. But by the strange fatality that pursued the family there are now no male Angersteins left.

Selina Locke was wholly absorbed by her small daughter—all that remained to her in the world. Little Leila had inherited the talents of her father's family. She sang, she painted, she danced : her beauty was everyone's delight, including her own. Her mother took her often to Paris to stay with her grandparents, indeed, most of her early youth was spent there. Augustus Tollemache was a good deal with them, as he constituted himself guardian to his fatherless niece.

Time blunts the edge of the keenest sorrows, and after some years we hear of Mr. and Mrs. Locke going out a little in Paris. On 6th June, 1836, they dined at the British Embassy and the evening was rather a disturbed one. On entering the drawing room Mrs. Locke caught sight of Miss Berry and said to her husband : " Good God, what's to become of me ? There's Mary Berry." She had been deeply hurt at her friend dropping her for several years and not troubling even to write her a line when her son had died. Crying bitterly, poor Mrs. Locke was taken into the garden by the Ambassadress, and kept there until she recovered. The guests included Lady Wallscourt, Julius Angerstein, Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Berry, Comte Ladislas Zamoyski and several others. Lady Granville, who does not seem to have been particularly sympathetic, added in her account : " Well, I led her back and dinner soon set her up again." But during the meal another incident occurred. Antonin de Noailles, who sat near Mrs. Locke and had not grasped her name, tried, with what the despairing hostess described as a " peculiar fatality " to interest her by describing the melancholy fate of a *jeune Anglais, Monsieur Locke*, who had been drowned in the Lake of Como. This time the poor soul remained so calm that the horror-struck young man, on being told of his dreadful " gaffe," remarked : " *J'ai tout lieu d'espérer que Madame ne m'a pas entendu.*"

" We came out," concluded Lady Granville, " all was smoothed down, and we sat after dinner—or rather sailed—upon a placid lake."

It is again Lady Granville who gives us another glimpse of the Lockes two years later. " Jan. 5th, 1838. We went yesterday to the Locke tableaux. Lady Wallscourt handsome as Rubens' wife, with H. Greville and Mrs. W. Locke's little girl. Miss Raikes beautiful, they all declared, as Madame de la Vallière, hair down, eyes up, at the foot of the Cross.

H. Greville was Louis XIV and Mrs. Locke an attendant nun. Antonin" (was he the *gaffeur* of the dinner party ?) " and Mrs. George Rose flashed in the pan, that is, they did not look quite as beautiful as they were expected to. But the perfection came at the last : Mrs. Locke 3rd as Lucia di Lammermoor."

During these years Lady Wallscourt lived almost entirely with her parents, owing to Lord Wallscourt's behaviour. Some sort of reconciliation was eventually effected, as in 1841 we find her staying with her husband in England and expecting another child, after nineteen years of stormy matrimony. Mrs. Locke went to England to be with her daughter in her hour of trial, made yet harder by the uncertainty of her husband's temper. Mr. Locke, steadfast in his resolution of not returning to his own country, let his wife go alone, although he missed her sadly. Selina and Leila stayed meanwhile with him in Paris, and in his letters to his wife he gave thumb-nail pictures of their life. Selina was very attentive, she made him very good tea—when he had attempted it himself he had completely failed—she came and picked him up very punctually, either at the Musée du Louvre or the Bibliotéque Nationale, positively when the clock struck three, and had given him a nosegay at breakfast. Selina had been to the Circus and the Opéra Comique with him, her brother Augustus was expected, and they would put him up. A few days later they had eaten a very good dinner of venison that Lord Cardigan (Selina's brother-in-law) had sent them " in his usual magnificent style ; Selina has not yet deigned to thank him for it, but is employed in making nosegays for me." Leila had invited him to go to her *cours* to hear a grand performance given by herself and " lesser things " as she called them. Augustus had made a very clever picture of Selina, they had had a pleasant drive to Saronne and a walk along the river with Leila but, alas, no Grandmamma. All was peaceful and happy.

In Brighton, where Mrs. Locke was nursing her daughter who had given birth to Erroll, the future Lord Wallscourt, matters were more complicated. It is difficult to guess exactly what had occurred. " I feel your absence more and more," wrote Mr. Locke to his wife, " and am most uncomfortable, but I do not forget the poor Bess, to whom you will be such a comfort," and then later he alluded darkly to " . . . our girl, on whom Wallscourt really has no mercy. He has only raised hopes to disappoint them." And then again : " After having so increased her illness by anxiety from the beginning it is impossible that he should refuse to place her where she may have the best advice which he has made necessary." Later he alluded to his wife's

success, due to her patience and forbearance. " You are rewarded for what you have gone through, by being able to give our poor child some healthy sleep, so necessary to her situation, and hitherto so disturbed. This is as much as her life is worth." Obviously Mrs. Locke had persuaded her son-in-law to go away and leave his wife in peace. " I cannot help being anxious about the day Wallscourt will arrive."

This is the last we hear of pretty " Bessie " Wallscourt. She ended her life, a very old lady, in a house in Montagu Square. The late Mr. Erroll Sherson, who knew her when he was a boy, wrote down his recollections. " I remember Lady Wallscourt as a very picturesque old lady wearing an enormous cap like the grandmother in Little Red Riding-hood, over a very obvious false front of black curls, and a skimpy skirt of the Empire period, though at that time every woman wore the most enormous crinoline. Her eyes were especially black and piercing. She used to say ' yaller ' for yellow, and ' goold ' for gold, as was the fashion in earlier days. Her drawing room at Montagu Square always savoured of old-fashioned pot-pourri and was full of lovely old china and miniatures and Lawrence pictures. In her last years she became very eccentric and one of her odd fancies was to throw things out of the window when she was driving : once she threw away a five pound note this way. She died in 1877, Lord Wallscourt by then had been dead twenty-eight years."

Very little is known of Leila Locke's girlhood. There are some water colour sketches of her made by " Aunt Bessie," in which we can follow her transformation from a curly headed child to a slim young maiden with long ringlets. She visited her great grandmother, the famous Lady Aldborough, at the seaside, accompanied by her uncle, Augustus Tollemache. Sometimes her mother took her to Italy, the country that had lured four generations of Lockes across the Alps, as it were by a magic spell. Sir Frederick St. John, in his reminiscences, speaks of a ball at Palazzo Pitti, Florence, at which Leila was present when still almost a child. While he was speaking to the French Minister, M. de Beloc, they noticed that Miss Locke had fallen down. The Minister merely remarked : " *C'est la première fois qu'on voit une locataire (Locke à terre) dans ce palais !* "

In 1847 Mr. Locke passed away in his beloved Paris, and his widow returned to the England for which she had so pined for many years, to end her life there.

Selina Locke and her daughter Leila settled in London.

XXXII

LEILA, THE LAST OF THE LOCKES

AT seventeen Leila Locke was an exceptionally lovely girl, with long brown curls shading her oval face, and a supple figure, less stately than her mother's. She had an ivory skin, with rosy cheeks and red lips, but her eyes were her chief beauty ; immense, azure, fringed with the longest lashes imaginable. Her friends compared her to a bunch of sweetpeas. Until the end she retained the clear blue gaze that also reminded them of summer skies, though she told me that all the tears she had shed before she was nineteen had worn away her eyelashes that never grew as thick again.

But at seventeen she had not yet wept, except perhaps the morning when, descending from a chair with a pet canary in her hand, after having carefully removed it from its cage, she discovered that it lay limp and lifeless, for she had squeezed it to death ! She always remembered that first sorrow.

Lord Burghersh, eldest son of the Earl of Westmorland and, through his mother, nephew of the Duke of Wellington, fell in love with her when she was still a child. She went from the schoolroom to the altar, for she was married on 17th of October, 1849, at Apethorpe, when just over seventeen. The Duke of Wellington acted as father to the girl-bride and gave her away, while her great uncle, George Lock, performed the ceremony. A description of the wedding has been preserved in a letter written by Lady Westmorland.

Apethorpe, Oct. 17, 1849

" Our wedding has gone off admirably in every respect. We had the finest day. An immense concourse of decent, well dressed people from all the neighbouring towns and villages were on the lawn early in the morning. Soon after eleven we all walked to church, the people forming two lines on each side of the path, all most orderly and respectful. The school children, all dressed alike, strewed flowers from the little gate in the park up to the church. The Duke of Wellington walked with me, and remained

Leila, the last of the Locks
(afterwards Lady Burghersh, Duchessa di Sant' Arpino and San Teodoro, and Lady Walsingham)
From a picture by an unknown artist

in the porch until Leila arrived with her mother (in a carriage), and then led her to the altar. The church was completely filled ; no noise or confusion. The ceremony was most admirably performed by old Mr. Lock, a fine and venerable old man, I was quite delighted with Leila's clear and impressive manner of saying the words. She had been a good deal overcome on going to church, but collected herself, and behaved admirably at the altar. Poor Ernest was dreadfully shy and nervous and could scarcely be heard.

" We all walked back as we came, Ernest and Leila going in the carriage, and then we assembled in the garden. Soon after we went into the village, which had the appearance of a fair from the booths, bands of music, etc. ; and at the school house I had arranged tables for two hundred poor people who were all seated before good joints of meat, pudding, and potatoes, enjoying themselves ; and I believe at this moment all the children of this village and Newton are regaling themselves with firmity and plum-cake. What pleased me much was Leila's kind way of going and talking to all the poor people and children. She and Ernest stay here to dine with us, and go after dinner to Laxton about four miles off. There is no fuss or affectation ; everything is natural and just as I like to see it. Yesterday we had a dinner of thirty-four people—being the near relations on both sides —in the gallery, and afterwards a ball in the dining room, at which all the neighbours were present and seemed highly delighted, the presence of the Duke being an object of great interest to everyone. The dancing was kept up till past three. To-day we have had the wedding breakfast after the ceremony, and shall be twenty-nine at dinner and to-morrow the guests depart."

That day Selina felt she was reaping her reward for having devoted the best years of her life to the care of her little daughter. The sight of Leila leaning on the arm of her handsome bridegroom brought back the memory of her own romance with William Locke, but here there was no cloud to mar the day. The whole world approved, blessings were showered down on the bright young heads, flowers were scattered in their path as they left the church. Eventually beautiful Apethorpe would be their home, they would live there even as the first William Lock and his " sweet Fredy " had lived at Norbury Park, loved and respected by all, with their lovely children gathered round them.

Did Selina remember that Fate is sometimes unmerciful and relentless ?

After their honeymoon the young couple spent the first months of their

married life in the Tower of London where Lord Burghersh was quartered, and afterwards in Ireland with his regiment. Leila had inherited part of the mysterious Irish property whose origin has never been traced, and that had once belonged to her great-grandfather, the first William Lock. Not long afterwards her trustees disposed of it. Young Lady Burghersh rather liked Ireland. When she went to a Dublin theatre, in the full radiance of her beauty, the whole audience would turn to gaze on her admiringly. Once, at the end of the performance, they raised a great shout : " Three cheers for the young lady in the pink wreath ! " She thought it fun.

A few months later her happiness faded. Lord Burghersh had a bad fall from his horse and, as a consequence, mental trouble developed. He was always gentle to his wife, but his condition was such that he had to be put under restraint. He died soon afterwards, which was probably all for the best, as he could never have recovered his mind. On her nineteenth birthday Leila's gifts were handed to her with a silent kiss by her relations on account of her deep mourning.

Soon afterwards mother and daughter, both lovely young widows—Selina herself was only thirty-nine—left England and settled in Paris, where they had already lived so much. A halo of romance surrounded them, and everyone wanted to meet " *ces pauvres veuves, si jeunes et si belles !* " One old lady alone, with Voltairean cynicism, spoke her mind when Mrs. Locke presented her daughter with the usual phrase that always aroused a murmur of pity : " *Ma fille, Lady Burghersh, qui est veuve et n'a que dix neuf ans. . . .* " Electrified by this statement, the old lady sprang to her feet, seizing the child widow by both hands. " *Veuve ? À dix neuf ans ? Heureuse, heureuse, heureuse. . . .* " Leila would recount this anecdote in later years with a certain grim humour. She was by then inclined to think that the old lady had been right.

The Emperor Napoleon III admired both " *les belles veuves Anglaises,* " and thought that the best way of consoling them would be to arrange their marriages with two of his friends. Alarmed at this prospect, Mrs. Locke and Lady Burghersh folded their tents and slipped away in the night. They went south, down to Naples. Fate, inexorably, was drawing yet another Locke into Italy.

It is doubtful whether Leila found anyone in Naples who still remembered her great uncle, who had lived there fifty-five years before, quarrelling with Nelson and Lady Hamilton and perpetually getting into money difficulties. The King who reigned there now was Ferdinand II, the grandson of " *Re*

Nasone" and Queen Maria Carolina, who had so persecuted Charles Locke in their day. He had also been given a nickname by his people. They called him "Bomba," a bitterer title than "Big Nose," for it was in memory of the day when he ordered the troops to bombard a mob at Messina that had been demonstrating again him. He was a stout man with a grey beard, who disliked all forms of sport, seldom took any exercise and had never been seen in uniform. He had narrow ideas and a selfish nature, and constantly said, with profound conviction: "*Après moi le deluge.*" His saintly first wife, Maria Cristina of Savoy, on whose tomb the Neapolitans still pray, had been much too good for him. She died giving birth to the son who was destined to become the last Bourbon King of the two Sicilies. Ferdinand II consoled himself quickly and soon married again. His second wife was the Austrian Archduchess Maria Teresa, plain, austere and bigoted; she gave him many children—destined to live in exile most of their lives—and had the reputation of being very unkind to her stepson, the heir to the throne.

Don Luigi Caracciolo, Duke of Sant' Arpino (it was only in later years that he assumed the title of Duke of San Teodoro) was one of the great noblemen of Naples. He possessed vast properties in the fertile land that lay south of the city, besides a fine town residence, Palazzo San Teodoro, on the Riviera di Chaia, overlooking the blue Bay of Naples with Vesuvius and its smoky plume in the far distance. The Palazzo was full of valuable pictures, furniture and china. The Duke was very handsome and an authority on fencing, horses and the theatre. He was the recognised leader of a group of men who met daily in his house, and prided themselves on uniting French grace of conversation with the good taste of English clothes. He fell in love with Lady Burghersh and married her in 1854. Unfortunately his many possessions included a jealous disposition, a fiery temper and a roving eye; Leila, who had been spoilt by her adoring mother, was wilful and frivolous, so that clashes were frequent.

For a few years this ill-assorted couple led a brilliant life in the Palazzo San Teodoro, entertaining royally both Neapolitan society and all the foreigners of distinction who flocked to the town. Mrs. Locke never left her daughter and was allotted an apartment on the second floor of the Palazzo. She would try to make peace between the Duke and the Duchess during their magnificent fights, but with scanty success.

"Sant' Arpino would give poor Mama a push and spin her round like a tee-to-tum!" Leila told me herself many years afterwards and I, horrid

little child that I was, secretly mourned that I had not witnessed such an interesting acrobatic feat. My story now becomes more personal, as Selina Locke was my great-grandmother and the Sant' Arpinos my grandparents. We, my sister and I, always called Leila " Nonna," which means grandmother in Italian. She was fond of telling us anecdotes of our grandfather's iniquities. Once she threw the contents of a cup of tea in his face. She said it stopped the scene as he had to go and wipe his velvet coat, and it did him a lot of good for a few days. Sometimes Nonna's victory was a hollow one, as on the day when she passionately seized the scissors and snipped off all her hair, because her husband objected to her appearing in some *tableaux* with her long curls loose on her shoulders.

The Sant' Arpinos often dined with King " Bomba," the young Englishwoman exquisitely dressed in white, for she never wore colours in the evening, her neck sparkling with the famous San Teodoro diamonds, and the Sovereign would whisper gallantly in her ear : " *Ce n'est pas un collier de sujette, c'est un collier de Reine. . . .*"

The King was not the only royal admirer of the Duchess of Sant' Arpino ; his brother, the Conte di Siracusa, was also very devoted. The Principessa di Tricase's grandson remembers an anecdote that she told him of those days. She was an intimate friend of my grandmother's, and in King Bomba's time they were the recognised leaders of feminine fashion in Naples. One day, at a hunting party given by the Conte di Siracusa, the two ladies appeared in riding habits of Scotch tartan, a daring novelty which was much admired. As it came on to rain, the Conte di Siracusa invited the Principessa di Tricase and the Duchessa di Sant' Arpino to take shelter with him in his Tilbury. All three were cosily tucked up together, absorbed in conversation and oblivious to all others, when Sant' Arpino leaped on the back of the carriage and with his hunting knife cut a star-shaped hole in the leather hood. His head then appeared through the opening, exactly between that of his wife and H.R.H., startling them vastly. The Conte di Siracusa thought it diplomatic to treat the incident as a joke, and my grandmother gave the Princess a Scottish dirk in souvenir of the day, which is still preserved in the Tricase family.

Oral tradition has preserved the story of a curious incident between the Sant' Arpinos and another brother of the King's, the Conte di Aquila, who was looked upon with suspicion by the Court and the Government, owing to his Liberal ideas. There was a ball one night at Palazzo San Teodoro, when the Royal Prince arrived somewhat late and immediately invited his

hostess to dance. As they waltzed round the great room he warned her to betray no sign of emotion at what he was going to tell her. He has just been informed that the King had planned his assassination and it was vital for him to escape at once : the Duchess could save his life as she had an English friend whose yacht was anchored in the bay of Naples ; he was at the ball, and the only person who could get him away. Always dancing and smiling, the lovely hostess passed from the King's brother to her English guest—whose name, unfortunately, has not been recorded—and then on to her husband. Everything was arranged in gay undertones. The Conte di Aquila was smuggled down a secondary staircase to the back premises, where he put on the livery of one of the Sant' Arpino footmen, and in this disguise, carrying a lantern, he escorted the Englishman on board the yacht and escaped under the protection of the British flag.

I do not know in what year this occurred. History records that in August, 1860, when King Ferdinand II was dead and his son, a poor weakling, had succeeded him with the title of Francesco II, the Conte di Aquila plotted against his nephew and attempted to be proclaimed Regent. On this occasion he was betrayed by one of his own men, arrested and sent to England in a ship commanded by Admiral Palumbo, his exile thinly disguised as a political mission, so as to save his face. The incident at my grandfather's house must have happened before that.

To this day the story is still told in Naples of how in the brilliant '50's it was considered such a hall mark of distinction to be received at the Palazzo San Teodoro, that social climbers would give an annual tip to the gorgeous porter who stood on guard at the palace entrance, to insure his touching his hat to them as they strolled past. To those who contributed munificently this individual would add a few words to his salute, in a confidential tone : " the Signora Duchessa has just gone out," or " the Signora Duchessa is not receiving to-day," and the snobs would consider themselves richly rewarded if these remarks were overheard by passers by.

An Italian historian, Raffaello de Cesare, describes the brilliance of Neapolitan society during those years.

" The Duchessa di Sant' Arpino was a star that rose from the other side of the Alps. When the Duke married her and brought her to his house, giving a splendid reception for all his friends, her apparition in Naples was an event. . . . The great hostesses of the day were, amongst others, Princess Bovino, the Duchessa di Sant' Antimo and the Principessa d'Angri. At the latter's house all the gay world danced in summer on a terrace in the open

air, and the crowd of spectators in the street was so great that carriages could not pass. The King and Queen did not appear at these parties, but the King's uncles, the Counts of Siracusa, d'Aquila and Trapani, went out a good deal. On gala nights at the San Carlo opera, society appeared in full splendour of jewels and uniforms. . . . "

The name of San Carlo brings back to my memory a quaint little ermine " tippet," yellowed with age, that I remember my grandmother wearing when I was a child, and saying as she gently stroked it : " I love it : I wore it during many happy evenings at San Carlo ! "

Private theatricals were all the rage in those days, and the beautiful Duchessa Ravaschieri, who was an excellent actress, was always given a leading part. Principessa di Camporeale and Marchesa di Bugnano acted constantly, too ; I have never heard of my grandmother doing so, but no doubt her English accent would have been a drawback, even if she had had any talent. Tableaux were all she could cope with, and we know with what dire results for her beautiful head of hair !

One of my Nonna's most intimate friends in her Naples days was a charming young Frenchwoman, the Marquise de Sassenay, who with her husband lived there from 1854 to 1869. When she was eighty-five and, as she said, expecting death with dread but resignation, she wrote a slim volume of memoirs for private circulation, from which I am allowed to quote.

The Marquise de Sassenay was not an admirer of the King and Queen of Naples, but, on the other hand she loved Neapolitan society that had given her a warm welcome and showered hospitality on her. Lively and intelligent, every aspect of Naples life interested her. In those days the country was infested with brigands and kidnapping quite a frequent occurrence. When the Sassenays spent the summer in a villa at Castellamare, on the other side of the bay, a celebrated outlaw called Leone reigned over the district, dreaded and yet admired by the population for his strength, quickness and generosity. Always courteous to pretty women, he had sent a message to the Marquise to assure her that she had no cause to be afraid of him, as he would respect her relations and protect her home. One day, when she was in her garden, she saw four *carabinieri* coming down the hillside, leading a man in chains. They told her they had captured Leone. She said he was quite young and as beautiful as a god ; as he passed he threw her a glance, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say : " It is all up with me now, and I can do no more for you." He was shot soon afterwards.

One day an old married couple called Canonici, friends of the Sassenays, were out for a walk when a group of brigands swooped down on them, picked up Signora Canonici and ran away with her. Her husband was left, startled but not altogether broken-hearted, for his wife was fat and dull and bored him greatly. He turned homewards, thinking that it was perhaps all for the best, when he saw the brigands racing back, carrying their terrified captive, whom they dumped on the ground at his feet. " She's too heavy, we'll take you instead," they explained, and proceeded to do so. Signora Canonici had a good heart, and paid a large ransom to get her husband back.

When in Naples Madame de Sassenay spent all her afternoons with my grandmother in Palazzo San Teodoro. It was the fashion for great ladies to stay at home and receive countless visitors. General de la Marmora was one of those who called every day. He was tall and thin, exactly like Don Quixote, with an old English wife who suffered horribly from jealousy. The General was madly in love with my grandmother, and took her husband as aide-de-camp, so as to have more opportunities of seeing her. Whenever the General was announced a chill fell on the gathering, for they were all young and gay, and knew that a few minutes later Contessa de la Marmora would walk in too, with the object of keeping an eye on her husband. An unnecessary precaution, for the lovely Duchessa di Sant' Arpino had better fish to fry than the leathery old General.

1860 brought great political changes. Garibaldi, following his dream of a united Italy, was sweeping victoriously over the country. Bomba's son, the wretched little Francesco II, saw his inefficient Neapolitan army utterly routed by Garibaldi's troops, and lost his throne he had only ascended the year before. He went into exile with his lovely young Queen, Sophia of Bavaria, who was worthy of a better fate. Garibaldi entered Naples in triumph, a rough strong man, wearing the red shirt that had become his uniform, and escorted by a handful of followers dressed in the same style. The citizens submitted to the conqueror ; on the whole they did not regret seeing the last of the Bourbons, who had proved themselves inadequate sovereigns for several generations. Garibaldi could easily have become King of the Two Sicilies himself, but his tastes did not lie in that direction.

Some time later, from the same balcony, the Marquise de Sassenay and the Duchessa di Sant' Arpino watched Garibaldi drive once more through the streets of Naples, this time with Victor Emanuel of Savoy on his right, whom the plebiscite of the people had chosen as King. The new Sovereign

wore the uniform of a General and looked thoughtful, but Garibaldi, having succeeded in his heart's desire, was radiant. From the crowds on the pavements and the roofs, in the windows and the doorways, rose a great shout: "Viva il Re!" The Bourbons were gone for ever, and the House of Savoy reigned in their place.

British and French men-of-war were stationed in the bay of Naples during those momentous days. With the light-heartedness characteristic of sailors in all countries, both the English Admiral Egerton and the French Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, decided to give parties on their respective flag-ships as soon as the situation cleared. Madame de Sassenay was asked to make up the list of Neapolitan guests for the French Admiral; his instructions were brief and to the point: *all the pretty women*, their husbands because it was impossible to ignore them, but *no bachelors*, for the French officers were to have a good time. It was a hard task. Some of the ladies declared they would not come if their beaux were not invited too, and the Marquise had to use all her diplomacy to obtain that the Admiral should make a few exceptions to his iron rule.

On arriving at the party on the French ship, the first thing Madame de Sassenay noticed was the black scowl of the French Ambassador, Comte Benedetti, who was strangely haughty on the rare occasions when he addressed a word to Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. Someone whispered to her what had occurred.

King Victor Emanuel had given an audience that morning to both the Ambassador and the Admiral. A somewhat heavy quality of chaff was the form of humour that appealed to the Sovereign, so the conversation started in this vein.

"I am much perturbed, Admiral, for they tell me you mean to carry off to-day on your ship all the lovely women of Naples."

"Your Majesty is not correctly informed: the ladies will be accompanied by their husbands."

"Yes, I know, but I have also been told that you have made arrangements to send all the husbands adrift in a boat."

"Sir, my Ambassador has proposed it, but I do not dare to accept his idea."

This very innocent joke of the Admiral's had mortally offended Comte Benedetti. It makes one realise that Ambassadors are less sensitive nowadays, probably because they have far more to put up with.

But this was the only crumpled rose leaf. The ship, with its cargo of

beauties made a trip to Sorrento and Capri on a sea of blue glass ; there was exquisite food and French wines for all the guests, and dancing on deck all night till dawn paled the sky.

A few days later Admiral Egerton gave a similar entertainment on board his flag-ship, which was attended by the same lovely young women, all as gay as a summer day and new frocks could make them. The most admired was Leila di Sant' Arpino, " delicious all in white, as usual." How different had been the bitter hour her great uncle Charles Lock had spent on Admira Nelson's ship in the same bay of Naples, sixty years before !

Madame de Sassenay noticed a subtle difference in the way the ladies were assisted on to the French and English ships. " When we climbed the ladder our young rascals of officers opened their eyes wide so as to admire our legs, but when we went on board the British ship the officers there held our crinolines tightly round our ankles, for fear of seeing anything beyond the tips of our toes."

The Duchess of Sant' Arpino was appointed Lady in Waiting to Princess Margherita, wife of Prince Umberto, son of Victor Emanuel and heir to the throne of Italy. She was on duty for the grand christening ceremony of their only child, the present King of Italy. Her enormous diamond earrings were of such a weight that they inflamed her delicate little ears to an unendurable degree, when she took them off and slipped them into the front of her low-necked brocaded dress.

Teresa Caracciolo was the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sant' Arpino. She continued the Lock tradition of good looks, with a wealth of golden curls and curiously dark eyes, and was excessively wilful and attractive. She also inherited the Lock love of art and literature and sang with a beautiful soprano voice that was afterwards trained by Tosti. She grew up, a somewhat lonely little girl, alternately spoiled and neglected by her parents, according to their moods. She had a handsome governess whose head was adorned by heavy plaits of hair. These were taken off at night, but my grandfather either did not realise this or did not mind, for " Mademoiselle " became his mistress. When my grandmother discovered the treason that was flourishing under her roof and protested she was told that if the governess left, her daughter would finish her education in a convent. The governess remained. One day, however, " Mademoiselle," went too far and slapped her pupil. Teresa flew to her father to show him her crimson cheek and the governess was sacked the same day. Probably my grandfather had got tired of her by then.

His next affair was more serious. He fell violently in love with an opera singer called Madame Krauss who was performing in "Norma" at San Carlo. She was undoubtedly the love of his life. He followed her to Milan and Paris, spent enormous sums on her establishment and finally left a large portion of his fortune to the son he had by her, who, incidentally, spent it all in two years and died penniless in Vienna.

Leila di Sant' Arpino had always remained a staunch Protestant. It was she who laid the foundation stone for the first Church of England in Naples, having obtained permission for its erection from King Victor Emanuel. He gave it as a special favour to her, on condition that externally it showed no sign of being an ecclesiastical building. When Lord Radstock, who was a well-known Evangelist preacher, came to Naples he called on the Duchess of Sant' Arpino. He always talked religion to everyone, and on this occasion expressed his fear lest his hostess should be wavering in her steadfastness to her own faith. At the end of his harangue he begged her to go down on her knees with him and pray. My grandmother, polite and gracious, complied with his request and while they were both kneeling, with clasped hands, in the middle of the drawing-room, the door opened and her husband came in. One more scene was the result.

But the fact of having kept her own religion served Leila in good stead when she eventually decided to get a divorce. The British Ambassador, Sir Francis Elliot, was summoned and requested to examine the bruises that Sant' Arpino had produced on his wife's arms ; as the Ambassador had been present the day the Duke had thrown a plate at the Duchess's head the divorce was not difficult to obtain, and meanwhile my grandmother was offered the hospitality of the British Embassy. My grandfather retaliated by publishing, for private circulation, some letters his wife had addressed to Lord Walsingham, a handsome bachelor, and that he had managed to intercept. In one of them she compared herself to a canary in a golden cage.

Leila moved to Rome and took a vast apartment in the Palazzo Bonaparte, which had once belonged to Madame Mère, Napoleon's mother. She was now free, but refused to marry Lord Walsingham till her own daughter was settled. Teresa Caracciolo's admirers were legion, for not only was she lovely, gay and full of charm, but also a considerable heiress. Her choice finally fell on the Duke of Marino, eldest son of Prince Colonna of Rome. They were married in 1876 and I am their daughter.

As a matter of fact, my grandmother hesitated a good deal before

marrying her British suitor. He was at least fifteen years younger than herself, a great sportsman and entomologist, and more active than the average man, while she had spent her life in drawing rooms and had never taken a walk in her life. They had not a taste in common.

Lord Walsingham, who was passionately in love, spoke to the late King Edward VII—he was then Prince of Wales and an intimate friend of his—asking him to plead his cause. My grandmother was in London at the time. The Prince called on her and amongst other arguments in Walsingham's favour said that Merton, his place in Norfolk, would be a lovely home for her and that she should settle in her own country. She gave in. Long years afterwards, when the Walsingham marriage also turned out a failure, King Edward expressed his anger at the way his friend had behaved. Lady Walsingham sent him a noble message :

" Tell His Majesty that Walsingham gave me sixteen years of happiness and that he must not be hard on him. . . ."

They had been rather splendid years, spent between the big house in Eaton Square and Merton Hall, where Lord and Lady Walsingham entertained the best shots in England at their famous shooting parties. When they went on a visit to Sandringham or other big country houses in Norfolk, they drove in a great blue and white barouche drawn by four grey horses, complete with postillions and outriders.

But now the moment has come to lay aside these yellowed letters and faded diaries. They have given all they could, raising in a fleeting vision the ghosts of the lovely family now forgotten by all. The great mass of dusty papers has been sifted, and all that I can still do is to search my own memories of the last Lockes, Selina and her daughter Leila.

My great grandmother died when I was twelve years old. I can still remember the satin texture of her incredibly white hands, patterned with a tracery of faint blue veins. My mother would hold them up to the light and kiss the finger tips, one by one. " They are made of pure alabaster. Granny ! " she would say, and though Grannie always answered with severity : " Nonsense, child," one felt that she was very pleased. I can see her now, a very old lady in a white-lace cap and a dress of black brocade, sitting in an armchair all day long and eternally crocheting woollen waistcoats which she distributed at Christmas to the gardeners at Merton. She wore opal rings that flashed blue, mauve, and rose lights as she worked. Sometimes she would read aloud to my sister and myself a fascinating book about a little girl called Leila who was cast on a desert island with her father

and nurse. We confusedly imagined it was the story of our grandmother and were thrilled.

Granny was severe with the younger generation, even when they were grown up and married. " My dear," she would say to Mrs. Alexander Fortescue, " that is not the way to enter a drawing room. Go out and come in again gracefully and don't *rush*." May Fortescue, rather alarmed, would obey her immediately. Her husband, Charles Lock's great grandson, is one of the few left who remembers Granny Locke. He tells me she was the real type of the old-fashioned great lady, with immense dignity in her speech and carriage. Once, when he crossed the drawing room at Merton in his flannels to join the tennis players on the lawn, she looked up from her armchair as he passed and coldly remarked : " Those are not clothes in which to appear before a lady."

She had never walked more than a few yards in a street in her life, and then only followed by a footman. She wore little satin sandals with no heels and refused obstinately ever to drive in a hansom. She explained that if the harness were to break the hansom, having only two wheels, would tilt backwards and then it would be impossible to get out. When people said : " Why should the harness break ? " she would answer with a tone of finality : " It might."

She was terrified of horses. Her niece, Emily Vernon Harcourt, wrote in her notes on the family :

" Aunt Selina was a terrible coward in a carriage and I have heard her say entreatingly to the driver of a London four-wheeler : ' Pray, Sir, do not overturn us ! ' When she stayed at Helmingham Hall with her brother Lord Tollemache who was fond of driving his four-in-hand, she would accompany him, but never out of the courtyard and over the drawbridge. By special favour my uncle allowed her to get into the carriage in the avenue. One day in Ipswich the horses jibbed. Mrs. Locke stood up and called to the crowd : ' Cut the traces ! Take the leaders off ! Let me get out ! ' My uncle shouted from the box : ' Don't touch the horses ! Don't let her out ! ' He drove home without another word, but instead of stopping as usual in the avenue to enable his sister to get down he whipped up his horses and drove over the drawbridge and round the courtyard, exclaiming as he pulled up at the front door : ' *There*, Selina ! '

" Mrs. Locke marched up to her room and remained there. However, orders had been given that dinner was not to be taken to her and she was

obliged to come down, when Lord Tollemache behaved to her as if nothing had happened."

But in other ways Granny Locke had courage. When she was staying in her house, 36, Lowndes Street, where—incidentally—I was born, she mentioned at luncheon one day that she had heard a strange noise in the night. She had therefore risen from her bed and gone downstairs in the dark with a poker in her hand. "What on earth did you do that for?" asked Lord Walsingham.

"I thought it was a burglar," answered Granny simply.

She was probably much happier spending her time between her Lowndes Street home and Merton Hall, where she went regularly every summer, than in the tempestuous years at Naples. One of her great friends in London was the last Lady Holland. Sir George Arthur told me he often used to meet her at dinner at Holland House when he was a young Guardsman, between the years 1882 and 1889. She was one of the *habituées* Lady Holland called her "convent," but he remembered her as more distinguished and independent than the others, who were merely hangers on. She was an agreeable conversationalist, and always welcome.

Somehow I am fonder of Granny now than when she was alive. I was too young then to appreciate her good qualities, and she would be unduly severe when I got caught in the rain or laughed too much and too loudly. If I was ill, which happened often, it worried me to know she was sitting on the sofa at the foot of my bed, concealed from my view, but that at any moment, if I coughed or stirred, I would see her head in its close nightcap rising over the brass bars. Now, as the years pass on and on, I feel I am growing nearer to Granny Locke than I ever was before. My room in Rome has become hers as well as mine. Her miniature, as a young and lovely widow, hangs on the frescoed wall, together with the Como crucifix and a watercolour of the little churchyard at Merton where some day I hope to be put to rest near her. It will be comforting to lie under the dear Norfolk earth quite close to Granny. At the foot of my bed is her picture done in the last years of her life; the perfect face, surrounded by its draperies of creamy lace, looks out at me with the half-smile I remember so well. Sometimes when I come home I stop and say a few words to her. She always seems to be listening and perhaps understands.

She had never thought of herself, but lived only for her daughter, afterwards embracing in the same great love her granddaughter and her two great grandchildren. In the end it was her love that killed her. My mother was

seriously ill at Nervi in 1893, and Granny did not hesitate to travel from London to Italy at once, so as to be with her. The journey undertaken in the depth of winter brought on a chill which developed into bronchitis, and in a few days her gallant and loyal soul flickered out, sixty-one years after her husband's death at Como.

"Mrs. Locke, who died in Italy the other day at an immense age, belonged indeed to a vanished generation," wrote a correspondent in the *St. James's Gazette* shortly afterwards. "Her husband, Captain William Locke, formerly of the 1st Life Guards, was in his day undoubtedly the handsomest man in London. He inherited from his father large landed estates in Kerry. The whole of his property was won playing cards, at White's and Boodle's Clubs, from a former Lord Kerry, head of the senior branch of the Petty family, now represented by the Marquess of Lansdowne. The original grants made by Cromwell to the Pettys extended over the whole of North Kerry. For many years the land agent on the Locke property in Kerry was the late Miss Lucy Anne Thompson, famous for her desperate feuds with the Kerry Land Leaguers and Moonlighters."

This statement about the Irish property is curious, and one wonders on what authority it was given. Certainly neither the first William Lock or his son ever gambled in their lives.

The last of the Lockes, Leila, survived her mother fourteen years. I have spoken at length of her and of the dear old days at beloved Merton in a book called "Things Past." My sister Isabella, now Marchesa Chigi, and I used to be sent from Rome to England regularly every year by my father, to spend the summer and autumn with our grandmother. We were two rather forlorn children, for our parents had separated and we lived with our father in the immense Palazzo Colonna of Rome. He was good to us, but he was handsome and still young, so it was natural that he should prefer Paris and his racing friends to the schoolroom and the conversation of our governesses. The love of our English nurse, darling Sizy, and the kindness of our step-grandfather, Lord Walsingham, both of whom we adored, brought some sunshine into our lives.

There was something of the spoilt beauty about "Nonna," owing to her mother's adoration and the butterfly existence she had led. She never got on very well with her own daughter, but that was not always her fault, it was a case of absolute incompatability of temper. Sometimes she was a little hard with me, but no doubt girls, just growing up, are very tiresome.

I often used to see Lord Wallscourt, her first cousin, when he came to call on her in Eaton Square. I was then a small child, and would sit in the corner of the large square drawing room, that was so full of Italian furniture, listening to their conversation and rather awed that anyone should dare call Nonna "my dear girl." Lord Wallscourt had large blue eyes that retained their sparkle even in old age and he had inherited the fine features of the Locks. My grandmother told me about her uncle's ungovernable temper. Once, when she was a child, he had come into her nursery and found his son playing with a Noah's Ark that belonged to her. Little Erroll had sucked some of the animals and the paint was running down his chin. Old Lord Wallscourt scraped up all the tigers and elephants and horses with a shovel and threw the whole lot into the fire. "And they were *mine!*" said my grandmother, still aggrieved about it.

Occasionally a very old lady used to come, whom my sister and I were instructed to call Cousin Freddy Upton. She always wore a green shade over her eyes and carried an unbelievably grubby little dog under her arm. She was an object of interest to us because Nonna said that she had once been in a boat that capsized in the middle of Galway Bay. Cousin Freddy did not know how to swim, but it seemed she kept quite calm and floated on her back until she was picked up.

This plucky old lady had been one of Bessie Wallscourt's lovely little girls, so often mentioned in the Lock letters, and had married into the family which had been friendly with the Locks for four generations. Her husband was the Hon. Arthur Upton, son of Viscount Templetown.

I was with my grandmother when she died in her Eaton Square house in the autumn of 1906. Uncle Augustus Tollemache, incredibly old and frail, sat on the other side of the bed, holding her hand. For him she was still his little orphan niece, with the blue eyes and fair curls, whom he had fathered. The hours passed slowly: I remember the yellow fog in the Square and Nonna looking up at me and whispering: "I am dying to be dead. . . ."

When the end came and Uncle Augustus realised she was gone, he rose to his feet. "I have lived too long," he said shortly, and crept out of the room. To a friend he wrote a few days later: "I never thought I could outlive her, well remembering the day when I crossed with my Father and Mother to Boulogne in 1833 to meet my widowed sister and her two children on their return from Italy. Memory, torture me no more. . . ."

My mother, Princess Colonna and Duchess of Sant' Arpino and of San

Teodoro in her own right, has now also passed into the great unknown Could William and Selina have been told, on the bright winter morning when the yellow post-chaise and its galloping horses was taking them from Brighton to London for their marriage, that all their descendants would be Italian, how surprised they would have been ! Italy is extricably woven into the story of the lovely Lockes.

It was on a frosty February day in 1936 that I entered the Battistero di San Giovanni in Siena, carrying a tiny baby in my arms, and held her over the ancient font sculptured by the great Jacopo della Quercia. My sister's eldest daughter, Ginevra Bonelli, had asked me to be godmother to her little girl, and bid me choose her name.

" Selina ? " she said, wonderingly. " It is pretty, but *why* Selina ? "

I told her it was the name of the baby's great-great-grandmother, whom I had loved. She knew nothing about her, so I said that one day I would tell her and the children something about the Lockes.

Selina Bonelli, you are now a toddler and you have still to learn your first word of English ; I am thinking of you as I write the last lines of this book that some day I hope you will be able to read. Perhaps you will be beautiful, kindhearted and loyal, a good friend and a clever artist. I do not think I shall still be here when you are grown up, but remember, remember, Selina *mia piccola*, that if you are all these things, you probably owe part of them to the Lockes.

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